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THE LIFE OF  
TIM HEALY

By

LIAM O'FLAHERTY



JONATHAN CAPE  
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE  
LONDON

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## P R E F A C E

WHEN His Excellency the Governor-General heard that I was about to write his life, he humorously threatened to write my life in revenge. I had to hurry with my life of him, in order to reach the public with my account of his life, before he reached the public with his account of my life. My haste was largely influenced by the knowledge, as he himself stated at a public dinner, that my life written by him would be much more interesting than his life written by me. So that, the clumsiness and mediocrity of my effort would have a better chance of evading comparison with a subtle and elegant work, by appearing in print while His Excellency was still writing an account of my miserable career.

I must also admit that His Excellency's humorous threat has greatly influenced the style, method and temper of my trifling life of him. Because, I realized that if I were to escape with my life from the critics, who would be sure to compare the two lives, I must as closely as possible copy the methods in which His Excellency's life of me would be sure to be written. In order to do this, I had to make a radical change in my previous methods of writing. I had to approach my material with a certain childish abandonment, respect nothing and irritate wherever possible. I have done so. And now that I have finished the business, I am a trifle awed by the result. For I hardly recognize it as my own work. It seems that I have been possessed while writing it by some merry imp;

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no, not always merry, but devilishly bitter at times. I have read it over. It is the most inconsistent book I ever read. The man who wrote it, or rather the spirit that wrote it, must be as changeable as a weathercock in an uncertain wind. I myself am an artist, without any definite convictions about human affairs, other than those subtle aspects of life which are of interest to an artist. But the individual who wrote this is an extremely prejudiced fellow, almost a Jesuit. I know nothing about politics and care less. But the author of this work sets out to tell the whole human race how the business of politics must be conducted with benefit to the entire world. His conclusions seem to me appalling. All classes of human beings are of equal interest to me as an artist, but here I find an odious discrimination made as between various classes. As an artist I believe that standards of justice, of right and wrong, of good and evil, merely serve as social scales, in which goods for sale are judged; constantly changing with the nature and condition of the articles offered for sale and the conditions under which they are purchased. But the author of this book very impudently measures every human act as if he carried about him, on his person, a large series of gods and all of them infallible.

I say, dear readers, in abject self-defence, that every word in this book must be taken with a grain of salt. Let the whole book be read from the point of view of the merry and sometimes malicious imp that wrote it. I declare by my father's honour that that imp is no relative of mine. I entirely disown him and having finished this work, I am glad to say that I have reverted to my former nature, of a modest artist, who mutely bows his head before the stones hurled at him by his loving fellow-countrymen.

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For that reason, fellow Irishmen and Irishwomen, I think it is necessary for me to write a preface after I have written the book, in order to explain my attitude towards you and towards our beloved country, an attitude that seems to have caused you considerable pain during the past few years, since I began to write. I am writing this preface through the medium of my own nature as an artist and not through the medium of the style of the eminent scion of our country whose life I have had the impertinence to write in this miserable narrative. Be of good cheer and listen.

His Excellency the Governor-General, hearing that I was about to write his life, said that he had never heard of me; nevertheless, he said he believed there were facts connected with my life much more interesting than any facts connected with his life. This sublime faith in my importance on the part of His Excellency was very flattering to me and it proved to me more clearly than anything else imaginable that we have elected our most gracious citizen to occupy the highest office of our State. For if he never heard of me, how could he know my life was interesting other than by the generous desire of His Excellency to impute qualities to the humblest of his subjects which he does not possess himself. It is this remark of His Excellency's which impelled me to make my narrative of his life as inconsistent as possible. In other words, for the purpose of writing the narrative, I had to become a patriot in the popular sense. Let this crime be forgiven me by my fellow-countrymen, when I make clear to them here that I became a patriot merely in jest; a form of patriotism which is the only one permitted in Ireland. For it is clearly understood, among Irish audiences, that it is the proper thing, when a politician boasts about his services to the people, for

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the audience to cheer in derision. We laugh at one another in true Greek fashion; but, unlike the Greeks, we do not allow our artists to laugh at us. Fearing the dire result of posing as an Aristophanes, I had to pose as some bombastic English patriot; since the English attitude towards politics in print is the only one allowed in Ireland, where the Press and letters are still under foreign influence, either Papal or English.

We have not yet reached the stage in Ireland of choosing a sausage-seller as our ruler; because we are not yet sufficiently civilized to do so. As yet an occasional worthy citizen of genius strays into the highest office, as in the case of His Excellency the Governor-General. When a sausage-seller is chosen — no, not a sausage-seller but a whisky-seller: when a whisky-seller is chosen to fill the highest office in the State perhaps an Irish Aristophanes may be allowed to flatter the mob by laying all the blame for the wretched condition of the community on the shoulders of the government.

Personally I think the mob always receives the government it deserves, and in our case at present far better than it deserves. And since whisky is the national beverage, joined in lawful wedlock to Guinness's stout, it is more than fitting that this trade should be very highly represented in the government. Our politics are made in public-houses. Intoxicated they go forth to rule the country. Under their drunken influence the mass of the community displays traits of character which are very interesting to the artist. Woe to the day when our politics become sober, when our citizens choose wise, sober men as their rulers, when patriotism ceases to be the mysticism begotten of intoxication and becomes the art of seeking the material welfare of the community. On that damnable

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day, we Irish people are going to become as dull, as prosperous, as law-abiding and as lacking in imagination as the Germans, the English or the Japanese. On that day, art will flee the country. And if I am alive on that day, I'll flee the country too.

For the present, I am drunk with joy that fate thrust me into existence at a moment when my fellow-countrymen are still interesting, unhappy, misgoverned and addicted to liquor.

They tell me that both governments in this country smell of whisky, but I refuse to believe that they do, other than in the popular sense. I prefer to believe that the members of our Dail and Senate and the members of the Northern Parliament carry their liquor internally in the good old Irish fashion instead of carrying it from the silver-belted barrel to the counter. But, alas, I am an Irishman of the new generation that dislikes whisky; so I feel myself oftentimes urged to commit indiscretions similar to those of Aristophanes and make a fig at the unseemly horde.

By my troth, if I were a patriot, I confess that I would far rather have this country ruled by an Englishman of the type of Commander Kenworthy than by the whisky men; and here I do not discriminate between those that carry the stuff internally and those that carry it from the barrel to the counter. Or even a true mystic like George Russell, not an intoxicated one, would largely suit my taste in government. A government by priests would suit best of all; for then we could get rid of the humbugs by the natural process of overthrowing the preceding government at the next election and never letting it come into power again. In fact, any government is better than a whisky government, from the point of view of the patriot, which I am not. I am an artist acknowledging the earth as my

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sole country until my race, the human race, conquers Mars or some other planet. And perhaps, after all, a little whisky may be required to give us the necessary courage to undertake the perilous expedition. There is some good in everything.

Now, you beetle-browed humbugs, you rascalion, tub-thumping, craw-thumping, whisky-guzzling patriots, laugh and be merry. Rule away to your heart's content. I bear you no ill-will. You are doing me a favour. You are supplying me with first-class material for my dour tragedies. I, on the other hand, am making you immortal. I demand no payment. I owe this favour to the land of my origin, for the favour of having given me birth. The same generous mother gave you birth, glorious be her name, now and for ever. Out of her fertile womb came we all, scoundrels, geniuses, saints, drunkards, celibates, voluptuaries, heroes, martyrs, dullards, dreamers, misers, whisky-sellers, gombeen men, truffs, philosophers, poets and hucksters. Into her bosom we pass again at our death, except those of us who may die in exile for having made a fig at the whisky-sellers.

I chose to write the life of His Excellency the Governor-General because he had no connection with the whisky trade in the first place; and in the second place because he seems to have been for the greater part of his life the most unpopular man in Ireland. It seemed a puzzle to me how, under these circumstances, he could have become Governor-General. And I thought that if I could solve the puzzle I might do likewise; because I have no connection with either the whisky or stout trade and I am the most unpopular man in Ireland. However, although I have carefully examined his political career, I am still as puzzled as ever. I have not got the remotest explanation to offer

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the public of his having been chosen as Governor-General. It remains, at least to me, an unsolved problem, often to be met with in Irish politics, like the overthrow of Parnell; or indeed the battle of Ballinahinch, where the Ulster Presbyterian rebels, having defeated the English, fled as a consequence of their victory, thinking flight was the proper tactic to adopt under such circumstances. But even though I have not solved the puzzle, I am sorely tempted to abuse everybody having any prominence in Irish public affairs, so that perhaps they may give me a pension of ten thousand pounds a year to stop my mouth.

That at least is a straight offer to the Irish ruling class and more or less a sign that I have within my system the instincts of patriotism, even though they are as yet vague, sober and uncultured.

TO MY FELLOW-WORKER  
M. J. McMANUS



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## CHAPTER I

THE sacristan of the Bantry parish church, a little old man in a grey cap, was sitting on the graveyard wall, chewing a blade of grass.

'Timothy Michael Healy's baptismal entry ye want?' he said, slipping off the wall eagerly. 'Nothing easier. This way.'

'No,' I said. 'We'll wait here. We don't want to disturb the bishop. He might come into the sacristy and find us there and be . . .'

'Very well,' said the sacristan.

The bishop of the diocese was performing a ceremony of some sort in the church and one of the party that accompanied me was a Republican who had a fanatical hatred of bishops. Out of respect for my friend's feelings I did not wish to allow him to come in contact with the bishop.

Presently the kindly sacristan brought out the old volume of entries, hugging it as a miser hugs his gold. The entry required looked ever so old: 'Healy, Timothy, of Maurice Healy and Eliza Sullivan, May 20, 1855.' There were many other entries and they all looked equally important. They all represented human beings who had been baptized on the date named. Some were dead and indeed perhaps damned for all I know. Names, names . . . The sacristan had obviously no interest in any of them, not even in the one I chose to copy into my notebook. The way he pursed up his lips and blew at a speck of dust that had fallen

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on the page! And yet, it seemed that name, 'Healy, Timothy,' stood out on the old page and became magnified, craving for recognition, jerking its letters about aggressively. Truly, there seemed to be something in it, of itself.

Or perhaps it was the magnifying-glass of human curiosity that imbued it with this importance. It had detached itself from the herd. By so doing, it had assumed a special personality denied to those others. Just as, when a scientist, with a little stick, prods about an ant he has detached from its fellows, the prodded ant assumes a special character. The scientist even ponders on the speck of clay that is attached to its hind leg. All the other ants in the herd may have had something equally important attached, either to their hind legs or to their forelegs. But the scientist chose this particular ant.

The sacristan heard the bishop move within the church. Clutching his precious old book, he dashed back into the sacristy. We went to our hotel to have lunch.

At table, my Republican friend clutched me by the arm and whispered angrily:

'Tell me. Why are you going to write his life?'

A fat, jovial young farmer, who was in the company, chuckled and said:

'Begob, they're writing the lives of everybody nowadays: Lord save us! Paper must be plentiful.'

'Why? Why?' said the Republican. 'I bet this is another scheme to whitewash the traitor.'

'A traitor?' I said. 'Why?'

'He killed Parnell,' he fumed. 'He bit the hand that fed him. He split the country.'

'Why, hell!' said an Irish-American gentleman, who was with us, making a tour of his father's native

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country for the first time. 'That must be some fellah. A regular . . .'

'Now, now,' I said to the Republican. 'Be merciful. I don't believe any of those statements, and even if they were true, it would not prejudice me against him. . . .'

'Ha,' he said, interrupting, 'I knew it. A whitewashing job.'

'My dear fellow,' I continued, 'I'm writing his life because he is an interesting subject for a biography in the first place. In the second place, because he is a thoroughly typical Irishman, of his class and generation. And finally, because he is a greatly maligned man. It is the duty of a writer to succour the oppressed.'

'Much he needs to be succoured,' said the farmer, becoming angry in his turn. 'He has ten thousand a year for doing nothing and the farmers of this country are starving.'

I laughed. He looked so fat and happy.

'A thorough scoundrel,' said the Republican, furiously drinking a glass of water.

'What is a scoundrel?' I asked.

'Eh?' he said in surprise. 'You mean to tell me you don't know what a scoundrel is?'

'No. I undoubtedly don't. Can you tell me?'

'A scoundrel is . . . of course . . . why, damn it all! . . . everybody knows what a scoundrel is.'

'But what is a scoundrel?'

There was a pause for a moment. They all looked confused. Then suddenly they all began to speak.

'The worst kind of a scoundrel I know,' said the farmer, 'is a middleman. He takes all the profit and the farmer does the work.'

'The greatest scoundrel,' said the Republican, who

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was himself a middleman, 'is the man that sacrifices his country's independence for material interests.'

This seemed to me to apply to the farmer who had taken up the position during the recent Anglo-Irish treaty discussion that to continue the struggle for national and sovereign independence would impoverish the country.

I turned to the Irish-American.

'Can you tell us?' I said.

'Why,' he said, scratching his head, 'a scoundrel is . . . well . . . a deadbeat, a bum, a four flusher, a cheap skate, a . . . Why, hell! Any damn fool knows a scoundrel when he meets him.'

'That doesn't get us any farther,' I said. 'I tell you what we'll do. We'll consult that man who is digging the road outside.'

I raised the window, stuck out my head and hailed the fellow. He was a burly workman, who surveyed me with a prominent underlip.

'What's a scoundrel?' I cried.

'Eh?' he said, spitting on his pick. 'A scoundrel? Ha! It's all right for ye fellahs. Ye have a good time. But our time will come yet. Scoundrel,' he repeated with indignation. 'The only scoundrel I know is the man that makes a living out of the blood and sweat of the worker. The b—y capitalist.'

'There you are,' I said. 'No two of the jury can agree. I'll have to place the evidence before the people and leave it to them to decide.'

'But I say,' said the Irish-American, who seemed to have been a trifle doubtful about the whole discussion. 'Who is this guy Healy anyway?'

'What?' I cried. 'Do you mean to say you never heard of him?'

'Search me,' he said seriously.

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'That beats hell,' said the farmer indignantly. 'D'ye mean to tell me ye never heard of the Governor-General of the Irish Free State?'

'I have not,' said the American. 'I ain't very much interested in Europe, never was. But since the war, there's so many God damn little countries springing up, it's hard to keep traek of them. I know all about the old blood, you take it from me. My old dad used to cuss those damned landlords right and left, but . . . Well! This guy beats me. Who is he?'

'Ha,' I said. 'That's exactly why I am going to write this biography. To tell the world who Timothy Michael Healy is.'

## CHAPTER II

BANTRY, the birthplace of Tim Healy, is a beautiful little town. It is distinguished among all the other little Irish towns by the absence of squalor. It is now a little fishing town. But there are still traces in the inhabitants of its former glory: and also of its misfortunes. The sturdy pride with which they treat strangers, their courtesy and their intelligence, show that they are descended from no rude uncultured ancestors; and the number of cripples I saw in Wolfe Tone Square shows that the ravages of the great famine are not yet entirely swept away.

There were Spaniards here. The girl who served lunch at the hotel looked exactly like a Spanish girl. During the reign of the famous Gaelic prince, Donal O'Sullivan of Beara, Spaniards frequented this little town, drank wine, courted the women and taught the men how to curl their moustaches in the Spanish fashion. Spain was then the ally of the Irish Gaelic princes against the English. Later, in 1796, the French, under Hoche, attempted to land here, bringing the doctrines of the French Revolution. Wolfe Tone, who was with Hoche on that expedition, wrote in his diary:

‘(Christmas morning): I am so near the shore that I can see distinctly two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot on it. . . . In a manner I can touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand.’



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Prevented from touching the shore either with his hands or with his feet by Divine Providence, who even in those days protected the British Empire, he returned to France, claiming that England had not had such an escape since the Armada. Perhaps.

The English, aided by Divine Providence, conquered Napoleon, Wolfe Tone and some others. Ireland was united definitely with the Empire and Bantry became a fishing village, instead of the important merchant town which it had been, previous to the bestowal upon it of this Imperial favour. Daring, restless human beings, merchants, smugglers, swashbucklers, pirates, Spaniards, a Turk or two and conspirators of all sorts no longer passed through its port. And Froude tells us that they were in the habit of doing so previous to this. From 1770 to 1776, he says, Bantry and the surrounding bays were the great outlets through which recruits for the Irish Brigades went to France and through which a great smuggling and export trade was done with France, Spain and the low countries. The English, finding that the port of London was a much better port than the port of Bantry, indeed better than any Irish port, closed all these Irish ports in the interest of progress. The inhabitants of Bantry became fishermen and peasants.

However, they no doubt retained some of the characteristics born of their romantic past, as merchant adventurers; and having once tasted the pleasures of being merchant adventurers, it is only natural to suppose they always hankered after them.

Tim Healy's ancestors did not belong to the peasant-fisherman class. His paternal grandfather was Thomas Healy, a native of the Macroom district. He came to Bantry early in life and married a native of the town, a lady named Catherine Williams. He was a classical

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teacher and conducted a secondary school in Bantry. His son Maurice, Tim Healy's father, was postmaster in Bantry and at another period clerk of the Union. That he held the latter position is a mark of his very special qualities, because at that period Catholics were seldom allowed to hold these positions.

Tim Healy's maternal grandfather was Dan Sullivan, a painter and decorator by trade. His maternal grandmother was a lady called Kitty Baylor, who was schoolmistress in the town. The townspeople still remember her and call her affectionately by her maiden name, Kitty Baylor. They say she was a woman of marked ability and intelligence. The school in which she taught stood on the hill opposite the church. It no longer exists.

It was in this old school that Tim Healy received his earliest teaching. The schoolmaster, Sweeney, taught on the ground floor and Kitty Baylor taught the girls in the room above.

So that, on both sides, Tim Healy's ancestors were people of learning and culture. It must be understood that a schoolmaster of the native Irish in those days was different from the schoolmasters we know nowadays. At that time a schoolmaster was gifted with a great deal more intelligence than many a modern university professor. And even to this day, in the West of Ireland, some of these fine old types survive in the midst of the idiocy that is now taught in the schools.

From his grandfather, Dan Sullivan, he must have inherited rebellious and adventurous tendencies. In the district there are numbers of legends still current about Sullivan. He is reputed to have assisted the Fenian leader Smith O'Brien to escape in a yacht which he owned, called the *Ewile*. At the time, he was painting and decorating at the Earl of Bantry's man-

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sion. The earl, hearing of his exploit, sacked him. Another story relates that he hoisted the Irish flag on a yacht owned jointly by the Healys and the Sullivans. The captain of a British sloop which had arrived in Bantry Bay boarded the yacht and hauled down the flag. An action was taken against the captain and he was forced to make an apology in the public Press.

The house where Tim Healy was born is now a public-house.

The time when he was born was perhaps the most desolate in the desolate history of this country. He was born a few years after the great famine, while the people were still staggering under the dreadful blow.

Unless we beat our breasts and admit that Divine Providence, aiding the British Empire and in league against the Papacy, to which we have been always faithful, sent us the great famine in punishment for our sins, it is very difficult for us to understand its origin. For the histories tell us that there was a surplus of food in the country at the time. They say food was exported in those years, so there must have been a surplus. For surely the English would not have received our export of corn while our grandfathers were dying of hunger by the roadside, unless they knew they were fulfilling the aims of a Higher Power.

That the English did something to cope with the circumstances set up by the famine we must at the same time admit. For in a daily newspaper then edited by Charles Dickens, the English novelist and humanitarian, we read:

‘The Court of Queen’s Bench have sanctioned a change in the dietary of the several prisons of Ireland, for persons under short sentence, so as to equalize it to that of the poor-houses. This will prevent so many

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leaving poor-houses and committing larceny to get into gaol.'—*Daily News*, Sept. 7, 1851.

Indeed the whole thing is such a mystery that I would not dwell upon it at all in this narrative were it not for the fact that the famine and its results played a great part in the development of the character of Tim Healy.

Since the Union with England in 1800, the population of Ireland increased rapidly. There were no wars. The landowners were bored, feckless and cultured. The peasants were feckless and gentle. But the extraordinary system of society under which the landlords and peasants lived caused them to hate each other. The feudal system of society is a good one, provided the society is expanding, conquering other societies, provided the lord is constantly engaged in warfare or in preparation for warfare. But during a time of peace it tends to become corrupt. The lords, instead of plundering weaker peoples, plunder their serfs. The serfs become rebellious. There is no unity within the society. It falls.

And in Ireland, this feudal society was particularly unstable; for the reason that the lords were a foreign garrison, looking upon their serfs as conquered enemies and regarding themselves, not as fathers of their serfs, but as policemen, whose duty it was to keep the serfs in order.

There was a still further complication. Not only were the Irish peasants subject to the landowners, but they were also subject to the despotism of the Papacy. This was, no doubt, a spiritual despotism nominally, but in reality it was also a material despotism. For the Papacy directed its policy in Ireland always towards a definite end and that end was the reconquest of England. It merely used the Irish as pawns in this game.

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Later events, with which we deal in this narrative, make this quite evident.

The movement of the Irish people, in the first half of the nineteenth century, was not a national one, in the sense that a national movement of a subject race is generally considered to be an attempt to free itself from the domination of its conquerors and assert its complete independence. The Irish, led by the priests, wanted to enter the British Empire on equal terms with the English. Their war-cry was 'Political Emancipation of Catholics.' In other words, they wanted to become *Cives Romani*. The patriotic historians who assert that the Irish feudal serfs did not have a vote because they were Irish and that the English hated the Irish, are fools. No serf, to my recollection, had a vote under a feudal system. The helots did not have votes in Laconia. The Russian peasants did not have votes in Russia. The French peasants had no votes in France prior to the Revolution. The English democrats of to-day proudly tell their fellows not to sell the vote which their forefathers bought with their blood at Manchester and elsewhere. But patriots must be patriots at all costs. Somebody must be hated and the Irish patriotic politician directs the hatred of his deluded followers against the unfortunate English in order to save his own skin. Just as the cunning English politician attempts to arouse hatred against the Germans, the Russians, the French or the Boers when his own misguided followers are beginning to get tired of their slums.

The priests gained their objective in 1829. Political Emancipation was secured for the Irish Catholics. They were now Roman Citizens. But the mass of peasants, finding themselves in movement, were unable to halt. The end gained was in no way beneficial

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to them. In fact, it was an immediate disaster; because their leader, Daniel O'Connell, in order to gain the objective of the Papacy, sacrificed the principal bulwark of the peasants against the landowners. The Forty Shilling Freeholder was abolished. The immediate result of the 'Emancipation' was an increase in evictions.

Finding that everybody regarded him as a great man, this hapless Cleon of the nineteenth century clamoured for repeal of the Union with Great Britain, an utterly idiotic programme. But brainless politicians will clamour for anything when they are in a tight corner. The great mass of peasants, being incapable of thought themselves, also clamoured for repeal of the Union. Of course the English laughed at this ridiculous phenomenon. Here was a man, at one moment demanding to have the right to enter the English Parliament, receiving that right and then immediately demanding the right to secede from it. Of course the only honest policy for him to adopt was to advise his followers to put the landowners to the sword. The enemy of the Irish peasant was not without Ireland but within it. Just as the English yeomen under Cromwell had slaughtered their aristocrats, the time had come for the Irish peasants to do likewise. But alas, the Papacy, an organization based on despotism, considered the body of a fellow despotism to be sacrosanct.

So O'Connell, finding himself at the head of a great mass of unorganized peasants, howled for political power; regardless of the fact that these people were unable to use political power if they received it. Mouthing at one and the same time his undying allegiance to the British Crown and to the Papacy, two hostile powers, he led the Irish to a central point, in a tremendous mass, at Clontarf in 1843. On that

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fatal spot, where so many human beings were slain in battle eight centuries before, another disaster happened. O'Connell, at his wits' end, told the people to go home. Having brought them there, he did not know why he brought them there or what to do with them. The people went home.

Five years later the potato crop failed and the people began to die like flies. They shirked their responsibilities, so they died. In the history of the human race, it has been proved over and over again that a ruling class which has ceased to function healthily as rulers must be abolished or the society perishes. The English became a great and prosperous people because they never allowed their aristocracy to become degenerate. They even beheaded their kings. But then, they were wise enough to cast off the domination of the Papacy before it was too late.

The disaster brought about by O'Connell and the priests plunged the people into despair. The famine came. Bantry, with a population of forty-five hundred human beings, suffered more than any other town in the south of Ireland, except perhaps Skibbereen. The Earl of Bantry was their feudal lord. His demesne and castle were in the centre of a thickly populated district. All the little hill-sides surrounding the town were dotted with cabins. Each little family of peasants meant another vote to the lord, so he encouraged their increase, since the passage of that great Act of Emancipation. For of course, since voting was public, each peasant had to vote for his lord. This rugged land had more people than it could support on a barbarian economy of scraping the soil with a spade and planting potatoes in it. Divine Providence, which directs all things in accordance with the wishes of its inscrutable purpose, caused a blight to fall from Heaven.

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Instead of live peasants with their produce for sale, corpses began to be carted into the town of Bantry. At the doors of hill-side cabins, skeletons were to be seen, tottering, howling for food like wild animals. Even the corpses were less horrible than the living. For the living were fed by human charity on a mixture of Indian meal and seaweed. Monstrous diseases took possession of the living bodies fed on this offal. What famine had commenced soon passed into the still more destructive power of fever, cholera and cancer; until the corpses became so numerous that they were cast like the carcasses of fever-stricken swine into a common pit, unhallowed even by the rites of the religion which they professed in their lives. A trap coffin carried each corpse to the pit. It slid its load into the hole and then returned for another.

Nine hundred corpses of famine victims, out of a population of forty-five hundred, were slid, coffinless, into the famine holes outside Bantry graveyard.

To-day those pits are marked by a large limestone cross of Celtic pattern, erected over the spot at their own expense by Tim and Maurice Healy. There is an inscription: 'To mark the famine pits of 1846-1848. May God give rest to the souls of the faithful departed.'

The erection of this monument is sufficient evidence in itself that the memory of that famine struck deeply into the soul of Tim Healy. It inspired his soul with that hatred, with which it has inspired the souls of us all, that hatred of which we have not yet cleansed ourselves, but which bites at us like a great shame. And indeed it is a shame. Shame of our forefathers. Alas! If they had only cried: 'My voice is in my sword,' and died like men! Or even died clawing at the bayonets with their bare hands!



### CHAPTER III

'In every country, my friend, the bonzes, the brahmins and the priests deceive the people; all reformations begin from the laity; the priests point us out the way to heaven with their fingers, but stand still themselves, nor seem to travel towards the country in view.' – OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *The Citizen of the World*.

THE human soul is like a pond of still, clear water, into which the trees along the banks, the clouds passing in the heavens, the rays of the sun, the shimmer of the stars and the soft moonlight cast their shadows or their light. Why blame the pond for being dark when there are clouds? Or praise it when the white moonlight plays upon its surface, like gentle music or the murmured words of a beautiful poem? So the human soul responds to its environment and yet . . . We call a man a scoundrel because his childhood dreams were visited by ghouls. We are plagued by these gross superstitions which teach us that this earth is a 'Vale of Tears,' that man is damned by 'Original Sin,' that the 'poor will inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.' Such, unfortunately, are the doctrines with which we are encouraged to face the struggle of existence in this country, and we go through life endeavouring to believe them, while our better instincts tell us that everybody but a fool considers compulsory poverty a disgrace, that the rich are happier than the poor and that this world, instead of being a 'Vale of Tears,' can be changed by the hand of man into a paradise of happiness, with the aid of science, culture and power over the forces of nature.

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We are told to despise the good things of this world, to humble ourselves and to love our neighbours. And in the same breath we are denounced for being dirty, even though the ancient hermits favoured head lice as a means of getting to Heaven, for being uncultured, even though we are not allowed to read the 'Song of Solomon' without its being bowdlerized and corrupted by our mentors, and for feeling sympathy and respect for Turks, even though they are our neighbours.

These are the teachings of the Church in this country and they must be taken into account in order to understand the effect produced by the famine on the mind of a child growing up in the years following it! The mind of a child, if it be intended to develop healthily, happily and with benefit to human society, should be instilled with a love of beauty, with love of the human race, with love of the earth, of the sea, of all the elements of our universe. It should not be taught to hate but to despise everything that is ugly, mean and corrupt. In all healthy societies it has been always so. Even in the war-loving Gaelic clans, at least in one, the fighting sept was trained to smile on its enemies in battle.

But the Irish child after the famine was only taught hatred of the national enemy, the landlord. Tim Healy's father told his son that he never saw a single smile during the whole three years of the famine. And T. P. O'Connor says in his book, *Parnell Movement*:

'Mr. Healy will tell you with a strange blaze in his eyes that even to-day, the Earl of Bantry, the lord of the soil, will not allow these few yards of soil (the famine pits) to be taken into the churchyard, preferring that they should be trodden by his cattle. Reared in scenes like these, it is no wonder that Healy, whose

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nature is vehement and excitable, should have grown up with a burning hatred of English rule in Ireland (1889).'

This hatred warps the intelligence, it corrupts the soul, it tends to direct the energies towards destruction, unless it be balanced by a great love of an idea, surpassingly greater than it, which will end by devouring it. That idea of a greater love, the love of humanity, had found no seed in Ireland at that time among the subject class. Their love was a mirage without form, a sentimental regard for their religion and a still more sentimental regard for a fetish called 'Ireland,' 'Kathleen Ni Houlihan' and 'The Old Sod.' While Europe was searching for a new formula of human progress, Ireland was still ignorant even of the ideals of Robespierre and of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Marx and Engels had written the Communist Manifesto in 1848. England had transformed the whole conception of life by discovering railroads, steam-engines and spinning-machines. The doctrines of Liberalism were spreading all over Europe. A proletariat was growing rapidly. Man had made machines. But the Irish were still worshipping the mystical doctrines which the rest of Europe had discarded like foul linen.

What education was possible under such circumstances? Nothing but false and negative inhibitions. Tim Healy received very little disciplinary education. He went to the national school at Bantry and to the Christian Brothers' school at Fermoy for a short time. But at the age of thirteen, according to O'Connor, he was forced to set out to earn his own living. So he received his education, beyond his letters and his religious ideology, from his chance environment. And what an environment!

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Here was a whole people, governed by a small class of foreign landowners and by a large class of native priests under Papal domination. Between this dual oppression, their minds were confused. The Papacy did all in its power to keep them ignorant of the progressive ideas that were permeating the minds of people in England and the European continent. The landowning class also did their utmost to keep them ignorant of these ideas. For the Irish landowners still held the full feudal rights which their brothers had lost in England. Intelligent young boys like Tim Healy were full of ambition, but instead of developing ambition towards the performance of some creative work, the youths of the subject class had to organize for the purpose of destroying the landowners. They had no idea what to put in their place. The ideas that prevailed in Europe were repugnant to their religious masters. They were caught in a dilemma and were forced to become hypocrites. By circumstance, not by nature.

People have often insultingly compared Tim Healy with Parnell, to the detriment of the former. But on examination of their birth and education, it will be seen that the scales were too heavily weighted in Parnell's favour to allow a just comparison.

Parnell was educated in English public schools and universities. There a certain imperial type of youth is grown. The trifling drops of knowledge that trickle into the student's brain are of small importance compared with the kind of food he eats, the clothes he wears and the accent he adopts when talking to a servant. A reliable, trustworthy, physically and morally powerful type of human being is reared in this manner. He is proof against any subsequent environment. Imbued with an inordinate pride in his own importance, no new idea is able to enter his brain. He has a definite

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code of conduct and morality for everything, even for putting on a certain coat for one meal and another coat for another meal. He never seems to himself to be ridiculous, a mountebank, or a humbug of any sort; so that nobody else sees that he is either, not even if he stood on his head in Piccadilly Circus in the midst of the traffic in order to test his nerve. If he goes into public life, he never betrays that set of fixed principles which he wore, ate, spoke and played on the cricket or Rugby field at school or college. To the artist, he is at best a study in dull types. He has ruined English literature, which began in such a glorious manner. And on the American stage, he takes the place of the mother-in-law in our comic theatrical pieces. But every philosopher will readily admit that he is an absolute necessity in a stable society, which must be ruled by dull, trustworthy mediocrities, with an unchangeable code of honour and the minimum of imagination.

Tim Healy, on the other hand, was forced to wander about, amassing knowledge without guidance, always afraid of appearing ridiculous and in constant fear of losing his immortal soul. He amassed one hundred times as much knowledge as Parnell. He undoubtedly was fifty times more precocious than Parnell. But he had a fool's standard by which he weighed the indiscriminate items that poured into his brain, like the murmur of a vast crowd, heard at a distance. Everything he received he measured by the religious scruples which he had imbibed in his infancy. His unbridled imagination, which a definite code of morality and of honour would have guided towards great heights of true knowledge, floundered about in a confused mass of verbiage; reminding one of those unfortunate monks in the Middle Ages who disputed about the possession

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by woman of a divine soul and used superlative learning to discover what was known thousands of years before by the most primitive brute. As an example, here is what he said of science and philosophy in his mature years, in a speech on 'Why the Catholic Church is hated':

'These so-called scientists and philosophers are mere bubble blowers. There is no greater humbug than the so-called scientist of modern times. . . . This monkey business was started because it struck deliberately at the existence of the human soul. And it is because these men know that these so-called philosophies are part of the devil's apparatus that they are so continuously and assiduously propagating them, and for that reason the Church is continually denying them, and incurring thereby the hatred of these philosophical nincompoops. The only thing I can see this free thought gives is the right to loose living and loose thinking. They may box the compass of unbelief in any way they please, they may decorate it with the pretences of human liberty, but in the end it comes down to nothing else than the licence to defraud one's neighbour or one's neighbour's wife.'

Some men, like Parnell, are gifted by nature with a certain quality which places them beyond their environment, which permeates their minds with so great a love of humanity and of an ideal, that nothing can prevail against them. Alone, in jail, fettered, crucified on a cross, spurned by those whom they have uplifted, betrayed by their friends, that light still shines triumphantly in their souls. Their minds are steeled with the pride of their being. They fall without a cry.

But only a very few men are thus gifted. Even though Tim Healy was endowed by nature with great gifts and great potentialities, his mind was a plastic

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mould, a pool of clear water that reflected all the ghoulish figures that stood over it, menacing, murmuring incantations, howling about devils, raising a great noise that was deafening.

Accompanied by all these ghoulish figures, he set out to survey the political environment in which he was born. Here again he was met by ghouls.

In 1831 the national schools were established in Ireland. They were established as the result of the democratic revolution in England that followed the Napoleonic wars. Civilization was spreading in England, and Ireland had to follow in its footsteps, much against its will, if we may believe those humbug patriots among us nowadays who look upon the establishment of the national school system as an evil. Our patriots say that the national schools destroyed the remains of Gaelic civilization and the Irish language. It is very doubtful if there ever was a Gaelic civilization of any consequence at the best of times. There was undoubtedly a very considerable literary culture, assimilated by the Gaels from the Pictish inhabitants of Ulster and other subject races, but the only civilization to which the Gaelic conquerors of this country seem to have been addicted was fighting, drunkenness, incest and chess playing. The national schools at least taught the majority of the people to read and write, just as they also taught the English masses to read and write. Schools were the first benefit conferred on the human race by capitalism. For illiterate workmen were no use for machine industry. But, of course, our patriots prefer to believe that the introduction of these schools into Ireland was a subtle English plot to destroy the 'Gaelic' race. The 'Gaelic' race? *Ça n'existe plus*. It is a damnably hard job to decide what race of seven different races is the

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dominant one in Ireland at the moment. But undoubtedly they are all human beings, which is the only thing that interests us. This pernicious doctrine of race hatred is preached by every sort of 'Furred Cat' in Europe who wants to found a little nationality where he can mulct litigants. And the race hatred generated between the natives of this country and the natives of England is perhaps the most pernicious of all. The English call themselves British and yet there is a poem written by a British poet (now called a Welshman) which says: 'I smell a Saxon swine. Let us go farther west.' The English aristocrats are proud of maintaining that they came over with the Normans, irrespective of the fact that the Normans owed their origin to a Frenchman, then king of the tribes resident in France - I say, this king, finding a gang of Norse brigands raiding his coast and burning his towns, decided to civilize them by baptizing them Christians. He gave each one baptized a white shirt. So the Norse brigands came in hordes to Paris, were baptized and received white shirts. Previous to this they had undoubtedly never worn a shirt. But having shirts put on their backs, they became imbued with the will to power and came over to England. They conquered the Saxons, Angles, Danes and Frisians who were plundering that country and murdering one another. They conquered the Britons, Picts and Gaels who were roaming around the Welsh hills. They came over to Ireland and conquered the Gaels, Danes, Firlbogs, Picts and whatever other races were murdering one another in that country. After a while they themselves were conquered by the Irish climate. They threw off their armour, drank Irish whisky, became poetic and murdered one another. Just as their fellows did in England during the Wars of the Roses.



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And yet to-day, jingoes in this country and in England call themselves Britons, Gaels and Normans and are proud of their absurdities.

Together with the national schools, another great factor in the development of the Irish came as a result of the famine. The Irish began to emigrate. Some went to England, a few to Canada, but the great mass of them went to the United States of America. That great community which has stood for the past hundred years or more in the vanguard of human progress and enlightenment, entered the lists in the struggle for the liberation of Ireland. American ideas of civilization poured into this country, through correspondence, through the associations of Irishmen that were formed across the ocean, through the return of some of the emigrants. The imagination of the people was excited by tales of great wealth, in a society where thought was free and the creative activities of the individual checked by no repressive laws, where a great war had been fought for the abolition of slavery, where great men preaching strange doctrines were abroad. America became the scales in which the Irish learned to weigh their slavery against the freedom enjoyed by human beings in that country.

Of course a certain party in England regarded this emigration of the Irish in another light altogether. Nothing is more amusing than the leading articles which appeared in the London *Times* of that period. Gloating over the devastation caused by the famine in Ireland and particularly over the emigration, *The Times* said in 1851: 'The Celts are going, going with a vengeance. Soon an Irishman will be as rare in Connemara as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan.' 'If this goes on long, Ireland will become very English and the United States very Irish.' 'The Celt

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goes to yield to the Saxon . . . for the interests of luxury and humanity.' Undoubtedly this is a good example of the harm that can be caused by the propaganda of race hatred. This poor fellow was still vexed at that poem written by a British poet: 'I smell a Saxon swine. Let us go farther west.' So he thought the Irish were still going farther west to get away from the smell.

Of course it never occurred to the editor of the London *Times* that the chief opponents, prior to that time, of the Irish connection with the British Empire were men of English descent, like Tone, Emmett, Davis and Bagnell-Harvey.

One can imagine what effect articles like these had on the mind of Tim Healy. I wager he set his teeth when he read them. But unlike many others, who were politically conscious, he was not attracted towards Fenianism, perhaps constrained by the influence of his two uncles, T. D. and A. M. Sullivan, who were at that time the only two Irishmen of consequence who maintained the national struggle after the disastrous episode of the Tenant League.

After the failure of the Young Ireland insurrection in 1848, a band of adventurers seized the leadership of Irish politics. In 1850 they formed the Tenant League. The leaders of the movement were Sadlier, Keogh, Anthony and Edward O'Flaherty. They swore to the people they would reject any offer of places in an English government until they gained their ends. But on the first opportunity they sold out. These were the men whom Duffy in the *Nation* called the Pope's Brass Band, for although they betrayed the people, they claimed to be good friends of the Pope, and in fact, even after their betrayal, only one bishop denounced them.

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After this episode, there was no national political movement for a good many years. Irish historians relate that the polls were at the mercy of political adventurers. They always are. And in that period Ireland was no exception to this rule. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, gives a very amusing description of the kind of scoundrel that attacked the English polls at the same period. Vast hordes of 'Furred Cats' roamed about these countries, with satchels, looking for polls. The peasants in both countries sold their votes to the highest bidder, clearly understanding that they were all scoundrels. But, in faith, they were amusing and honest scoundrels, which many of the 'pollish adventurers' are not nowadays.

Without a political organization of any sort to protect the peasants the landlords became very menacing in their exactions. Their petty tyrannies appear to us nowadays ludicrous, but at that time they must have been very outrageous indeed. One man, a landlord, fined another man, his tenant, ten shillings for not having the top stone of his gable properly whitewashed. Another landlord amused himself by establishing a harem from amongst the village maidens. Another fellow kept his muscles in good fettle by handling a knout. And mark you, these criminals, who were guilty of these outrages, were in the most part men who had recently bought estates under the Encumbered Estates Act of 1848. These were 'Furred Cats' and shopkeepers who had made money and wanted to become the 'real thing.' The old landowners, of whom a few specimens still survive in the west, were fine fellows and thorough gentlemen. But for the past hundred years or so, the few of them who managed to survive have been just escaping the workhouse by guile.

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It was during this period that the Fenian organization began to come into being. And in opposition to the Fenian organization, T. D. and A. M. Sullivan, representing the rising Irish middle class, carried on an agitation for a constitutional national political party in the newspaper the *Nation*. A patriotic historian, who has since ceased to be an Irish patriot for the usual avowed reasons, describes the efforts of Tim Healy's uncles in the following language:

'It preached in season and out of season the right of Ireland to national existence. . . . To these two brothers Ireland owes it that the lamp of national faith and hope was held aloft through this long and apparently endless night of eviction, hunger, emigration, triumphant tyranny and political perfidy.'

What the two brothers were really trying to hold aloft was the circulation of their newspaper and the demand of the rising Irish Catholic middle class to be allowed to legislate for the Irish peasants and workmen. When the surface rhetoric and patriotic tinsel of this demand is cut away with an axe (a knife is too weak for the operation) one finds by experience that personal aggrandisement is the main impulse of these Irish constitutional agitators who talk about the 'lamp of faith and hope.' But hunger is the mother of invention. And nearly always, an ambitious man, even though he be a scoundrel, is better for a community than a whole brood of monks who sit with their arms hidden in the sleeves of their cassocks contemplating their navels. The Fenians, on the other hand, were idealists, whose main interest is and has been to die for their country without any reward. The Fenian is the artist in Irish politics. He is an inspiration, an ornament, a hero. He is generally hated when he is alive

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and a monument is raised to him when he is dead. The constitutional agitator and politician is highly respected while he is alive and capable of giving salaries and situations to his relatives. But after his death, even the most timorous wet his name with their spittle.

There is no doubt but that Tim Healy in his early youth received a great amount of political instruction from his uncles and that he was guided by them towards a proper appreciation of what is the correct road towards a successful political career. They taught him to keep aloft at all costs 'the lamp of national faith and hope.'

Armed with all these precepts and inhibitions, he embarked for England at the age of sixteen, in 1871, to work as a clerk in the offices of the superintendent of the North Eastern Railway at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This event had a still further influence on his education, according to the patriotic historian who has ceased to be a patriot.

'It was an English atmosphere that first gave form and intensity to his political convictions,' says this historian.

There is no doubt but that relations, spiritual and intellectual relations, between the inhabitants of these two countries were very strained at that time. The English masses were just becoming civilized under the influence of schools, Liberalism and machinery. The Irish masses had hardly yet begun to come in contact with civilization, except through the rumours they heard from America. The English masses were taught by men like the editor of *The Times* that Irishmen devoured one another, practised obscenities of the most gross kind and slept with their arms around their pigs. The Irish were told by their priests that the English ate five meals a day (this has always been the greatest

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abuse hurled at the English by the Irish) and that some of them, the Freemasons, Free-Thinkers and Unbelievers, had tails concealed in the hind parts of their trousers. One can very well imagine how these two alien tribes regarded one another when they were brought in contact. More hatred. And on the part of the English the hatred aroused by the appearance of the Irish immigrants was based on something even more substantial than superstition. To understand the nature of this hatred, one must read the description of the Irish immigrants given by Friedrich Engels. What savagery, what bigotry, what hatred is aroused in the breasts of timid human beings by this cursed quest of bread!

And the avarice of priestcraft!

## CHAPTER IV

SHORTLY after his arrival in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tim Healy became engaged in political activity. He was for some years secretary of the Irish Literary Institute. It must be understood that an Irish Literary Institute in England in those days was more interested in the dissemination of certain political ideas than in literature. He also became secretary, as early as 1873, to the Home Rule Association in that city.

Here it is necessary to understand the meaning of this Home Rule Association. In order to understand it we must go back to Ireland, cast a glance at Europe and finally come back to the development of civilization in England.

To my mind, Europe, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, has been as closely related, within one common civilization, as the cities of ancient Greece. Of course, an Athenian would have been gravely offended if he were told that he was of the same race and civilization as a Theban or a Corinthian. And the Corinthian or Theban would have been offended if he were told that his ideas were influenced by the art of Zeuxis or the political ideas of Pericles. To-day we call them all Greeks and their petty quarrels, wars and prejudices are only interesting to us because they lend colour to their history. So Europe will appear to the inhabitants of a World State one thousand years hence. By then Ireland, England, Germany and France will represent the titles of barbarian tribes who worshipped pagan

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idols, sold things in little shops and spent their time murdering one another.

After the exhaustion produced by the great movement following the French Revolution, when Napoleon marched around Europe destroying feudalism, the people began to move again. They all began to make machines, manufacture articles for sale and sell these articles to one another. Out of this practice, a number of philosophies, sciences and religions developed. Two new social groups came into existence, the owners of machines, shops and mines, and the people who worked them; a capitalist class and a working class. The idea of nationalism took a new shape. Now it meant that the owners of machines in one particular district banded together to sell their articles to the natives of other countries, to prevent the natives of other countries from having machines, and to civilize negroes, Chinamen and others in order that these people might learn to wear cotton clothes and eat tinned meat.

In the countries where the feudal system still prevailed, like Ireland and Russia, the class that wanted to make machines, manufacture articles and sell them to their neighbours formed themselves into political associations in order to overthrow feudalism. Nihilism and Liberalism developed in Russia. In Ireland Fenianism and the Home Rule movement came into being. As we are not interested in Russia, as far as the life of Tim Healy is concerned, we will examine Ireland.

In Ireland the Fenians were the first in the field and it must be admitted that they did more to enable the Irish middle class to get machines, shops and political powers into their hands than the Home Rule constitutional politicians. They organized an insurrection, tried to blow up Government institutions with dynamite and persuaded the English Government that



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they were dangerous people. People claim that as a result of these Fenian activities, the Irish Protestant Church was disestablished in 1869 and the Secret Ballot Act passed in 1870. It would be just as reasonable to suppose that the Secret Ballot Act was passed as the result of the development of the capitalist class in England, but one must not injure the susceptibilities of the Irish patriots. What is interesting, however, is the fact that the Irish Protestants, finding their power in Ireland prejudiced by the disestablishment of their church, founded the Home Rule League in 1870. They called it the Home Government Association. Even the proprietor of the *Irish Times* was one of the founders of this association. And what could be more imperialist than the *Irish Times*? But imperialism has always lived in the pocket, just as a Greek sailor once told me in Rio de Janeiro, when I asked him what his political ideas were. He said: 'My country is my pocket and my God is the hand with which I keep my money there.' These Irish Protestants, finding that the English Government no longer allowed them to act as a garrison with full rights to plunder the Irish, decided that it would be a good idea to found a little government of their own in Ireland, presumably in order to continue in the practice of their former virtues.

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This movement, founded by the disgruntled Irish Protestants, soon came into the hands of the Irish Catholic 'Furred Cats.' The priests, of course, opposed the movement. The majority of the Fenians opposed it, realizing that it was merely a mercenary organization. The priestcraft of feudalism, represented by the Catholic Church, and the priestcraft of nationalism, represented by the Fenians, did not favour these sensible gentlemen with the Greek sailor's religion; a materialist one.

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In control of this movement, there were at the beginning men whom the Americans call 'morons.' Out of respect for their memory, I refrain from mentioning their names. But in 1875, Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish-American who had been born in Ireland and educated in England, was elected for Meath. A few years later he assumed control of the Home Rule movement and the Irish had a statesman of genius to lead them for the first, and perhaps the last time in their history as a nation.

Indeed, had our land of Ireland never done ought else for the progress of humanity than giving birth to this man, we would still deserve a high place in the history of the human race. For Nature did not use one single drop of tainted blood to fill this great man's veins. And it is a source of great pride to us that we recognized him as soon as he appeared and hailed him as a genius, thrusting aside the mountebanks that stood between us and him. Within five years of his appearance on a public platform we paid him as great a homage as the Russian people to-day pay to the memory of Lenin. The power of this man's personality burst through the walls of prejudice that bound our minds, making priests, peasants, workmen, landowners, Catholics, Orangemen and all the sects and classes that inhabited the country bow down before him. Even those that execrated him feared his probity. Those that hated him, hated in him only the presence of those virtues which were smothered in their souls by corrupt ideas and avarice. Priests disobeyed their bishops and followed him. Peasants, despairing of the future, brutalized by poverty and oppression, saw in him an avenging spirit and they raised a cry of joy. He came to us as a great proof that vice, hatred and corruption, meanness and jealousy

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can always be conquered in the human soul by the spectacle of a great beauty which transcends the boundaries of all religions and races.

And yet when he appeared, the petty adventurers who were in control of this trifling organization said to one another: 'Who is this man? What does he want to gain?' Parnell was a landowner and they were out for the destruction of the landowning class. Parnell was born a Protestant, so the Catholic politicians were prejudiced against him. He was a man of property, so they thought he could not be in politics for their own reason. 'Therefore,' said one, 'we thought he wanted social advancement.' He could not make a rhetorical speech, so they thought him a mediocrity.

These politicians, of course, were always jealous of Parnell. He despised them and treated them with deserved contempt, but in a few years they were forced to do his bidding and stay in the background as his lackeys, until at last they got an opportunity to fall upon him like hyenas, when he was dying.

Parnell was born in Avondale, County Wicklow, in June, 1846. The genius of three different civilizations went to mould his character. His mother was American, the daughter of a great American citizen, that great fighter and seaman, Commodore Stewart. From his American ancestry he inherited those qualities which are 'peculiarly American,' as a historian says, 'the delicacy of his features, the pallor of complexion, the strong nervous and muscular system concealed under an exterior of fragility, his evenness of temper and coolness of judgment.' From his father's people he inherited his intellectual genius. His father's people were for centuries men of culture and gentlemen of the first water, gifted with an insight into human nature and philosophy far beyond that entertained by many

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men of so-called learning nowadays. In the early years of the nineteenth century William Parnell was already writing that 'it is power, it is pride of artificial ascendancy, it is the jealousy arising from exclusive privilege that corrupts the understanding and hardens the heart.'

To this dual ancestry of culture, valour and understanding, was added an education in English public schools and universities, where he learnt all the subtleties of government and imbibed a contempt for the hypocritical fallacies which are fostered in the minds of conquerors by a necessary belief in the superstition of their superiority. Thus armed he came to lead the Irish.

Tim Healy seems to have been drawn towards this great man from the very beginning, as indeed all young men of promise were drawn, like moths towards a lighted candle.

In 1878, Tim Healy surrendered his position as shorthand clerk in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and came to London to act as confidential clerk in the firm of a distant relative, John Barry, M.P. for Wexford. John Barry was associated with a large firm that manufactured Scotch floorcloth. At the same time Healy began to contribute a weekly article to the *Nation*, the newspaper owned by his two uncles in Dublin. Frequenting the House of Commons for the purpose of getting material for these political articles, Healy came in close contact with Parnell. Parnell was at that time engaged in getting rid of the 'morons' who stood in his way. He had a small group of 'activists,' principally composed of himself and Biggar of Belfast. To this group Tim Healy gave his enthusiastic support.

In this connection it will be interesting to quote from the *Life of Parnell*, written by T. P. O'Connor in 1892. At the present time, T. P. O'Connor is

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'Father' of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor.

'In the days of long ago,' he wrote in 1892, 'when Tim was a shorthand clerk in Newcastle, the relations between the English and the Irish were far from friendly, and the young lad, proud, shy, brooding, full of a fierce sense of the wrongs of his country and internally ablaze with all the fervid and despairing fury of the children of a land at once hopeless and oppressed – loved his own people with passion and hated the English enemy – as he thought them – with a vehement hatred. He sat laughing and joking and romping with children, so long as he remained within the walls of the Irish family with whom he had his home; but when the door opened, a frown settled on his forehead. . . . I remember Tim at that period. . . . To-day (1892) his figure is slight and boyish and though it is subdued, there blazes forth now and then the same Corsican fire from his large brown eyes. His hair is a little greyer and there are lines in the face that was smooth when first I saw it. . . . He made the acquaintance of Mr. Parnell very shortly after that gentleman's entrance into Parliament, and his spirit, fierce, violent and bold as Parnell's own, was at once swept away by the policy that defied, exasperated and maddened the English enemy, and then Tim, who WAS A HERO WORSHIPPER, was entranced by Parnell's fascinating personality. . . . Parnell then had no organ in the Press. . . . It was Healy that first helped to get access through journalism to the mind of Ireland. In the columns of the *Nation*, Healy wrote up Parnell and obstruction, week after week, with that bright fiery corrosive wit which we all know; and the *Nation* newspaper was Parnell's first organ and Tim Healy

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his first spokesman in the Press . . . and it is certain that though Healy loved Parnell, Parnell never much cared for Healy; and was always unjust and childishly inaccurate in his judgment of him.'

It must be clearly understood that I do not vouch for the accuracy of the psychological observations in this extract. For O'Connor also states, in 1889, while Parnell was still alive and therefore dangerous, that 'Parnell has several times remarked that it was to Mr. Healy's advocacy and the explanations of his policy in the columns of the *Nation* that the active party owed much of its success in the early days.' From this it is difficult to understand how Parnell was childishly unjust to Tim Healy, or unappreciative of his services. A cynic, indeed, would point out the curious discrepancy between the statements concerning a living and dangerous man (dangerous to adventurers) and the statements concerning the same man, dead and innocuous. But cynicism is a poor weapon.

What we can gather is that Parnell realized that Tim Healy was a young man of great promise and that he did all in his power to bring him to the front. A statesman of Parnell's type, with military instincts, treats his followers as a commander treats his subalterns, with justice, sternly and with honour.

I quote an example of Tim Healy's contributions to the *Nation* during that period, both to give an idea of his literary style and a close impression of his attitude towards politics at that time. It must be understood that the tactics of 'obstruction' which Parnell adopted in the English Parliament were the invention of that sturdy Belfast Orangeman and Fenian, Joseph Biggar, and it is in relation to one of Biggar's speeches that the article was written.

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'Ave Cæsar! that is – Biggar – we who are about to die – with laughing – salute thee! And that cheer? Such cheers as never before greeted the member for Cavan, whence were they? Lo, see you not our own and only Joe, installed at last in his rightful seat, assuming the leadership of his Majesty's Opposition. Regard him, prithee. Magisterially bestowed on the spot sacred to the forms of high ex-ministers – the great Front Bench – he sits and amplifies himself this memorable Saturday. The invasion is not pleasing to Mr. W. H. Smith, so Mr. Finnigan soothingly gets the uncompromising Biggar to move up closer to the great man. Having moved up, a whisper from his faithful friend comes to Mr. Biggar telling him that it remains for him to complete the occasion by addressing the House in front of the famous dispatch box. Was it nervousness that touched the member for Cavan as he listened to the suggestion? No, nothing but the thrill of resolution nerving him for the deed. He rose. There falls an instant hush upon the House, and then bursts of loud acclaim. Modestly the head of Mr. Biggar bows and he waits him – as one of plaudits all unworthy – until the cheering ceases. . . .'

The boyish enthusiasm, the energy, the daring manifested in this article undoubtedly appealed to Parnell. Healy made a strong impression on him. So that, we are told, Healy gained Parnell's confidence and took part with some others in many of the consultations at critical moments. Until finally, when Parnell went to America, he cabled for Tim Healy to come out to him in the capacity of secretary. As soon as he received the cable, Tim Healy resigned his situation as clerk and took the next boat to America to join his hero.

## CHAPTER V

WHEN Parnell set out for America on December 21, 1879, he was already the leader of the Irish in Ireland and England. When he returned he was also the leader of the Irish in America. His consummate skill in leadership had united what it seemed impossible hitherto to unite, the Irish race.

Yet he had invented no policy. He had evolved no theory of government. He had simply listened to the murmurs of the mass and like a true leader incorporated these murmurs into his programme; rejecting whatever was transient, reactionary or ineffectual. His purpose was to get these people on the march, to unite them under a common banner and then to keep them marching, guiding them by his genius towards the correct objective.

He commenced by seizing control of the Irish organization in Great Britain, the Home Rule Confederation. This organization was under the control of the militant Fenians, men whom Parnell respected more than any other group among his followers. When he adopted tactics in the British Parliament which made it impossible for that institution to govern the Empire while it refused to allow the Irish to govern themselves, the Fenians in Great Britain began to regard Parnell as something above the ordinary type of politician. 'This fellow,' they said to one another, 'is not a prey to respect for the fetishes of Imperialism, which swallow the other politicians as a spider's web swallows flies. He looks like a fighter, let us get hold



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of him.' So they began to parley with Parnell. The result was that Parnell got hold of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain which was under their influence, without promising them anything. The Fenian leaders then became jealous of him and tried to keep their rank and file away. But the majority of the Fenian rank and file disobeyed the men who were leaders of their secret organization and followed Parnell.

It is also interesting to note that Parnell busied himself with the Irish in Great Britain before he attacked the Irish in Ireland. The Irish in Great Britain were better fed, they were better educated, they were less under the influence of Roman Catholic priestcraft and they were in touch with international ideas of progress. Therefore they appreciated his courage, virility and genius with greater ease. Then having closely allied these men to himself, he passed over to Ireland.

Here his policy was different, just as the situation demanded. Those cranks among us nowadays who are afflicted with what Lenin called 'Infantile Leftism' would do well to study Parnell's policy in this matter. Some of our Irish politicians nowadays would no more change their ideas than the famous Connemara man afflicted with influenza would change his shirt – the poor fellow kept putting on a clean shirt without taking off the dirty one until he had twenty-one shirts on his back and he died of suffocation. Parnell tried to dissuade his followers in Great Britain from acts of violence, because he knew they were under the influence of courageous and violent men. In Ireland he insinuated to the peasants that they should be violent because he found them under the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, who in all cases, even of starvation and disease, advise their followers to fold their arms and pray to God.

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Instead of coming forward with a cut-and-dried theoretical policy, he seized on any ambition or grievance that happened to be pressing and advocated it from the platform. 'Are the people interested in the land question?' he said to the Fenian Kickham. 'Unfortunately they would go to hell for it,' said that gentleman, who only believed in an abstract formula of liberty associated with scaffolds, martyrs, speeches from the dock and the *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité* of the French. Parnell immediately advised the peasants to struggle for proprietorship of the land. Some Fenians desired him to attack the Roman Catholic Church, but Parnell, even though he disliked the Church, realized that he could use it by forcing the priests to run after the peasants. He said as little as possible, respected nothing, broke all laws that barred his progress and set his enemies at one another's throats by guile and subtlety. At one and the same time he was a revolutionist and a constitutional agitator. He created such a disturbance in the English Parliament that the attention of Europe and of America too, was drawn towards him. Yet he told the Irish to put no trust in Parliament, since they must free themselves by their own courage and endurance.

Davitt, a Fenian and a man of marked ability, who had Socialist leanings, wanted to start the Land League in conjunction with some of the leaders of the Fenian movement in America. After some thought Parnell supported the idea and the League was founded in Dublin in 1879, with Parnell, not Davitt, in control of it. And it was at the request of this organization that Parnell went to America to collect funds in December of that year.

He was accompanied by a young man called John Dillon, but the work proved too much for two men to

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cope with, and Parnell wired for Healy to come out as his secretary.

Parnell's tour of America was a great success. He carried the American Fenians with him, by his subtlety and his personality. The Americans themselves, recognizing in this Irishman a kinsman of theirs, received him with tremendous enthusiasm. They even granted him the signal honour of addressing Congress.

Healy was a great success in the capacity of secretary-treasurer. Of course his enemies in Ireland are fond of pointing to the fact that his first relations with Parnell were in the same capacity as another man who held purses and later incurred considerable and universal odium by not observing a certain code of honour which is common among gentlemen. But the scurrilous tongues of political enemies spare nothing. No comparison is too far-fetched or ridiculous for their unthinking minds. All we know is that Healy proved himself a very efficient and honest secretary and that, at that period, he was wildly enthusiastic about his leader. I will quote from his own account of the expedition in proof of this:

‘I was with him,’ says Tim Healy, ‘for about three weeks. . . . We went to Canada together. . . . On arriving at Toronto, Parnell went straight to a telegraph station and told me to “come along.” He took up a telegraph form and wrote out a message with great pains and then tore up the form. He tried again and went on boggling over his message until I thought he would never get done. At length he apparently satisfied himself and then handed the message to me, saying: “Is that all right?” It was simply a wire to his mother saying that he had arrived safely. . . . BUT IT WAS WRITTEN IN FRENCH. I thought it was very odd

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that he should (to secure secrecy) send a wire in French from Toronto, where they speak French as well as in Paris. I felt inclined to tell him so, but thought on reflection that it was no business of mine. . . . Another thing struck me about this incident. There was this cold, callous man, who seemed not to care for anyone, rushing off to a telegraph office to wire his mother not to be uneasy about him. He was a man of surprises.

'We had a great meeting at Toronto. But the biggest meeting I ever attended was at Montreal. It was there he was first called "the uncrowned king." . . . Next day as we steamed out of the railway station returning to New York, I repeated some humorous lines I had recently read about Montreal. I wanted to see if Parnell could see the fun of them. He listened in a dreamy way until I was done and then said: "I have been thinking if anyone will ever pay to come and hear me lecture again." The poem was thrown away on him. . . . We left New York on a bitterly cold March morning. The 69th Regiment (the famous Fenian regiment) saw us off. As soon as I got on board the tender I turned towards the cabin to get under shelter from the driving sleet; Parnell stood on the bridge the whole time until the tender left, with head uncovered; and it was a fine sight to see the 69th salute as we sailed off and Parnell wave his hand in response *LOOKING LIKE A KING.*'

Parnell was suddenly called back from America by the dissolution of Parliament. He returned to contest the general election which followed.

Strengthened by the success of his American campaign, he fought the election with feverish energy. And here again, Tim Healy's assistance was invaluable to him. 'Throughout all this feverish struggle there

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was ever by his side, sharing and often doing most of his work, the bright, fiercely industrious, sleeplessly active young secretary, whom he had summoned to him in America.'<sup>1</sup> Parnell was elected for three constituencies. The whole Home Rule party gained sixty seats. And after the election, Parnell was elected as leader of that party, at a meeting in the City Hall, Dublin.

Here, again, Tim Healy's assistance was of consequence in the election of his hero to the leadership of the Irish nationalist party. Although he was not then a Member of Parliament, he was present at the meeting, and according to O'Connor, he urgently advocated the leadership of Parnell against that of the moderate Shaw. 'His infectious vehemence had much to do with the resolve then and there made for the first time to propose Parnell.' And Parnell was elected.

Again we must remember that O'Connor wrote this in 1892, after the death of Parnell. It is almost impossible for us nowadays to imagine how a number of unknown mediocrities could at the time have had any choice in the matter. If they did not elect Parnell as their leader, who in the name of goodness could they elect? But even so, I think it is clear that Tim Healy did all in his power to further the claims of his leader, and that is the important point. His enthusiasm, in fact, increased during the election. For the power, fearlessness and genius of Parnell were made more manifest to him. At Enniscorthy, Parnell was mobbed and insulted by a violent crowd. 'I asked Tim Healy,' says T. P. O'Connor, 'how Parnell looked and acted after that odious day.' 'Like a man of bronze,' was the reply.

Parnell returned to the English Parliament with a backing of twenty-three active followers and eighteen

<sup>1</sup> T. P. O'Connor.

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followers of the moderate Shaw, who hated him but were afraid to oppose him. Behind him was a section of the American Fenians, the rank and file of the Irish Fenians, the peasants, the rank and file of the Irish clergy and the *Nation*, itself a clerical organ, owned by Tim Healy's uncles. The Bishops supported Shaw. So that from this, it is obvious that the rank and file of the Irish priests need only the stimulus of a great man to free them from Papal influence. The Bishops, of course, are the connecting link between Ireland and the Papacy.

The Liberals were in power in England under the leadership of Gladstone. Previous to this it had been customary with Irish politicians to support the Liberals, but Parnell supported nobody. He merely used anybody that could be of any use to him. He refused to differentiate between any of his enemies.

He had a bill brought forward to remedy the agrarian distress in Ireland. It was defeated. Parnell immediately crossed over to Ireland and called on the peasants to protect themselves, since the English Government refused to protect them. There again his statesmanship and powers of leadership were shown. As it were, he held up his toga to the British Parliament and offered them peace or war. And he gave them war.

He toured the country rousing the peasants. At Ennis, in September, he made the famous boycotting speech, which initiated what has been since the most extraordinary characteristic of Irish political life. 'When a man takes a farm,' he said, 'from which another has been evicted, you must shun him on the roadside when you meet him, you must shun him in the streets of the town, you must shun him at the shop counter, you must shun him in the fair and in the market-place, and even in the house of worship, by

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leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he were a leper of old – you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws.’

The people adopted this law with enthusiasm. Rapidly the country passed into the hands of the Land League, under the leadership of Parnell. For the first time in the history of Ireland, the mass of the people became imbued with social consciousness, with a sense of social solidarity, so that even under the heel of a foreign tyranny, they made their own laws and observed them faithfully. Parnell had fulfilled his mission. He had formed a coherent society of human beings. He had organized what had never before been organized. And he set that human organization in motion, in the direction of social activity.

In the second phase of the development of the Irish community or nation, it will be seen how they adopted the same tactics, long after his death, but undoubtedly guided by his inspiration. For in this case Shakespeare’s words were reversed. The good that the man did lived after him. Lord Cowper said later, with reference to this period: ‘When I was in Ireland, we considered Parnell the centre of the whole movement. . . . He had no second, no one at all near him. I should say that the next man to him was Davitt, but he was a long way off. Mr. Healy was, I think, coming to the front then. We thought him clever, but he did not trouble us much.’

At this point it is well to bear in mind the attitude of Gladstone, Premier of England at this time, towards

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Ireland. I have to stress his attitude at this period because of his later influence on the life of Tim Healy.

This man Gladstone was very probably the most intelligent statesman the English have ever produced. Politically unscrupulous, devoid of a sense of honour, with a mind more subtle than that of the Italian Machiavelli, he was the ideal leader of a community whose business it is to produce and sell commodities at a profit. If you insult a shopman he raises his hands in pious horror, smiles and calls a policeman, even though the article he has foisted on you is unsound. W. E. G. was the High Priest of Commerce. And this pious horror of the fraudulent shopman was the mask that Gladstone wore through his life. It was under this mask that he was adored by the Irish, whom he misused and betrayed throughout his whole career. The English Conservatives, at least, while they represented the old English aristocracy, always fought like gentlemen, ruthless and unsparing, but with the unscrupulousness of soldiers. How Gladstone fought his enemies we shall see. But not as plainly as if the archives of Dublin Castle and elsewhere were at our complete disposal.

The Conservatives answered the Irish demand for Home Rule by saying that they would not retire one inch from the limit of the territory conquered by their ancestors. If they were to retire, it would be by compulsion. Gladstone was amazed at the folly of this attitude. He wanted to make Ireland a good market for the consumption of English commodities; to exploit the Irish more effectively than the landlords were able to do. That was the sum total of his friendship for the Irish. He thought the Irish question was settled by the Church Act of 1869 and by the Land Act of 1870. It troubled him no more. So he said. But the Irish under



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Parnell, not satisfied with this settlement and ungrateful to their benefactor, sat on the Opposition side in the Liberal Government, sitting with Conservatives.

It was probably then that Gladstone decided upon Parnell's destruction. How he managed that destruction we shall see.

In this campaign of Parnell's in Ireland Tim Healy took part. And the incident that won him his seat in Parliament occurred at this period. On his way through the south he espoused the cause of an evicted tenant named McGrath, in the Glengariffe district. As a typical example of the agrarian war in Ireland, it is worth description:

McGrath's rent was raised from forty-five pounds to one hundred and five pounds; then he was evicted from the house which he himself had built. Another farmer named Mangan grabbed the farm. McGrath refused to surrender possession of the house and held out for days, throwing boiling water on the attackers. Then he was sent to jail. His wife took possession and she was sent to jail. His sister took possession and she was sent to jail. As soon as one or other of them came out of jail, the struggle was renewed, but at last, McGrath had to surrender. So he got a boat, inverted it and went to live under it. It was here Tim Healy found him. He went to 'interview' the land-grabber Mangan. He was promptly arrested.

He was arrested by the new Liberal Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is, of course, only reasonable to expect that Gladstone's ministers would take their orders from their chief, so that there is a bitter irony in Tim Healy having been arrested by Gladstone, in view of later developments.

Parnell rushed to his friend's assistance. The seat for the borough of Wexford was vacant by the death

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of William Redmond. Tim Healy was nominated for the vacant seat and returned without opposition. John Redmond, son of the deceased member, had been asked by his constituents to contest the vacancy, but young Redmond stood aside in favour of Parnell's nominee.

There is a story told in Redmond Howard's *Life of John Redmond* which is interesting in this connection. It related that John Redmond, then a House of Commons Clerk, wrote to Parnell announcing his intention to put up for the constituency. Parnell showed the letter to Tim Healy, saying: 'Who is this chap?' 'Don't you remember young Redmond that hands us out the programmes?' said Healy. 'What! *That* damned fellow!' said Parnell. What the rest of the conversation was Mr. Healy does not say, but as a result Parnell asked the aspiring candidate to stand aside in favour of his own friend, Mr. Healy, who was then being prosecuted. . . . Mr. Redmond retired, and though, had there been a contest, he would probably have been returned, he made one of his first speeches shortly after his father's funeral in favour of Mr. Healy. But it must be admitted that his rival returned the compliment when the next vacancy occurred some months later, by suggesting to Parnell, 'Why not return Redmond?'

Tim Healy was then charged under one of the ancient Whiteboy Acts. Conviction rendered him liable to a lengthy period of penal servitude and to be once, twice or thrice publicly whipped each year. How Liberal! The case was tried before Judge Fitzgerald, who joined the prosecuting counsel in exhausting every effort to procure a conviction. But in spite of every effort on the part of the judge and the Government, Healy was acquitted, together with a Land

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League organizer named Walsh, who had been arraigned with him.

In December of that year, Healy, at the request of the representatives in the case, 'The Queen versus Parnell and others,' was asked to write a short history of the land question as portion of the brief for the defence. He did so, and it was shortly afterwards published in pamphlet form. It was called *A Word For Ireland*. It went into two editions, was published in America and translated into French under the title of *Le Cri D'Irlande*. In 1886 he published an expanded edition, which had also a very wide sale.

Before beginning on his parliamentary career, it is interesting to get an impression of his platform activities in Ireland at this period. Clifford Lloyd, a special resident magistrate in Ireland during that period, gives a description of one of Healy's meetings which he suppressed, at Drogheda on the 1st of January, 1881.

Clifford Lloyd was the typical British foreign official, undoubtedly a man of honour, without any imagination, ruthless but good-natured and sentimental after the manner of a man whose duty in life precludes the expression of gentle emotions. His history of that period is illuminating, in so far as it gives an insight into the character of a British foreign official. Reading it, one pities the splendid fellows that are used as tools by unscrupulous and dishonourable statesmen. And it is the curse of modern democracy, that men like Clifford Lloyd are not allowed to administer government on their own initiative, without having to obey the dictates of some financial or industrial magnate, who is sitting in the background, pulling the strings, while honest men walk blindly into corrupt practices under the impression that they are obeying just laws. Clifford Lloyd is even yet remembered with hatred in

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Ireland. He has suffered contumely even at the hands of his own countrymen, but I do not hesitate to say that he was an honest man, a gentleman and a good soldier, if there ever was one. That he was an enemy, I admit. But he was a fine enemy.

The meeting at Drogheda had been suppressed by the Government, but another, quite similar meeting, at Dundalk had been permitted. The local leaders of the Land League at Drogheda gave an assurance, according to Lloyd, that the suppressed meeting would not be held. So Drogheda was denuded of police. All the Government forces were concentrated on Dundalk. News reached Lloyd, however, that there was excitement in Drogheda, so he hurried there in a special train with one hundred men and a county inspector.

‘While crossing the railway bridge over the Boyne, we could see the meeting actually being held in a square on the banks of the river. It seemed from a distance to be of large proportions. We marched rapidly down towards the square, in a street off which the county inspector of police, Mr. Stevens, drew up his men. The ground seemed densely packed with people, who were being addressed by one of the many occupants of a large brake. Among the number were Mr. Davitt, whom I knew by appearance, and Mr. Healy, M.P., whom I had not previously had the honour of meeting. The latter individual was speaking at the time of our arrival. Mr. Stevens, a gentleman of large stature, made a way for me through the mass of people up to the brake. On reaching it, I asked who was the chairman of the meeting, and was referred to a priest standing beside Mr. Healy. I informed him that the meeting was being held in violation of the Lord-Lieutenant’s proclamation, and that it could not be continued. My authority was demanded, the only answer to which

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was, of course, a reference to the proclamation posted on every wall. It was no time or place, however, to enter into a discussion; the people were getting excited and ominous sounds were coming from behind me. I therefore again intimated that the meeting must at once disperse and I appealed to the priest to use his influence on the side of order. He asked me if Mr. Healy might tell the people to disperse, a request of course acceded to on condition that no further remarks were made. Mr. Stevens and I had then to work our way out of the excited crowd, and while doing so, I heard Mr. Healy in a loud voice telling the people that "the cursed Government had sent their men with bayonets and buckshot" to mow them down.

'A scene of wild confusion and uproar followed. I deemed it prudent to move the men into the square, with their backs to the courthouse, thus putting the mob between us and the river. Loud curses were called down on the Queen, sticks flourished in the air, and the people, some thousands in number, pressed on the police, bringing, in some instances, their pikes even up to the men's breasts. The inspector ordered swords to be fixed and matters were looking so serious that I stood out in front, and taking off my hat, read the Riot Act in a loud voice. Mr. Davitt, Mr. Healy, M.P., and several priests then passed away in a brake. Turning to Mr. Healy, I said that if I found him addressing another meeting that day in Drogheda I would have him arrested. Mr. Healy subsequently attacked me in the House of Commons, insisting that I had threatened to shoot him if I met him again. I really believe he thought the latter expression was used, for he made direct for the railway station, I was informed, and left the town.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ireland Under the Land League.*

## CHAPTER VI

ARE all politicians rogues? Undoubtedly not. But in a garden crowded with weeds it is difficult to see a flower. That the profession of politics attracts rogues is perhaps true, but not as true as the fact that the profession of politics breeds rogues. And finally, the man who can go through a political life without becoming a rogue is truly greater and more honest than the man who followed a career where honesty and honour are more easily acquired, assimilated and cherished: just as the ancient hermits begged and, I believe, modern devotees of various religions beg for temptations in order to test their spiritual strength.

In England politicians are still regarded with great respect. Those credulous people are either very lenient towards the shortcomings of their fellows or else they regard this form of vice as beneficial to the community. What is more reasonable to suppose than that this great people should organize, maintain and protect from interference by the police a great house where a great number of moral weaklings could forgather, talk and liquidate their criminal inclinations in various little games of craft?

But in Ireland the politicians are universally regarded with suspicion. We are undoubtedly a very intelligent people. We are quick to detect even an inclination towards crime. So that our political life gives examples of saints and sinners continually struggling with one another.

In the old days when our politicians went into the

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House maintained by the English for politicians we immediately winked our eyes and said: 'They're done for.' And lo! In a few years they were 'done for.' For-saking the language of their constituents they very soon adopted the language of that strange institution. They worshipped strange idols through the medium of this new language. Principal among these idols were: 'The Rules of Debate;' 'Subtle Intrigue;' 'Lobbying;' 'Vile Invective;' 'Vulgar Insinuation;' 'Vituperative Spleen;' 'The Spur of the Moment;' 'The Floor of the House;' 'The Right of Free Speech;' 'Law and Order;' 'Democratic Institution;' 'The Will of the People;' 'The Mailed Fist;' 'Kid Glove Diplomacy;' 'Ironshod Tyranny;' 'Ministerial Craft;' 'Right Honourable Gentleman.'

In this House they very soon realized that the only business was the production of words. The less intelligible the better. For if ordinary people could understand the words uttered in that institution there would be no further purpose in maintaining the priests of that institution. What use is a priest unless there is some mystery attached to his religion? If there were no mystery every fool could be his own priest.

In order to increase the mystification of the poor, the politicians rely not only on words but on the vapour that is caused by these words, which rises in and permeates the air all round. This air is known as 'The Atmosphere of the House.' Such is its power that it is calculated to tame the wildest man and turn him into a 'Right Honourable Gentleman.' In fact, in the whole history of the House there are only a few cases where it has not been successful in doing so. The first eminent example was Cromwell. But in his case, the volume of words uttered before his appearance had been too small to develop sufficient strength in the 'Atmosphere.'

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Nowadays the 'Atmosphere' is so strong that even the policemen on duty in the portals are affected by it. Not only that, but in a square near by, where formerly traffic went its course, unimpeded by any powerful atmospheric influence – the traffic in that square now goes round in a circle, revolving round the 'Atmosphere of the House.'

In 1880, Tim Healy entered this House. He proceeded to make his first speech. As to the merits of his first speech, the opinions of his contemporaries are divided. Justin McCarthy says of it:

'The very first speech he ever made in the House of Commons showed him as completely a master of himself and of his subject, as free from nervousness and stage fright, as willing to wound and as little afraid to strike, as if he had spent the greater part of a lifetime in parliamentary debate.'

O'Connor, on the other hand, states:

'It was late at night when the young member rose; the deputy-leader of the Ministerialists had made an effective address, and most of Mr. Healy's friends felt rather anxious as to the result. Mr. Healy can now bear to be told that there were divided opinions as to the merits of his first appearance. His speech was delivered in a hard, dogged style, and gave evidence rather of fierce conviction than of debating power. It was some time indeed before the House could acknowledge that there was anything in Mr. Healy; and there has scarcely ever been an Irish member who had in his early days to face the fire of such brutal, mean and cowardly attacks. Gentlemen of the Press professed to be shocked at the intelligence that the new member was poor, that he actually, like themselves, wrote for a



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living; and even the cut of his clothes afforded proof of the ignobility of his character. But Mr. Healy took no notice of all this ribaldry. . . . In the nine weeks' struggle against coercion he was, though a novice, one of the three or four men who did the largest amount of talking. . . .'

The 'Gentlemen' amused themselves by referring to Tim Healy as 'the street arab of Parliament,' the 'Bantry corner boy,' 'the quintessence of concentrated spleen and ignorance.' What violence from a people among whom Shakespeare has been dead three hundred years!

Writing under the date January 29, 1881, Sir Henry Lucy in his *Diary of Two Parliaments*, says:

'Men like Mr. Healy . . . cannot answer Gladstone's argument and possibly do not understand his sarcasm. But at least they can interrupt him with continuous clamour, can break in upon his unfinished sentences with coarse contradiction, and do insult to the courtesies of the House of Commons by the manners of a mob.'

Shortly, however, Sir Henry Lucy began to realize that Tim Healy had something more in him than what a pressman of the day described as 'the yapping of the Bantry pup.' Gracious me! What language from Englishmen! In July, 1881, the same Sir Henry Lucy wrote in his *Diary*:

'When Mr. Healy made his appearance in the House, it was said that his introduction was due to a rare pleasantry on the part of Mr. Parnell. Honourable gentlemen had fallen into the habit of thinking that it was impossible for a country of the geographical area of Ireland to produce a less acceptable Member of

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Parliament than Mr. Biggar. Mr. Healy was elected and it found that it had too hastily generalized. But Mr. Healy's laurels begin to wither and Mr. T. P. O'Connor now proudly wears the crown of being absolutely the most insupportable of the Irish members. The two members who recently ran neck to neck in this delectable race, are originally of the same class. . . . Both bring to the floor of the House of Commons the manners and habits of thought of the Irish peasant. . . .'

Alas! Here I must interrupt the honourable knight in order to 'snuffle.'

'But Mr. T. P. O'Connor has over his countrymen the advantage or disadvantage of having been longer out of Ireland. He is venerated with a thin polish of London manners. . . .'

Here again I must interrupt in order to draw the attention of the readers to the poem by a British poet, mentioned in a previous chapter.

'Mr. Healy is better than Mr. O'Connor by this difference. . . . In the meantime Mr. Healy, with all his unprepossessing peculiarities, impresses the House with a notion of his sincerity. He really does believe, as Mr. Biggar does, all the things he utters to the despite of the Saxon.'

From this, it is only reasonable to suppose that Sir Henry Lucy means that T. P. O'Connor did not believe what he said.

'Moreover, he has of late cultivated a pretty talent for satire. When he entered the House members discovered below the gangway an ill-dressed man with sullen manner, who audibly gnashed his teeth at the mace and did not think it necessary to take his hands

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out of his pockets when addressing the Speaker. He is still as implacable in his opposition to the Saxon as when he entered the House, but he has greatly improved in speaking, and the House begins to recognize his sterling qualities. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, on the other hand, has gone from bad to worse. Having nothing useful to say, he bullies the House of Commons, as if it were a landlord taken at a disadvantage behind a hedge.'

T. P. O'Connor is now 'Father' of the British House of Commons.

Again, in the following year, Sir Henry Lucy traced the further conversion of Tim Healy:

'Mr. Healy, since his return from foreign parts (i.e. U.S.A.), has displayed something of the culture that comes of travel. It is true that of late he has gone back to that remarkable coat, which is a compromise between a sack and a surtout. But that might well be placed to his credit as a proof of faithfulness to old friends. When he put off the smarter garment, which on his first appearance after his return caused Mr. Biggar to eye him with suspicion, he did not cast off the more polished manner, of which it was the outward and visible sign. His deference to the wishes of other people has reached such a point that, as he said to-night, he did not care two rows of pins whether he was in jail or the House of Commons, and the House, not to be outdone in politeness, refrained from expressing a preference. . . . The House of Commons has always found Mr. Healy an interesting person - from his earlier manner, when, as we have seen, with a hand thrust in either trouser-pocket, with drooping neck and scowling face, he was wont to proclaim that hatred of the Irish peasant for the English Parliament, down to

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the present day when, having taken on some of the polish which the company of gentlemen . . .’

Here I must interrupt in order to make clear that ‘gentlemen’ as understood by Sir Henry Lucy are an entirely different species from ‘gentlemen’ as understood by gentlemen.

‘. . . bestows on the most uncompromising material, he glibly talks about his “hon. friend” and “the noble lord” and “the right honourable gentleman.” There has been about him a certain downrightness, a thoroughness and an audacious indifference to venerated authority, which in their way have been sublime.’

During this time, Tim Healy was rapidly coming into prominence in Ireland. His remarkable capacity for work was phenomenal. In the House of Commons he was ‘never a moment at rest.’

‘He has almost as many correspondents as a Minister and he tries to answer nearly every letter on the day of its receipt. Then he takes an interest in, and knows all about, everything that is going on, great or small, English, Irish or Scotch. . . . The extent of his knowledge of parliamentary measures is astonishing . . . and – tell it not in Gath – there have been occasions when he has been seen explaining the mysteries of legislation to Mr. Gladstone. Indeed Healy holds himself at the service of everybody. . . . Besides all this, Healy has frequently to write a column or two for a newspaper in the course of the evening.’<sup>1</sup>

He was suspended with the whole Irish party during the obstruction following the introduction of the Coercion Act in 1881. Then during the discussion on

<sup>1</sup> T. P. O’Connor.

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the Land Bill of the same year, he became a national figure. He grappled with and mastered all its intricacies with the skill of the born lawyer. No other member of the Nationalist Party understood the measure fully, but Healy was a match even for Gladstone. He completed his personal triumph when he succeeded in getting a vital clause incorporated into it, known to history as the 'Healy Clause.'

Of course, it might be suggested by a Fenian that the force that passed this Land Bill was the agrarian war in Ireland, but we must admit that talking in the British House of Commons had at least a little to do with it. And the most efficient talking was done by Tim Healy.

Besides, in those days, Healy, in the eyes of British secret service agents at any rate, was looked upon as but a slight remove from a Fenian. He was to be found in frequent consultation with Fenians, and even if he was not a member of any secret society (a point regarding which we have no clear evidence), there is no doubt that the Fenians respected this brilliant young man for his ability. There were frequent journeyings to Paris, where in the year 1881 the Land League Council, for good and sufficient reasons, used to meet. There Healy used to sit in conclave with men like Patrick Egan, Michael Davitt, Andrew Kettle, Mat Harris, James O'Kelly and Joseph Biggar, several of whom were avowedly 'physical force men.'

In November, 1881, he was sent on a Land League mission to the United States in company with Father Sheehy, a militant Land League priest. He had by this time become immensely popular with the Irish in America, and he received a great welcome, visiting scores of cities and addressing vast and enthusiastic meetings. Mr. T. P. O'Connor was there at the same

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time and the two young politicians met some of the most 'advanced' of the Irish-American Fenians in the offices of the *Irish World*, the organ of Patrick Ford, the 'Apostle of dynamite.' Immediately afterwards the famous Chicago Convention was held, delegates attending from all parts of the United States. Before the proceedings were thrown open to the public a preliminary meeting was held. There Healy delivered a speech, 'extreme' enough to satisfy the most extreme of his hearers.

'What is the business for which this Convention has assembled? It is for the purpose of revenge, as I take it; revenge upon the enemy which drove you and your fathers forth from your own land. I am in favour of no rent, not merely as a temporary policy, but for all time.'

Any secrecy, it may be noted, about the delivery of this strong speech, was a useless precaution, because later on the British Attorney-General was able to quote from it in his opening charge before the Parnell Commission.

Healy and O'Connor were both on the platform during the proceedings of the open Convention, but neither spoke. When there were cries of 'Healy!', 'O'Connor!' from the audience the chairman intervened and said:

'There are certain grave reasons that are quite satisfactory to us and would be if they were known to you, which prevent Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Healy from responding to your loving invitation now.'

How the British secret service agent, Beach – known as Le Caron – must have smiled, listening to these words!

A passage from another speech delivered by Healy

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during his American tour deserves recording. Speaking at Boston, December, 1881, he said:

‘I say that the property of the Irish landlords deserves to be abolished more than the property of slaveholders deserved to be wiped out by the sign manual of Abraham Lincoln. We believe that landlordism is the prop of British rule, and we mean to take that prop away. To drive out British rule from Ireland we must strike at the foundation, and the foundation is landlordism. We wish to see Ireland what God intended us to be – a powerful nation. *We seek no bargain with England.* As the Master said to the tempter, when he offered Him the kingdom of the earth, “Begone, Satan!” so we will say unto them, “Begone, Saxon!”’

A few years later Tim Healy was making bargains. That ‘atmosphere’!

Truly, the secret of the making of the British Empire has not been in the prowess of British arms, as it is called, but in the ‘Atmosphere of the House of Commons.’

## CHAPTER VII

THE extraordinary conversion of Tim Healy to the 'Atmosphere of the House of Commons' is all the more remarkable, considering that it happened in those years during which Parnell treated the 'House' with absolute contempt. And indeed, it is a remarkable tribute to the sagacity of Tim Healy that he did not allow himself to be drawn away from the course mapped out by himself for himself by Parnell's attitude. Parnell, of course, was not interested in the 'Idols' of Parliament. He could well afford to treat them with the contempt that a Roman Catholic missionary in China would treat a little statue of Buddha.

Parnell merely used the House of Commons as a skirmishing ground. His purpose was to turn that institution into ridicule until it granted him what he wanted. He succeeded remarkably well – for a time. But even he went too often to the well. The power of Gladstone soon made itself manifest.

Parnell once called Gladstone 'that grand old spider.' Was he really aware of the web that Gladstone was spinning? I doubt it.

The life of Parnell interests us here only in so far as it had connection with the life of Tim Healy; but at this period and later, the lives of the two men were so intricately entwined, that it is necessary to study the cause of what led to Parnell's downfall and indeed the downfall of Ireland for a generation.

Let us examine the position at this moment, in 1881.

Parnell had organized a party in the House of Com-



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mons, under his own undivided leadership. By continually engaging them in conflict with the conventions of the House, he prevented them from becoming subject to its 'Atmosphere.' He was helped by the English journalists and men like Sir Henry Lucy. They abused the Irish members and the Irish members responded by hating the English and desiring to make themselves as objectionable as possible in order to get satisfaction for the insults offered to them. At the same time, as he succeeded in doing this, Parnell persuaded the English that he himself was the only power restraining the Irish members from becoming utterly violent.

Outside Parliament he spurred on the people to 'make it hot' for the Government. But at the same time, he gave responsible statesmen to understand that were it not for him, their lives were in danger from assassins. He was calm, cold, reserved on the surface. But underneath this mask, I am sure his sardonic Irish humour was enjoying a riot of fun.

He accepted Gladstone's Land Bill with suspicion, although he knew very well it was an excellent stepping-stone towards his goal. But he refrained from praising it. He also refrained from opposing it when it was in danger of defeat. He did not counsel the Irish people to accept it gratefully and use it to the full extent. He rather told them: 'I say, there may be some dodge in this. But on the surface it looks fairly good, at least in parts. Let's try it in a few cases. But . . . We must keep up our organization. Put no faith in this fellow Gladstone. There is undoubtedly some trick in this. Examine this Bill carefully and approach it as if it were a parcel suspected of containing a bomb.'

This infuriated Gladstone. He had Parnell arrested, after charging him with deliberately obstructing the success of the Land Bill. He said that 'the resources of

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civilization are not yet exhausted.' What the resources of civilization, as understood by Gladstone, are, I do not know. Not quite. But the world would know, if it could get hold of the secret archives in Dublin Castle and elsewhere.

There is one resource, however, of which I have an inkling. And the facts that support the truth of my suspicion seem to me sufficiently strong, anywhere but in a court of law. The system of terrorism under which we live prevents us from coming forward with evidence which appears to us reliable and authentic. But even without that evidence, the sequence of facts are sufficiently damning in themselves.

In 1881, Lord Cowper wrote to the Cabinet of which Gladstone was the head:

'The priests still exercise an extraordinary influence over the people, as has been shown lately in the most marked manner by the power they possess of controlling and pacifying the most excited crowd, AND TO WITHDRAW THE PRIESTS FROM THE MOVEMENT WOULD BE AN OBJECT FOR WHICH A GREAT DEAL OF RISK MIGHT BE RUN.'

As we see later, Gladstone did succeed in withdrawing the priests from the movement. Did he get his idea from Lord Cowper?

During the General Election of 1880 Captain O'Shea was introduced to Parnell by The O'Gorman Mahon. Some weeks afterwards Parnell met Mrs. O'Shea at a dinner-party given at her husband's house in Berkeley Square, London. From 1881 Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived as man and wife. We gather from the remarks of contemporaries that Captain O'Shea was a thoroughly dishonourable man. We also gather that Mrs. O'Shea was in straightened circumstances when she met Parnell. But that is of little consequence.

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What I would like to know is this: Did a Government official receive a letter, written on the 31st of January, 1881, from a lady, who was a friend of Parnell's? A lady who claimed to know most 'of the ramifications of the conspiracy' and who assured the official that he had to deal with 'men in this instance who are conspirators by nature and of necessity.' A lady 'who saw Davitt to-day' and who called Parnell 'a maniac' who 'has all the cunning of a madman, whose mania it is to be king among his rebel followers.' This lady had seen Parnell in America, entering the White House with his mother, who was 'on the arm of the man that blew up Clerkenwell.'

Is it not reasonable to suppose that this lady, whoever she was, was employed by the Government to track Parnell, worm herself into his confidence and extract from him the secrets of his organization? It is of course common knowledge that governments *do* employ women for this purpose.

In this case what would be the purpose of such a woman's efforts, supposing that she existed? No doubt her main purpose would be to connect Parnell with Fenianism – at least at that time. But 'Parnell avows that he has no sympathy with Fenianism.' He obviously could not be convicted and discredited for this. Some other means must be procured.

And in a letter dated February 1, the lady, whoever she was, proved herself equally incapable of producing any information of consequence in this direction: 'I know something of the late deputation to London. The Council were divided.' Some 'desperadoes were out for murder,' but unfortunately Parnell was among those who wanted to keep 'up the seed in its present form.'

As Parnell could not be proved, even by these means, to be 'guilty' of Fenianism, some other weapon

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must be used. Perhaps it was then that the idea of detaching the priests came into existence in the brains of the Government.

On July 13, 1881, Captain O'Shea challenged Parnell to a duel. Had this duel taken place, undoubtedly the priests would have been detached in that year. For some reason of which I am not aware, the duel did not take place. Barry O'Brien states that Mrs. O'Shea satisfied Captain O'Shea that there was no cause for a duel. How did she do this? Friendly relations were at once resumed between Parnell and the Captain. Why?

This business is too extraordinary to qualify belief, even by the least intelligent reader of modern fiction. However, it is interesting to note that Parnell offered to go abroad to fight the duel and perhaps the gallant Captain 'fucked' it. Did he expect some other outcome to his challenge?

In the middle of October, Parnell was arrested by Gladstone and put in prison at Kilmainham, Dublin. Samson had succumbed to Delilah. Separate him from her and see how his hair falls off, without the assistance of a shears.

And lo! It was Captain O'Shea who began to parley with the Government for Parnell's release. This magnanimity is utterly unbelievable. Another bolt must have missed its mark.

In fact, it is very possible that from information received, it was thought in high quarters that (1) Parnell would succumb physically to prison treatment; (2) that the agitation in Ireland would collapse in his absence and that he would be willing to make any terms in order to get back to the woman he loved.

In the speech for which he had been arrested Parnell had described Gladstone as 'this masquerading knight-errant, the perfect champion of the rights of every

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other nation except the Irish nation.' He also said: 'The Irishman who thinks he can throw away his arms, just as Grattan disbanded the volunteers in 1789, will find to his sorrow that he has placed himself in the power of a cruel and relentless enemy.'

Healy would have been arrested at the same time only that, obeying orders, he remained in England. In the Journal of Sir William Harcourt, Gladstone's Home Secretary at the time, we find the following contemporary note:

'Forster goes on bagging his leaders, and Dillon and Sexton are now in the mouse-trap. *I am sorry he has missed Healy who is the most dangerous.*'

So we see that even as far back as 1881, this twenty-six-year-old lieutenant of Parnell, with only a year's parliamentary experience, had impressed himself on a very shrewd judge of political ability as the most 'dangerous' of the Irishmen at Westminster.

Instead of quelling the disturbance, Parnell's arrest intensified it. 'Captain Moonlight will take my place,' said Parnell. And the fact was that 'landlords began to be shot down as thick as partridges in September.' Parnell's arrest roused the country to fresh heights of hero-worship. It persuaded the grumblers among his political followers that he was as extreme as they thought themselves to be. He ruled Ireland from Kilmainham.

Evidently he could not be destroyed by keeping him there. Gladstone let him out on condition that he 'slowed down' the agitation in the country, giving in return a guarantee that the Government were to introduce a satisfactory Arrears Bill. Gladstone denied the existence of this arrangement and Parnell himself did not admit it. Tim Healy referred to it as 'One of the most sagacious arrangements that ever enabled a hard-

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pressed general to secure terms for his forces.' But the fact that interests me most is that Captain O'Shea was the ambassador between Parnell and the Government. Was Captain O'Shea acting for Mrs. O'Shea? Had Mrs. O'Shea realized that she had fallen a victim to Parnell just as he had fallen a victim to her? And did she want to seduce him from politics in order to have him all to herself? Even the most degraded beginnings may become exalted under the influence of love.

Lord Cowper and Forster resigned as a protest against the surrender of Gladstone to Parnell. Most people claim that it was a victory for Parnell. But it was undoubtedly a defeat. Gladstone had won the first round in his new bout. He had spread suspicion among the followers of Parnell. They murmured among one another undoubtedly: 'He came out because he couldn't keep away from her.' Their public utterances deserve as little credence as the public utterances of politicians always do. For while the people at large adored Parnell, the politicians whom he kept mercilessly disciplined were jealous of him in their hearts and eager for his downfall.

This is the most amazing characteristic of politicians. Hearing them speak from a public platform the listener is carried away by the sincerity of their words, their righteous fury, their tearful sympathy for suffering, their indignation against all wrongdoing. But meeting them in private, when they get together like lawyers after a case in court, they resemble nothing on earth more than scandalmongering old women, or sailors in a ship's fo'c'sle after six weeks at sea. The interests of the country mean nothing to them. Their personal code of morality means nothing to them. They talk in a gibberish which is unintelligible to the uninitiated. And an innocent man, meeting them

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under these circumstances, would be reduced to such a despair of the honesty supposed to be inherent in human nature that he would go and sit on the banks of a river like an Indian fakir and allow weeds to grow about his motionless body.

These men were aware of the intrigue that had begun to sap Parnell's vitality. But they remained silent. Those of them who later on revolted from Parnell on 'moral grounds' kept silent. Why? Was it because they were hypocrites, moral cowards, or just rogues? No. It was merely because they were politicians. There is only one law which a politician observes, the law of expediency.

T. P. O'Connor states in his *Life of Parnell* that Parnell's health suffered from that period. A few months after his release, 'when Parnell had done something which showed the extraordinary difference there was between him and what he once was, I heard Healy with an inexpressible sadness and bitterness say, as he walked up and down the Terrace of the House of Commons, "They have broken another great Irishman!" "They" were the English rulers.'

Of course the impartial observer can see that the followers who later revolted from Parnell, might afterwards 'imagine' that they saw a change. That some of them, Healy and T. P. O'Connor amongst the number, knew the cause of the change, if there was any change other than that produced by the 'Atmosphere' of the House in themselves, the following extract from O'Connor's book proves:

'As far back as 1882 – when those terrible absences and that great change in him first began – I heard Mr. Healy make the observation I already quoted. . . . At the same time I said, myself, that there was only one man could ever ruin Parnell and that was himself.

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Either then or a little later, Mr. Healy applied to him with that picturesqueness of illustration which he commands, the story of Napoleon. Napoleon, looking out through a window, as one of his marshals was advising him against the Russian campaign, asked his counsellor to look at the sky and see Napoleon's star there. "I see no star," said the marshal. "I do," said Napoleon and impatiently shut the window. So, said Healy, it is with Parnell: he sees his star where others see only darkness; and some day he will be ruined in that way.'

But they only spoke in parables to one another in this manner and spoke not a word to the people. For indeed, if he were swept aside, who then of all the men desiring to be king, could exert his power over the others?

'These and other sayings of Mr. Healy,' said O'Connor, 'were uttered, not with the gleeful forecast of an enemy, but with the agony of a friend who saw the ruin of the man he loved.'

On November 2, 1892, Tim Healy wrote in the *Westminster Gazette*: 'The enemies of the alleged agrarian jacquerie in Ireland little supposed that at its head was a moderate, almost conservative leader, averse, except when driven to it by the stokers of the movement, to lend his approval to extreme demands.' This clearly proves that, at that time at least, Tim Healy did not understand Parnell and did not understand the strategy required of a leader, as distinct perhaps from the strategy required of a politician. It seems to me to be the characteristic of an extremist in politics, to get all that can be got at any given moment by the least possible expenditure of energy and without sacrificing in any way the final goal to be reached. That, Parnell always did. The political leader who is ignorant of the strategy of leadership, uses up all his



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forces in vituperation and violence, only to find in the end that he has reached perhaps only half-way to his goal—and indeed in certain cases, only to find that he has shattered the army he intended to lead to victory into a million fragments.

No. It is quite clear that none of his associates in Parliament understood Parnell. He could not be expected to confide in them, in view of the efficiency of the British Secret Service. And it seems, at least from the distance of some years, that they were all incapable of constructive thought. The misfortune of Parnell was not his falling in love with Mrs. O'Shea but the incapacity, the jealousy and the meanness of his followers in Parliament.

In 1882 Parnell had almost overthrown the feudal system in Ireland, or to speak more correctly, he had served as the rallying-point around which united the forces that had almost overthrown the feudal system, i.e. the peasants and the Fenians. The Land Act of 1881, together with the Arrears Bill, passed in July, 1882, had established the basis for a peasant proprietorship of the land. It was the duty of a good leader to consolidate this position before advancing any further. Parnell possibly tried to do so by the Kilmainham negotiations, but various forces combined to prevent him from carrying out his plan in its entirety.

The first cause that prevented him doing so was the intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea. The second was the Phoenix Park affair, when two officials were killed. The third was the lack of intelligence among his forces.

The Phoenix Park killing of two officials created a violent upheaval at the time, but nowadays it seems to have received an attention altogether more than it merited. To my mind all killing is barbarous. It seems to me to be as great a crime to get one workman

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to kill another on a field of battle in open warfare, as it is to get an assassin to knife an official in a public park. Until human beings cease plundering one another for money, food or machines, all political murder, whether in open warfare as it is called, or by means of private assassination, is equally odious. The English Government was at that time ruling in Ireland against the consent of the Irish people. They should have cleared out of the country if they wished to avoid being murdered. The mass of the Irish people wanted to get rid of them. They wanted to till their land, feed their children and civilize themselves without English interference. The English refused to allow them to do so. Well . . . It is only natural to expect the Irish to resent the attitude of the English. It was a brutal and stupid act to kill these two men, just as brutal and cruel as it was for the English to have murdered millions of Irishmen or to have hired assassins under Pitt to murder Napoleon Bonaparte, who was himself a murderer on a large scale. In all modern societies based on the plunder of other human beings, all the individuals in society are equally guilty of murder, since they maintain armies for the sole purpose of committing murders. No murder is legal, not even if it is countenanced and authorized by Act of Parliament. For no man that ever killed another man, not even a hired hangman, can feel in his soul, if he possesses one, that he has done something beautiful.

This murder was the result of the lack of intelligence among the men that followed Parnell. The same lack of intelligence expressed itself in many other ways. There was a women's organization called The Ladies' Land League which did as much harm by thoughtless statements and actions as the organizations of political women among us in Ireland nowadays. Parnell man-

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aged to liquidate this organization by the simple method of preventing them being supplied with any more money. The peasants were easily enough dealt with. Peasants are not interested in politics. They are merely interested in their holdings. They will pursue a politician only when he is talking about the land, offering them some remittance of rent, or a drainage scheme, or a fishery scheme.

But the politicians, encouraged by the small success which they thought, each one of them, had been won by their efforts, began to snatch at the reins. They spread a feeling of suspicion. It was this feeling of suspicion that made it possible for a senseless group of fanatics like the Invincibles to murder two men with knives in Phoenix Park. It is even suggested that some of the discontented politicians supplied them with the knives. But we know nothing of that.

Parnell was deeply affected by this murder. He was enraged at being dealt a blow, not by the enemy but by his own men. And Justin McCarthy states that Tim Healy deliberately proposed that 'we should all resign our seats and go back into obscurity, believing the cause hopeless for a generation.' The result was that a new Crimes Bill was introduced by the Government.

Those who claim that Parnell had changed after his release from prison seem to forget that he resisted this Crimes Bill fiercely, with the result that twenty-five Irish members, among them Tim Healy, were suspended on July 1, 1882. And the folly of retiring into private life as a result of the murder was proved by the fact that the Arrears Bill was passed at the same time. The same fact strangely illustrates the causes of any remedial measures of legislation passed by the English as regards Ireland in those days. Remedial

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measures of legislation always followed on murders, insurrections or agitations on the part of the Irish.

In October, Parnell, with a view to consolidating the position in Ireland, founded the National League in place of the Land League, which had been suppressed. This again is hardly an indication of a 'great change' having come over him. Tim Healy was chiefly responsible for the drafting of its constitution. But in the following year, the agrarian war in Ireland reached its greatest height owing to the Government's coercive measures, administered by Lord Spencer. Landowners, bailiffs and informers were killed, attacked, wounded and harried in all possible manners. Cattle were killed and maimed and people who seized farms were boycotted. The peasants were looking after their farms in the way they thought best, without paying any attention to politics. They were led, of course, by the Fenians. And yet all this is after Parnell's return from jail and the Kilmainham treaty for slowing down the agitation!

In February, 1883, Tim Healy was tried for a speech delivered at St. Mullins, Co. Carlow. The speech was reported by the special correspondent of the *Daily News* and after the meeting Healy and the *Daily News* man were the sole occupants of the carriage in the train on the return journey. The journalist transcribed his notes on the way, while Healy obligingly held a candle for him. When the prosecution came on, the Government relied on this very report that was transcribed with the assistance of Healy's candle. Healy defended the case himself (he was by that time a lawyer), but he was bound over. He refused to give sureties and was imprisoned for three months. That his imprisonment did not terrify him was proved by a speech he made on August 18, during which he said:

'It is war between the two countries as much as ever

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and the Irish members are the exponents of the hatred and contempt which the people of Ireland feel for Her Majesty's Government.'

In another speech he is alleged to have said: 'You will get nothing out of the British Government unless you go to them with the head of a landlord in one hand and a cow's tail in the other.'

And in still another speech he referred to the British Government as:

'John Bull and Co., Robbers.'

In the same year there was a vacancy in the County Monaghan. Healy, as being the best fighter in Parnell's forces, was chosen to contest the constituency. Healy won the seat by a majority over the combined votes of the candidates of the other two parties.

So that instead of diminishing, Parnell's struggle seems to me to have been on the ascendant all this time. And in 1884, with the passage of a Reform Act granting household suffrage in Ireland, the Irish electorate was increased from 200,000 to 700,000 votes, thus further strengthening his position.

As a specimen of Healy's oratory in that year I give at this point an extract from a speech reported in *United Ireland* on August 30, 1884:

'Lord Spencer had come to govern Ireland with impartial justice, but no more unfortunate and one-sided Lord-Lieutenant had ever afflicted the country. His conduct had embittered the people. He had shielded criminals, rewarded scoundrels and hung innocent men. He had served the English so well in Ireland, that he requested he should be raised a step in the peerage with the appropriate title of the Duke of Sodom and Gomorrah.'

The last sentence referred to a case in which several

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Dublin Castle officials had been convicted of sodomy. Of course Lord Spencer had no more to do with this case than had Tim Healy himself. And it is ironical that Lord Spencer afterwards became converted to Home Rule and was one of the few supporters of Gladstone who did not clamour for Parnell's overthrow. In fact, Spencer held that it was wrong to depose Parnell. From this, as in the case of Clifford Lloyd, we see that it is wrong to suppose that men who are doing their duty, as they understand it, are scoundrels. Very often they are far more honourable and worthy of respect than the people they oppress. It is not the individual; it is the system that rules him.

The Government shot another bolt in the effort to overthrow Parnell, or, as Lord Cowper stated it so neatly, to 'detach the priests from the movement.'

Towards the end of 1882, the Government had sent an emissary to the Pope, a man named George Errington. He went with the mandate of Lord Granville, of the British Foreign Office. His mission was to incite the Pope against the Irish. The Pope, or at least the Cardinal Secretary of State, seems to have been only too ready to be incited, provided a favourable opportunity offered itself. Barry O'Brien says in his *Life of Parnell*:

'The Pope had never looked with favour on the Land League Agitation. Indeed he regarded it as nothing more nor less than a revolt against the lawfully constituted authorities, which in truth it was. And now Catholic bishops and priests were uniting to place the Protestant leader of the Irish race on a pedestal of glory. . . . The Irish were losing the faith; even their religious guides were being led astray, and nothing but the interference of the Pontiff could avert the dangers which imperilled the very salvation of the people. So it was whispered and believed at the Vatican.'

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The man who whispered these words (and probably other words relating to Mrs. O'Shea) into the Pope's ear was of course a Catholic.

At that time, in 1883, the people discovered that Parnell was in financial difficulties. The peasants on his estate paid no rent. A mortgage was foreclosed and he had filed a petition for its sale. Hearing this, the people of Ireland rushed to his assistance. They began to raise a collection to pay off the mortgage. Hereupon the Vatican saw its opportunity. A Bull was dispatched to Ireland on May 11, 1883. The bishops immediately forbade the priests taking any further part in the tribute. But the following was the answer given to this impudent Bull by the people. On the day the Bull was dispatched the collection amounted to £7,688 11s. 5d. On June 19, it amounted to £15,102 1s. On December 11, it reached a total of £37,011 17s. The Papal Bull was very properly impounded for trespass by our fathers.

Referring to this 'resource of civilization' resorted to by Gladstone, John Dillon said in Parliament, as reported in Hansard, July 11, 1890:

'I can tell him that we are far more independent in political matters of the Court of Rome than he and his uncle, who have debased the character of Englishmen by crawling to the Pope and offering His Holiness bribes to aid in crushing the Catholic people of Ireland, and to inflict an intolerable wrong. To some extent it succeeded when an agent was brought from Rome to go among the people and to trade on their reverence for the Church to crush their political aspirations.'

Gladstone was sowing the seeds, but so far they were lying barren among the Irish. That the seeds, of all sorts, were not lying barren among Parnell's associates, it soon becomes obvious.

## CHAPTER VIII

ON January 1, 1885, three years after his release from jail, Parnell made the famous speech, declaring that no man had the right to fix a boundary to the march of a nation. Evidently the great change which T. P. O'Connor and his friend noticed (some years later, of course) had not really occurred. On June 8, Parnell joined forces with the Tories in Parliament and defeated Gladstone's Government. The Government resigned and in the General Election that followed, Parnell denounced the Liberals in a manifesto he issued to the Irish in England, with the result that he reduced the Liberal majority, the final figures being, Liberals 335, Tories 249 and Irish 86. This masterly stroke put the two parties at his mercy. Neither could gain a majority sufficient to govern without his assistance.

The 'great change' was also manifest in a speech which he made during the election at Liverpool. 'Ireland,' he said, 'has been knocking long enough at the door with kid gloves. I tell the English people to beware and to be wise in time. Ireland will soon throw off the kid gloves and she will knock with a mailed fist.' The Irish people, believing there was no change in his policy (and they were right), returned every man he offered in the south and west. Half of Ulster was captured. Tim Healy was returned for South Derry, *on the Protestant vote.*

Gladstone and the Liberals gnashed their teeth at this 'scoundrel,' who thus 'betrayed' them; who refused to 'collaborate' with them; who refused to see any



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difference between Tory and Liberal. 'They,' said Gladstone, meaning the Tories, 'know that but for the imperative orders, issued on their behalf by Mr. Parnell and his friends, whom they never tired of denouncing as disloyal men, the Liberal majority of forty-eight would at this moment have been a hundred.' 'Lancashire has returned her voice. She has spoken, but if you listen to her accents you will find that they are tinged strongly with the Irish brogue.'

Parnell's policy was, of course, to prove to both English parties that if they wanted to divide the exploitation of the English people between them in comfort, they must allow him to clear out and rule his own people. 'No collaboration' was his motto. How then had he changed? Even though all this time, we may suppose, Gladstone was a friend of the O'Sheas? Did he not admit himself later to Barry O'Brien that Mrs. O'Shea visited him?

To counter Parnell, the Liberals decided to make a supreme effort to seduce Parnell's followers, while the Tories, with the assistance of *The Times*, used less subtle methods; more warlike ones.

There are still Irishmen, mostly belonging to the last generation, who believe that Gladstone was really interested in the Irish people, that he wanted to give the Irish Home Rule for reasons of principle and that he was an honest man, betrayed by Chamberlain and Labouchere and Morley. Gladstone was just as interested in the liberation of Ireland as the Irish to-day are interested in the liberation of Morocco from the Spanish Government. As the representative of the English owners of machines and producers of commodities it was his solemn duty to maintain Ireland as a cattle ranch and a peasant community, with a surface layer of lawyers, priests and publicans. Of course, I readily admit that there were personal quarrels among this party of

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Liberals. But the Englishman has yet to be found, at least from the ruling class, who betrayed his class when face to face with a foreign enemy. The English ruling class may have its faults, but treason is not one of them.

‘Get rid of this fellow Parnell,’ they said to one another, ‘then it will be easy to manage the others. The others can be bribed with money or some such sort of thing. Society ladies will easily flatter them. Their party will break into fragments. Away with this scoundrel who knows our methods of government.’

Labouchere was the most interesting character among these plotters. It would be unfair to call them plotters. They were sound tacticians and every class must be judged by its own code of honour. Of that class, Labouchere was the most interesting. Whether he was acting on his own account or acting in collusion with the authorities it is difficult to say. Perhaps we are too suspicious. But these are the facts:

Labouchere was an extreme Radical. He had refused the succession to a peerage on principle. Of him his biographer has said, with what truth I know not:

‘His motives were twofold. His Radical soul was disgusted by what, in face of the Irish attitude, was the only alternative to Home Rule, namely coercion, and he realized that the only effective way to “dish the Whigs,” whom he hated more than the Tories, was to use the Irish vote. The second motive was by far the stronger. He had a definite conception of Radical government *to which he would undoubtedly sacrifice hecatombs of Irish patriots if necessary.*’

Chamberlain was less interesting. He was also a Radical, but it is only reasonable to suppose that his Radicalism was a label, under which his ambition masqueraded. ‘Ireland!’ said Chamberlain. ‘I regard

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Ireland as I do my gout. They are both detestable and they are both absolutely incurable.'

'Mr. Healy and Mr. Chamberlain,' says Mr. Barry O'Brien, writing under date 1885, 'saw a good deal of each other in those days. On one occasion Mr. Chamberlain asked Mr. Healy to dine with him in order to have a talk about Ireland. Mr. Healy asked Parnell's permission. Parnell said *No* angrily and showed very clearly that he did not desire the continuance of friendly relations between the two men.'

'I was only too painfully aware,' writes William O'Brien, 'of the bitter personal quarrel that long divided Parnell and himself (Healy). The precise cause of the quarrel he never communicated to me. All that is certain is that it came to a head in a message from Parnell forbidding him to join Joseph Chamberlain at a dinner-party which the Irish leader suspected to have been organized at a critical juncture, as part of an intrigue against Gladstone and himself.'

William O'Brien, of course, was one of those Irishmen who believed in Mr. Gladstone.

Now Labouchere comes to the front, or rather into the *coulisses*. 'Mr. Labouchere,' says that gentleman's biographer, 'was not only a zealous friend and advocate of the Irish members in Parliament, but a variety of circumstances conspired with his own aptitudes to constitute him an unofficial ambassador between conflicting parties in the House, and in particular between the Liberal Cabinet and the Nationalist leader.'

Tim Healy, according to the correspondence of Labouchere, was the Nationalist leader between whom and the Liberal Cabinet Labouchere was the unofficial ambassador.

The intimacy between Tim Healy and Labouchere began as early as 1882. In May of that year, Labou-

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chere wrote to Chamberlain, in connection with the Liberal Government's Coercion Bill introduced following the Phoenix Park murders:

'I enclose the Bill with Healy's amendments. . . . Healy goes so far as to say that if the Prime Minister or you were to administer the Bill it would do no harm, and that he is not greatly afraid of it in the hands of Lord Spencer, but that it would be a monstrous weapon of oppression in the hands of Jim Lowther.'

On the following day, Labouchere wrote to Chamberlain to say that he had heard from Healy there was to be a private meeting between 'himself (Healy), Parnell, T. P. O'Connor and Sexton.'

On June 10, 1882, Labouchere wrote to Chamberlain: 'Parnell and Healy request me to say that they are very grateful to Mr. Gladstone for meeting them half-way.'

Just about that time, Labouchere wrote in the *Fortnightly Review*:

'The Irish are sound upon almost every question; they are even more democratically inclined than we are. . . . Irish, English and Scotch Radicals should coalesce.'

Writing to Labouchere on May 25, 1885, Healy said:

'Apart from Coercion, it is the policy of the Irish Party to equalize all Liberals and Tories as much as possible *pour nous faire valoir*, so that the matter will have to be looked at by us apart from the renewal of coercion, though, of course, I imagine if we thought we could trust the Liberals to avoid obnoxious legislation and to stick to reform, we should support them strongly. . . . I think a little time in the cool of opposition would do your party a world of good. If we supported your party next time, the Lords would throw out or render worthless any Bill the Commons passed, and time has proved the Whigs won't face the

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Lords. If that institution were abolished we should be great fools not to be friendly with the Liberals, but they are almost powerless to help us, even if they were sincere, as long as the Lords are all-powerful.'

It was less than a fortnight after this letter that Parnell overthrew the Liberal Government. Obviously this letter at least was inspired by Parnell.

Immediately afterwards, Chamberlain wrote to Labouchere, saying: 'The Irish members must "stew in their own juice" with the Tories until they have found out their mistake.'

But Labouchere adopted a different point of view. On July 22, he wrote again to Chamberlain:

'Healy favoured me with his views during three hours to-day. I told him that we were sure to win without the Irish (this refers to the General Election), but that if he and his friends wished for any sort of Home Rule, he must understand that his only chance was to ally himself with the Radicals and to support you. I said that I had tried to impress this on Parnell, but that he had talked rubbish about Grattan's Parliament and seemed to me to be thoroughly impractical. HEALY SAID THAT PARNELL IN HIS HEART CARED LITTLE FOR THE IRISH, PARTICULARLY SINCE A MOB ILL-TREATED HIM IN 1880. HE REGRETTED TO BE OBLIGED TO ADMIT THAT PERSONAL FEELING ACTUATED HIS LEADER'S POLICY AT TIMES, BUT PARNELL FELT HIS DIGNITY OFFENDED BY HIS ARREST AND HIS PRESENT FEELING WAS REVENGE ON GLADSTONE AND FORSTER.'

Now I come to the point, which seems to justify at least a slight suspicion of some collaboration between Labouchere and some superior force interested in Parnell's overthrow, as early as 1885.

'I,' said Labouchere, 'SUGGESTED A REBELLION.'

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This means obviously a rebellion against Parnell organized by Healy; or perhaps indeed by some other member of Parnell's followers.

'But he said that this was impossible because the present policy of all Irishmen was hanging together, for they attributed all their troubles to divided counsels. He said that Parnell is very astute. He generally finds out which way feeling is among his followers before he suggests anything, but in one or two cases he has put his foot down.

' "What would you do?" I asked, "if you could be certain of a big scheme forming part of the Liberal Platform?"

' "Our party is really guided by about six men," Healy said. "What we decide, the others accept."

'This letter is long, but I thought you would like to know Healy's ideas, AS HE IS BY FAR THE MOST HONEST AND ABLEST OF THE IRISHMEN.'

On August 2 of the same year, Healy wrote to Labouchere:

'Of course, however, I should be bound by the majority and would steadfastly carry out Parnell's policy, whatever it is declared by the party to be.'

So the time was not yet ripe for a 'rebellion.'

At this time Davitt wrote to Parnell. Davitt also had disagreements with Parnell on the subject of land nationalization. Parnell wanted a peasant proprietorship. Davitt wanted the land nationalized. It was about as feasible to nationalize the land in Ireland at that time as it would be to make a river run upstream.

'The priests and bishops,' said Davitt, 'would rather have the Tories attempt the solution of the Home Rule problem, owing to the fact of the Conservatives

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being in favour of Denominational education. *Men like Healy, strange to say, are pro-Tory in this respect, for they fear that if Chamberlain and his party become dominant, the Radical or democratic element in the Irish national movement would be able to settle the land question on more advanced lines than those of the parliamentary party.*'

Some one must undoubtedly have misjudged Healy. Either Davitt was wrong or Labouchere was wrong. For assuredly Healy could not have been 'by far the most honest and ablest of the Irishmen' if he favoured the Tories.

On October 15, Healy wrote to Labouchere from Dublin:

'If the Tories get in with our votes they will come to terms, but I am not at all so sure that if the Liberals got in they would have the courage (even if they had the will) to face the question. It is no use discussing our attitude from any other point of view other than the expediency standpoint.'

On October 18, however, Labouchere wrote to Chamberlain:

'I told Herbert Gladstone that I am convinced that Parnell, for various reasons, did not want an arrangement and that he would prefer to remain an irreconcilable, but that it might be possible to influence him through Healy and others, SO I SENT TO HEALY WHO CAME OVER TO ENGLAND. HEALY EXPLAINED THAT PERSONALLY HE WAS IN FAVOUR OF AN ARRANGEMENT BUT THAT ANYONE GOING AGAINST PARNELL WOULD BE NOWHERE JUST NOW BECAUSE THE IRISH HAD GOT IT INTO THEIR HEADS THAT UNION WAS STRENGTH. BUT HE PROMISED TO DO ALL HE COULD.'

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In the next letter from Healy to Labouchere, dated December 10, Healy is in favour more strongly of throwing the support of the Irish party on Gladstone's side.

Then, on December 19, Labouchere wrote to Chamberlain:

'Yesterday morning came a letter from Parnell. Had only just received my letter, was passing through London, would say when he was coming back. Dila- tory as usual. In the afternoon Healy arrived. HE STAYED SIX HOURS. The sum of all amounted to this:

'“PARNELL IS HALF MAD. WE ALWAYS ACT WITHOUT HIM. HE ACCEPTS THIS POSITION. IF HE DID NOT WE SHOULD OVERLOOK HIM. DILLON, MCCARTHY, O'BRIEN, HARRINGTON AND I SETTLE. WHEN WE AGREE NO ONE CAN DISAGREE. WE ARE ALL FOR AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THE G.O.M. ON TERMS. WE ARE FORMING A 'CABINET.' WE SHALL CHOOSE IT. WE SHALL PASS WHAT WE LIKE IN THIS CABINET. WE HAVE NEVER YET LET OUT ANY SECRET. THE KILMAINHAM REVELA- TIONS WERE LET OUT BY FORSTER AND O'SHEA.”'

At last the seeds are growing! Parnell is being kept busily engaged with Mrs. O'Shea, while his army is negotiating with the enemy. It was beautifully done. This is the most glorious episode in the whole history of English diplomacy. And those wretched German professors thought they could beat these people at the game!

Labouchere goes on to give Healy's Home Rule plan:

'We agree to nomination for two Parliaments for five years. WE LIKE IT FOR WE WANT TO HOLD OUR OWN AGAINST THE FENIANS. . . . We could not accept the vote of the Imperial Parliament. This is the corner- stone of independence. We have no objection to a prince. He would be a great sop to the loyalists. Of



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course we must have the police. . . . We claim to pay a quota – to raise this quota as we like; *there is no fear of Protection. Parnell and some Belfast manufacturers are the only Protectionists in Ireland.* . . . IF TERMS ARE AGREED TO NEVER TO COME OUT THAT THERE WERE NEGOTIATIONS. WE WOULD REGARD OURSELVES AS MEMBERS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: OCCASIONALLY INDULGE LIKE YOU RADICALS IN A WILD-CAT VOTE BUT VOTE WITH LIBERALS ON ALL PARLIAMENTARY MEASURES.'

And Labouchere ends up the letter by saying to Chamberlain:

'Do pray think how very advantageous it will be to get rid of these Irish.'

In the following letter, Labouchere refers to 'the Irish gang.' He also says: 'My own conviction is that if the Irish get Home Rule, they will – with the exception of the land question – surprise us by their conservatism. Their first thing will be to pass SOME SORT OF VERY DRASTIC LEGISLATION AGAINST THE FENIANS.'

How true a *próphet* was Labouchere!

On December 23, Healy wrote to Labouchere from Dublin:

'MY DEAR L., – Thanks for your views. If Churchill and his lot want to stay in, in order to thwart us and Mr. Gladstone, then I say, by all means, let them have a few months' office, and let us give them – well – purgatory – for a bit and see how they take it. It seems to me that opinion is not quite ripe enough yet amongst your party to swallow strong meat. I therefore think a while in the cold would teach them whether Mr. Gladstone was wiser than the tuppence ha'-penny intelligence of his rank and file. What the God-fearing Radical evidently wants is a course of Tory slaughter abroad, and sixpence on the income-tax, and we are

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just the boys to help them to it. . . . It seems to me that we shall have to turn round and "educate" the Liberal Party, since they won't allow the greatest man they ever had to do so. . . . *I should like to know what would become of them without Gladstone?* . . . And what should we be doing? You may be sure whatever was worst for the Liberal Party. You may dissolve fifty times, but until you dissolve us out of existence, there'll be a thorn – aye, a bayonet, in your sides. Here we were with the CHANCE OF GETTING ALL IRELAND ROUND TO SOME MODERATE SCHEME THAT WOULD END FOR EVER THE FEUD BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES; and now it appears that some gentlemen who were born yesterday, and who couldn't tell the difference between a Moonlighter and an Orangeman, propose to spoil the whole thing. . . . My heart is sick when I read the extracts telegraphed from the English papers to think these are the idiots we have to deal and argue with. *It is almost a justification of O'Donovan Rossa.* They have Moses and the Prophets, but they want a sign from heaven. . . . They have some party dodge to serve and Ireland is their happy hunting ground. Let them take care that the quarrel is not a poisoned morsel for their dogs. Churchill promises to come over to rouse the Orange men! *Je lui promets des emotions!* If these men think and talk this blague England is very lucky in her rulers.

'But to quit apostrophe – which you must pardon – what are we to do? Can we expect Mr. Gladstone to bear the battle on his single shield? Is it not plain that if we plunge into Home Rule plans just now before your intelligent people apply their enlightened minds to it that we shall get far less than what we should get by waiting and worrying you for a few years? We are all young and though British saws won't bear me out, you are a very fickle and unstable people, while ours

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has the tenacity of seven hundred years to carry us through. We can wait a while and see who gets the worst of it, and if we are beaten in our time – well, there are plenty of young men and women in Ireland to breed future difficulties for you. . . . It is no good talking about the details of Home Rule when the very mention of the word gives half the Liberal Party the shivers. The men that won't take Mr. Gladstone for a leader to-day will have to take Mr. Parnell to-morrow. Mr. Gladstone's enemies now are England's and Ireland's worst enemies too. He alone can settle the question moderately and satisfactorily, yet he is assailed by his own party as if he were some reckless junior, acting not from the ripeness of knowledge and sagacity, but through some adolescent's lust of untasted power. . . .

'A happy Christmas to you, my dear Labouchere!

'T. M. HEALY.'

Thus in 1885, the Irish Party was changing its allegiance from Parnell to Gladstone.

Further letters passed between Labouchere and Chamberlain, with Labouchere endeavouring to win over Chamberlain to Gladstone's support. But Chamberlain had his own schemes. There are frequent mentions of dinners between Churchill, Labouchere and Chamberlain. Probably it was at this time that Parnell refused Healy permission to attend one of those dinners.

How far Chamberlain was willing to go in the direction of Home Rule at this time, had he not quarrelled with Gladstone, we learn from A. G. Gardiner's *Life of Sir William Harcourt*. In Harcourt's Journal there are some notes of a private meeting at Devonshire House at which Chamberlain, Hartington, Dilke and Harcourt himself were present. Harcourt says:

'His (Chamberlain's) idea is this. Give Ireland a

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constitution, an Upper and Lower House of Assembly; reserve to England the power and duty of protecting her and preventing her becoming the *point d'appui* of a foreign nation in time of war; retain a military garrison in some fortified town in Ireland and have a Governor or Lord-Lieutenant; relieve Ireland of all contributions to Imperial taxation except a yearly payment in the form of a terminable annuity towards her share of the National Debt; make an agreement that in any customs or prohibitive tariffs England should receive the treatment of the most favoured nation, but no more. All representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament to cease. *He thinks Healy and a number of leading Nationalists would only be too glad when they had real work to have the assistance of the conservative feeling which would spring up under this state of things.*

Yes, it is obvious that, as Barry O'Brien says, 'Healy and Chamberlain saw a good deal of each other in those days.' But if Chamberlain knew Healy's mind, he did not know Parnell's. In any event, the guiding motive with the Birmingham Radical was always ambition, never principle, and his Home Rule scheme never saw the light of day. The important thing to remember in all these intrigues is that Healy was intimate with Labouchere and Chamberlain, that Captain O'Shea was a 'creature' of Chamberlain's, and that Mrs. O'Shea was constantly seeing Gladstone.

Early in 1886, Healy wrote as follows to Labouchere:

'With regard to Morley's point about the veto, I recognize that the bigger powers we get the more natural would be your desire for some guarantee against their abuse. . . . A GOVERNOR-GENERAL I THINK WOULD MEET THIS AND FOR MY PART I THINK IT WOULD CAPTURE OR RENDER QUIESCENT A LOT OF THE

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LOYALISTS IF HE WERE A PRINCE. A FEW ROYAL LEVEES AND SOME JUDICIOUS JOBS WOULD PROBABLY BRING MOST OF THESE GENTRY AROUND IN A SHORT TIME. . . . The usual stuff I see is being talked about Home Rule leading to separation and how the Irish-Americans would not accept the settlement, nor the Fenians. . . . I undertake to say that if a suitable Home Rule Bill were proposed, THOUGH PARNELL SAID HE COULD OFFER NO GUARANTEES, we could call a national convention to ratify it. Moreover, terrible as are the American-Irish in English eyes, I believe – and I have spoken in every big city from New York to San Francisco and from Galveston on the Mexican Gulf to Montreal in Canada – that we could summon a representative convention in Chicago, including the Clan Na Gael, the Ancient Order and the Rossa crowd which would endorse the settlement and thereby effectually dry up the well-springs of revolution. But to do this we must get no sham vestry, but an assembly that would gratify the national pride of the Celtic race. Our people in America will only be too glad to be allowed to mind their own business and many of the wealthy among them will come back and settle down here, investing their capital and teaching the people the industries they have learnt abroad. The mass of them are as conservative as any in the world, and when I told a crowded meeting . . .’

On January 12, 1886, Labouchere wrote to Chamberlain:

‘They have now so arranged their party that practically Healy, O’Brien, Harrington and Parnell can do practically what they like. Parnell I put last, because he will agree to the decisions of the other three.’

This, of course, is very probably what Healy told Labouchere and believed to be true.

## CHAPTER IX

IN February, 1886, happened the election in Galway, when Parnell proposed Captain O'Shea for that constituency. Historians of the period make a great fuss about this event. As a result, it is hard to make anything out of it. Because, when six histories of one particular event have been written, the truth is so securely hidden within the folds of language not altogether true that it is impossible to understand anything.

Some Irishmen suggest that Mrs. O'Shea foisted her husband on Parnell 'because she was still a paid British spy.' Others contend that she urged Parnell to put forward O'Shea in order to keep his mouth shut. Others insist that Chamberlain persuaded O'Shea to foist himself on Parnell, using threats, in order that his candidature, supported by Parnell, might cause a split in the Irish ranks. Yet others maintain that Parnell pitied the unfortunate Captain O'Shea and wanted to do something for him. This last would be the 'human' reason and as we are dealing with politics we simply must dismiss it. Therefore of all the other reasons — one must be true, according to political formulas for human conduct.

Parnell undoubtedly, being a man of a very sensitive and delicate code of honour, was greatly overwrought by his secret love affair — secret in his own opinion, though every politician in Parliament knew of it. Especially the politicians in the Liberal Cabinet. 'May I take it,' said Barry O'Brien to Chamberlain, 'that

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the Cabinet was practically in relation with Parnell through Mrs. O'Shea since 1882?' 'Yes,' replied Chamberlain.

Perhaps indeed, that all the reasons given above, except the 'human' one, which must be discarded by political law, are true. I know not.

T. P. O'Connor, who is now a Privy Councillor and 'Father' of the British Parliament, says that Parnell, when he put forward Captain O'Shea for the Exchange Division in Liverpool during the General Election, made 'perfectly frenzied efforts' to return O'Shea. He failed. He then put him up for Galway, even though another candidate had been selected locally, a man named Lynch. 'One night,' says O'Connor, 'I learned to my amazement, that Mr. Parnell was about to expose the dazzling hopes of his nation – the splendid triumphs of his genius – to disastrous shipwreck.' But of course, he probably did not use those words in protesting to Parnell against the announcement that O'Shea was to be nominated. He rushed off to find Biggar. O'Connor and Biggar dashed over to Dublin to oppose Parnell's nominee. Why they didn't go to Parnell, it is difficult to understand.

When T. P. O'Connor set off to Dublin, he went about 'sounding' various people. He met John Redmond on the journey. They discussed the matter. During this conversation, O'Connor does not tell us what Redmond said, but it was during this conversation 'my fluctuating thoughts and resolves took shape.' In other words, if Parnell 'pinned himself publicly to Captain O'Shea,' he was not to be opposed, as his leadership must be maintained at all costs. The two of them went to William O'Brien. O'Brien said: 'I had rather blow out my brains than have any responsibility for interfering at this moment with the leader-

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ship of Mr. Parnell.' They went to Tim Healy. *Healy's voice was for war.*

Healy and Biggar went down to Galway by the first train to fight Parnell's candidate. In Healy's own book, *Why Ireland Is Not Free*, we are told:

'This incident used to be described by Mr. Biggar with the stereotyped phrase: "T. P. took a return ticket to Galway. I took one to Dublin. T. P. stayed in Dublin. I went to Galway." On reaching Dublin, Mr. O'Connor's courage failed, and Mr. Biggar was left with only Mr. Healy as a companion to Galway. When their backs were turned, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, assisted by Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Harrington and Mr. Sexton, got up a touchingly worded protest against the action of Messrs. Healy and Biggar and in support of O'Shea, which was signed by a vast majority of the party. Mr. John Dillon was telegraphed to at Mayo for authority to append his name to the document, but he refused. Mr. William O'Brien then wired him not to do anything to assist the "mutineers," and Mr. Dillon replied: "Will remain neutral, unless Healy is attacked!"'

Healy and Biggar carried on a furious campaign in Galway against Parnell's candidate. Biggar made public Parnell's affair with Mrs. O'Shea. And Healy described Captain O'Shea in the following manner:

T. D. Sullivan, Tim Healy's uncle, wrote a book called *Recollections of Troubled Times in Irish Politics*. This is an extract from it:

'A provincial paper took the pains to compile from Mr. Healy's speeches the following pyramid, or rather Eiffel Tower, of designations applied by him to Parnell's nominee:



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“a renegade”

“a whig grub”

“a rotten whig”

“a scabby sheep”

“a rotten rudder”

“a whig intriguist”

“a thief in the night”

“a political caterpillar”

“a chameleon militaire”

“a monstrous imposture”

“a miserable whig spaniel”

“a performer of cabinet tricks”

“a defeated, exploded humbug”

“an agent of backstairs diplomacy”

“a miserable and incompetent marplot”

“a water-logged and bankrupt politician”

“a man with a bespattered political career”

“a contemptible, mean and degraded personage.”

Then Parnell arrived in Galway to defend his candidate. He was accompanied by T. P. O'Connor, who had set out from London to fight Parnell's nominee. Then Parnell came face to face with Healy and Biggar, the 'mutineers.' I give O'Connor's account of the meeting.

‘Healy stated his case with profound emotion; with palpable evidence of his old-time affection for Parnell and his sense of the duty of the hour. Parnell listened calmly; never interrupting. Then in his reply he used one phrase that showed his genius and character, and that at once swept Healy off his feet. There had been SOME TALK OF HIS RESIGNING HIS POSITION IF CAPTAIN O'SHEA WERE NOT ACCEPTED BY THE PARTY. “I HAVE NO INTENTION OF RESIGNING MY POSITION,” HE SAID. “I WOULD NOT RESIGN IF THE PEOPLE OF GALWAY WERE

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TO KICK ME THROUGH THE STREETS TO-DAY.” HE SAID THIS FATEFUL SENTENCE QUIETLY, WITHOUT BRAG. . . . HEALY WAS CONQUERED.’

From O’Connor’s statement, one would infer that the opposition to Parnell’s nominee originated from the belief that he would resign if the candidate were opposed by the party. Biggar’s opposition was for some other reason. It was not a political reason. Biggar was thoroughly honest. But once his mind was made up it was rigid. He never changed it. He told Parnell he would fight it out. Then Healy, having discovered possibly that Parnell was not going to resign as a result of the threatened ‘mutiny,’ ‘jumped to his feet and shook his fist in Biggar’s face.’ The struggle was over. Lynch withdrew his candidature. They all surrendered as soon as Parnell appeared, and the mutiny was at an end.

Then having elected Captain O’Shea, they all retired from Galway, both commander and mutineers, with colours flying and drums beating. The people of Galway, robbed of the amusement caused by an election, fell back into that pleasant air of somnolency which is the most beautiful characteristic of that fine old town.

All these warriors marched on London or distributed themselves about the law-courts of the country or rested in preparation for another bout.

Here it is necessary to trace the development of these warriors since we met them first, a few years ago. Like the kings that Alexander made out of rude Macedonian barbarians, they were soon to sacrifice the unity of their ‘Empire’ to their personal greed. And as the narrative, shortly, will not allow a further glance at them, it is best to have it here.

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It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. Evictions and the Land Bill had been a gold mine to these politicians, many of whom were lawyers. Those who were not lawyers were either related to lawyers by blood or their daughters, sisters or nieces had married lawyers. Those who were not lawyers in any sense at all were platform orators or journalists. And it was into their pockets that a large portion of the Land League funds went. I have seen in a letter written at that period, that two men always received twenty-five pounds apiece for a lecture. And one of those men was the proprietor of a Nationalist newspaper. For defending a tenant a common fee was fifty pounds. Added to that there were tours in America and elsewhere. Being prominent public men, they were in demand writing 'feature articles' in the newspapers. So that these men, who began 'needy and would do anything for money,' became prosperous gentlemen, with a great sense of self-respect.

Healy, of course, is reputed to have been different. But according to himself, his colleagues were not impeccable. Writing in his book *Why Ireland Is Not Free*, in 1898, he says:

'Mr. T. P. O'Connor had heavy financial commitments and in a few years (as the share lists of his newspapers prove) had drawn from Liberal ministers, Liberal members and Liberal candidates, the astonishing total of £40,000.'

These gentlemen merely went to Ireland for the purpose of visiting the law-courts, or for keeping up the agitation. But in London, they were now perfectly at home. Parnell, of course, was detained in England by his love affair, but in his case, no demoralization was noticeable.

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In June, 1886, the Home Rule Bill brought in by Gladstone was defeated. A General Election followed and in August, 1886, the Tories formed a Government. Then John Dillon and William O'Brien proposed to revive the agrarian movement and start the Plan of Campaign. Healy says that Parnell was totally opposed to this.

'It is only fair,' he says, 'to those who disregard Mr. Parnell's judgment to offer some explanation for their action. Mr. Dillon had been refreshed by a long rest in America, and Mr. O'Brien, who had not appeared on the platform during the Land League period, had now become a very powerful and popular speaker. Both knew that Parnell was demoralized by the intrigue which then consumed his energies, and supposed it disabled him from taking a sound view of the home situation. The idea widely spread was that Parnell's preference for a quiescent policy was due to fear that any turmoil in Ireland would break his repose in England, or bring his inertness at Capua into contrast with the lieutenants' activities in Connaught. Perhaps a consciousness of weakness. . . .'

The difference between Parnell and his lieutenants was not the difference between Capua and Connaught. The fact was, the Plan of Campaign did not fit in with Parnell's policy. His lieutenants seldom knew Parnell's policy in full, and no doubt the fault was Parnell's. In one sense, of course, however, it was absolutely immaterial to the Irish people what was done at Westminster, or what orders were issued to them from there. The only thing, during this whole period, that had been any use to us, was the fact that Parnell united us, gave us a social consciousness. And it appears to me that all those other politicians were merely gadflies worrying a labouring horse. Unless

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there is an agitation of some sort, politicians tend to become second-rate persons. Boxers, actresses, criminals and wild animals are shown in the newspaper photographs. The leading articles deal with religion, sport or scientific farming. The front pages tell of a famous murder, or some story of corruption in a municipal borough, while the politicians are merely mentioned in the provincial paragraphs. As soon, however, as some politician, cleverer than his fellows, discovers that the national existence is 'menaced' by a flaw in the constitution, people scratch themselves and say: 'Why, damn it, I thought that fellow was dead and there he is again. What's the scoundrel up to now?'

I myself was not alive at that time; but I fancy from a similar experience during a more exciting period, politically, that the people regarded these politicians as a form of amusement. Of course, they became wildly enthusiastic about them, while the politicians were knocking about, but not as enthusiastic as they were about the local hurling champion, or the man who split a bailiff's skull at C—— with a silver crucifix.

Then, during the celebrations following the fiftieth anniversary of the Coronation of Victoria, Queen of England, Ireland received another Coercion Act. Healy called it 'England's Jubilee Olive Branch.'

In the same year, 1887, *The Times* newspaper, still vexed at the poem by the famous British poet, began to publish a series of articles entitled 'Parnellism and Crime.' These were written for that newspaper by a Home Office official, Sir Robert Anderson. On April 18 *The Times* published Piggott's forged letter, making publication coincide with the second reading of the Coercion Act. In Ireland the jails were filled. The National League was proclaimed. There was shooting of peasants at Mitchelstown, earning for

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Balfour the title 'bloody.' This Coercion Act roused the peasants to the support of the Plan of Campaign. Another Bull dispatched by the Pope did likewise. The Vatican sent an envoy called Persico to Ireland. In April, 1888, this Bull was paraded in print, but the people told it to bellow away. A Catholic priest says in a history of the period that 'strong language was used at public meetings against Pope and Papal Envoy.' This man Persico, the Pope's envoy, as distinct from the Bull, was seen 'visiting the houses of Catholics who were landlords and Unionists.' Alas! the Irish were losing the Pope, or rather the Pope was losing the Irish.

During the end of the year 1888 and the greater part of 1889, the Commission appointed to inquire into 'Parnellism and Crime' was sitting. It was a tedious affair, with only a few incidents worth recording. One was the appearance in the witness-box of the British spy, Beach – known as Le Caron – whose evidence regarding Parnell's dealings with the American Fenians caused Asquith to declare that Parnell was as great a tactician as Bismarck. Another was a similar appearance on the part of O'Shea, a spy of a far worse character than Le Caron, who was a professional spy and did not pretend to be otherwise. In the witness-box this shifty, shiftless individual underwent a gruelling cross-examination at the hands of Sir Charles Russell. His miserable subterfuges, his mysterious comings and goings, his intriguing with British Cabinet Ministers, Irish Nationalist members and Fenian conspirators were exposed to the world, and he stood convicted, in Healy's Galway phrase, as 'a contemptible, mean, and degraded personage.' From his place in court Parnell watched him with a look of deadly hatred.

Healy was there, too, watching, but in his look there was more contempt than hatred. Healy himself was

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one of the defendants before the Commission and was defending his own case. He had hoped to have been given a brief by Parnell on behalf of the whole Party, but for some reason or another had been refused.

As O'Shea was about to leave the witness-box after his six hours' cross-examination, Healy rose and asked permission to put a few questions. He did not want to elicit any information, but merely to give the 'Whig intriguist' a parting and contemptuous kick.

'I just wish to ask you one question. You were attacked at Galway by some members of the Irish Party?' 'Yes.'

'You went down there on the Saturday?' 'Yes.'

'Do you remember beginning operations in the *Freeman's Journal* announcing yourself as a candidate there?' 'Yes.'

'And by the next train you were followed down by certain Irish members?' 'Yes.'

'Who were they?' 'You and Mr. Biggar, if I remember right.'

'We immediately addressed meetings against you?' 'Yes.'

'Several?' 'Yes.'

'And attacked and denounced you in every way in our power?' 'Yes.'

'That is all I wish to ask.'

Healy's two minutes were undoubtedly as big an ordeal as Sir Charles Russell's six hours.

From now onwards the combined assaults on Parnell's position begin to fall on all sides. The O'Shea affair in Galway, the Pope's Bulls and Envoys, the dissensions among the Irish politicians, and the Pig-gott forgeries were all part and parcel of a Government plan to oust Parnell. Chamberlain, through his creature, O'Shea, was privy to *The Times'* scheme, and

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a Cabinet Minister, Mr. W. H. Smith, was consulting in his own house with one of *The Times*' proprietors at the very moment the Commission was being established. The Piggott forgeries were truly disgusting in themselves, but who expects anything better of certain newspapers? The more disgusting thing, however, is the knowledge that human nature can be so corrupted by the greed and lust of power, that a whole Government could have persisted in such an inglorious scheme, for a number of years, to destroy one man. The British Empire, with all the might that Rome had at the pinnacle of her power, had to employ spies, forgers, informers, bribes and *agents provocateurs* to overthrow one Irishman. They even attacked that instinct which is respected among the lowest form of primitive savage, the instinct of a man to love a mate.

Using these half-civilized Irish politicians as gesticulating marionettes who howled in front and attracted the attention of the people with their petty quarrels, the Government schemed always under the protection of their secret service and those bureaus where they hand out 'assistance' to people in straightened circumstances.

All these attempts had failed so far to bring down the hunted one. He was wounded but he was still standing and defiantly facing his enemies. His work was still in the ascendant. Ireland was becoming more and more one community. North and South would shortly be united. The Vatican was being routed. Even the Piggott forgery ended in disaster for his enemies. Piggott committed suicide and *The Times* was turned into ridicule. Sheridan, the famous Irish Fenian, was tempted with an offer of fifty thousand pounds to turn informer. But the Fenian secret service 'tapped the wires.'

The Government played its last card. In November, 1889, O'Shea filed his petition for divorce.



## CHAPTER X

AT this point it would be well to state once more the real nature of this Irish struggle for independence and the real nature of the English opposition to it. We find politicians of that period talking of the 'national pride of the Gaelic race.' Other politicians talked of the Irish as 'marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire.' But the child of average intelligence a thousand years hence will clearly see that in the background was heard the whirring of machines, and that the human beings who talked, struggled and gesticulated in the foreground were quarrelling over the possession of these machines. 'The English had machines,' the child will tell its master, 'and the Irish wanted to get machines. That was what it was, teacher.'

But in all human beings the artistic instinct is evident, not only now, but since the origin of the human race. For humanity has preserved, not the history of humanity, but the history of certain individuals. And the individuals of the past who are most real to us to-day are not the ones that really existed but those that were created out of dreams by an artist. We don't know the author of the Homeric sagas but everybody knows Ulysses. Macbeth is quite a well-known figure, whereas Shakespeare is confused with a man called Bacon.

In the same manner we prefer to think that the Romans built an Empire by the valour of their legions and not by their capacity for making sewers and roads; that the Gaels conquered Europe by their size and their military fervour and not because they discovered

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iron mines somewhere in Austria; that the Normans conquered lands by their cunning and their bravery and not by the fact they wore armour and could build castles, which taught them the art of defensive warfare. The English revere the name of Nelson and the name of Elizabeth; but nobody mentions the name of the first man that discovered a coal mine in England.

Coal was the greatest genius the English ever produced. With coal they discovered railways and spinning jennies. With coal they made all sorts of machines. They conquered countless races and they amassed immense wealth.

I don't want to insult the susceptibilities of my fellow countrymen, but it seems to me that our efforts in the past century have been to get into this community, called the British Empire, where people had machines and the luxuries produced by machines. Appian may have been a liar in many ways, but I am inclined to believe him when he talks of barbarian kings who came to Rome and knelt to the Emperor with their hands held aloft, begging to be admitted into the Roman Empire. And the Romans said: 'Get to hell out of it. We have enough of you beggars already. We don't know what to do with you. Go and make your own sewers and roads. Clear out or you'll get arrested!'

The English wanted to keep us out of this community, which owned machines. Not only did they keep us out of it, but they prevented us from making machines of our own. They wanted to keep us under police control on their frontiers, breeding cattle for them and acting as mercenaries in the armies they sent out to savage peoples, whom they wanted to civilize. The extent of this civilization, of course, was that the savages were to be induced to wear cotton clothes and drink Bovril. In this manner, the child of a

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thousand years hence will see that the English were progressive in their country, but in Ireland they were barbarians. And the teacher will illustrate the lesson in the following manner:

‘You see from this, dear boy, that the trouble in those days was, not that human beings were naturally wicked, but that they did not understand machines. They used machines to make profit. And until human beings learned to use machines for the benefit of the whole community, machines were a great evil. They caused wars in which millions of people were killed. Humanity became so corrupt that even the wealthiest people were more vulgar and barbarous than naked savages. Even in the worst days of the Roman Empire human beings were not so corrupt; so that, the Roman Emperor who chose a man as statesman, *enormitate membrorum*, was quite intelligent compared to the European society that gave titles to the inventors of patent medicines.’

Appian does not tell us what happened to the barbarian kings who came to Rome. I wager that they earned a living in that city by going around among the society ladies as curiosities. Their quaint garments, their strange beards and their names, impossible to pronounce, must have amused the women, tired of dull senators and braggart army officers. In our own times, at least, the representatives we sent to London with our petition met a somewhat similar fate.

All except Parnell.

During the years previous to the overthrow of Parnell, Barry O’Brien says: ‘The whilom rebels of the Land League (once described as ready to “march through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire”) had suddenly become political lions and social pets. A Liberal candidate would scarcely think of beginning an election contest without having a brace of Irishmen

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by his side. . . . Irishmen who had been in jail were in special request. Irish members swarmed in the constituencies preaching "peace and goodwill."

'Long live the Roman Peace,' cried the Barbarian Kings. 'You can take it from us that these larks' wings you cook so well here are much better than the dried figs and goat's milk we lived on in Scythia. As for the other Scythians. . . . Oh! Well! Every man for himself and may the devil take the silliest.'

Parnell, however, refused to budge. Larks' wings offered no attraction for his palate. 'I met no English Liberal at this period,' says Barry O'Brien, 'who doubted the loyal protestations of the Irish Parliamentarians. I met many Liberals who doubted the loyal professions of Parnell.' The Irish Scythians, hearing of the great meals their envoys were having in London, licked their lips and thought they would be feasting shortly. So they hung up Gladstone's portrait in their houses and made homage to it, crying in loud voices: 'Long live the Grand Old Man!' Parnell was asked his opinion of Gladstone: 'I think,' he answered frigidly, 'of Mr. Gladstone and the English people what I have always thought of them. They will do what we can make them do.'

At the same time as this party of English machine-owners, the Liberals under Gladstone, were feeding the Irish envoys on larks' wings, another party of English machine-owners, the Conservatives, were throwing the Irish into jail, clubbing them with police batons and evicting them from their houses.

If we suppose, for the sake of argument, that Gladstone was honest about his promise of Home Rule to the Irish eaters of larks' wings, then the following would be his process of reasoning: 'You foolish Conservatives don't see the truth of this. These Irishmen

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are troublesome to us. Let's send them home and let them administer Imperial Government in Ireland for us. We'll make provisions that they can't make machines and compete with us in the manufacture and sale of commodities. Of course we have to get rid of this fellow Parnell. He is a madman and he wants the Irish to have machines and to be independent of us. When we get him away, the others will be all right.' I don't believe a word of this, of course, because I believe that Gladstone would only do what Parnell said he would do, namely, what he was forced to do. The Conservatives, on the other hand, were allied to their brothers in Ireland, the 'sick men of Ireland,' the landowners. They were not willing, unless absolutely compelled to do so, to hand over the power of the landowners to the eaters of larks' wings.

The curious thing about the British Ruling Class has been the survival of feudalism in the army, navy and administration until the present day, in spite of the great financial power of the manufacturers. And these feudalists, particularly in the army and navy, have always been in large part Irish by birth.

I have now made it fairly clear, I think, how far the 'liberalizing' of Parnell's chief followers had gone. No longer are they a band of raw rebels, scowling and being scowled at on the floor of the House of Commons. We find them dining and wining in the houses of the great and acquiring 'polish' from the society of Sir Lucy's 'gentlemen.' But we are chiefly interested in Tim Healy. We have already had Lucy's impressions of him in his first year at Westminster. Now, in 1888, he records a further stage in Tim Healy's development:

'Mr. Healy, out of unpromising materials, has grown into one of the most acceptable and influential debaters in the House of Commons. Of practical work

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accomplished by Irish members during the past five years, it is a moderate computation to say that fully one-half has been achieved by him. He can see further through the intricacies of a bill than most men, and is exceedingly adroit in drawing up amendments. Like some other of his compatriots, he has gained in polish at the expense of a long-suffering House. To this day he is not debarred from using a phrase because it is coarse, or from following a line of argument because it is personally offensive. But he is a very different person from the one whom, eight years ago, Wexford Borough sent to Parliament. Those were the days of Coercion pure and simple with Home Rule scouted, and the Irish members a sort of guerilla force whose duty it was, between intervals of imprisonment and suspension, to make things as uncomfortable as possible for the Saxon at Westminster.

Mr. Healy entered the House with a consummate contempt and hatred for it. He once informed a listening Senate that "he did not care two rows of pins whether he was in prison or the House of Commons." In the relations which then existed between the Irish Party and their fellow-members the House probably had a preference which it was too polite to express. When addressing the Speaker he would not even take the trouble to remove his fists from his trousers' pockets. With both hands hidden away, with neck bent forward in slouching attitude, a scowl on his face, and rasping notes of hatred in his voice, he scolded at large.

All that has changed. Mr. Healy is now the "hon. and learned gentleman," one of the leaders in debate, in open counsel, even in collegueship, with right honourable gentlemen on the front opposition bench.

That these relations should exist with a prominent section of English members is no new thing to Mr.

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Healy's experience. In the Parliament of 1880, Lord Randolph Churchill, his immediate neighbour below the gangway, was in constant personal communication with him. One night Mr. Healy created quite a sensation by alluding to Lord Folkestone, one of the Conservative Whips, as "my noble friend." These were fleeting acquaintances, arising out of temporary tactical movements, and had no ground of comparison with the formal and regularized alliance now existing between the Irish members and the leaders of the Liberal Party.

'In the last division Mr. Gladstone took part in during the summer session – it was on the Parnell Commission Bill – a crowded House watched with breathless interest a significant scene, the leader of the Opposition, strolling down the floor of the House towards the division lobby, halted at the bar, and, turning round, took out his glasses and eagerly scanned the Irish benches. Perceiving the person he sought, he retraced his footsteps as far as the gangway, stood there, the focus of four hundred pairs of eyes, beckoned Mr. Healy down, and placing his arm within his, walked out eagerly conversing with him.

'Mr. Healy has risen to the full height of altered circumstances. He lives cleanly and has almost abjured sack. Now and then he falls into his old bullying manner, as when in the debate on the Parnell Commission Bill he tickled the fancy of the House with his reiterated inquiry, "Where's Walter?" meaning the respected proprietor of *The Times*. But for the most part, he is grave, responsible, acute, weighty in counsel, overpowering in attack, living up to his new status as an "hon. and learned gentleman."'

'Responsible,' 'weighty in counsel,' 'the honourable and learned gentleman'! Can this be 'the street Arab of Parliament' of seven years before?

## CHAPTER XI

PARNELL did not defend the divorce case; although it is the general opinion that if he had fought it out he would have won, on the ground of collusion. The result was that O'Shea secured a decree nisi on November 17.

On the following day a meeting of the National League was held in Dublin. At this meeting a resolution was passed, pledging the meeting to stand by Parnell. On November 19, the American delegates, T. P. O'Connor, Wm. O'Brien and John Dillon were interviewed. They declared their 'unflinching allegiance' to Parnell. T. D. Sullivan, Tim Healy's uncle, was the only one of the American delegates who, from the beginning, opposed Parnell on 'moral grounds.'

On November 20 a meeting of Nationalists and Liberals was held in Leinster Hall, Dublin. This meeting declared 'unswerving allegiance' to Parnell.

'Healy,' says William Redmond, 'was at this time ill (he was suffering from typhoid fever in Dublin). Kenny, Jack and I went to see him and to have a talk about the coming meeting. "Have any resolutions been prepared?" he asked. We said: "No." "Then," says he, "give me a sheet of paper and I will write them. We'll teach these damn Nonconformists to mind their own business," and he wrote the resolutions there and then. He next said: "Wire for Justin," and we wired.' Mr. Healy, despite his indisposition, attended the Leinster Hall meeting.

This statement was made to Barry O'Brien by



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Redmond. On the other hand, T. P. O'Connor says in his *Life of Parnell*, published in 1892:

'Mr. McCarthy was asked many months after, by Mr. Healy, what had induced him to come over from England in that tempestuous time of year; and Mr. McCarthy's answer was that he came because he thought Mr. Healy was coming too. Mr. Healy's signature was to the telegram that begged Mr. McCarthy to come over, but Mr. Healy denies that he gave any authorization for his signature. Then Mr. McCarthy naturally asked Mr. Healy why he had gone to the meeting, and Mr. Healy had to confess that his main reason had been the presence of Mr. McCarthy; and so by this vicious circle the two men had been brought to the meeting.'

Of these two accounts, one is very possibly true. Both accounts cannot be true and indeed it is quite possible that neither account is true. If neither account is true, they are all liars. If both accounts are true, there is no such thing as truth. Happily, it does not matter very much, as far as the history or well-being of the human race is concerned, whether either or both are true or false, in part or entirely. The only benefit that can be derived from the perusal of these two accounts of one set of facts, or non-facts, is a strengthening of the belief, now widely entertained by educated people, that politicians have very little regard for the truth.

However, on that day, November 20, Tim Healy did attend the meeting at Leinster Hall and made the following statement, among others:

'If the Irish people for whom he (Parnell) has done so much, for whom he had braved so much, suffered so much, if they were so frivolous and light-hearted as

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to permit themselves at the first sound of this wretched and unfortunate case to be dragged away from the support they have hitherto accorded Mr. Parnell, all I can say is that THE IRISH NATION WOULD BE MY NATION NO MORE.'

The following is another extract from the speech made by Healy on that occasion at Leinster Hall, Dublin, on November 20:

'I would say this further, that we must remember that for Ireland and for Irishmen, Mr. Parnell is less a man than an institution. We have under the shadow of his name secured for Ireland a power and authority in the counsels of Great Britain and the world such as we never possessed before. (Applause.) And when I see a demand made for retirement and resignation I ask you to remember the futility thereof. Were Mr. Parnell to resign his seat for Cork he would instantly be re-elected. (Applause.) . . . I say it would be foolish and absurd in the highest degree were we, at a moment like this, because of a temporary outcry over a case that in London would be forgotten to-morrow if there were a repetition of the Whitechapel murders, . . . I say we would be foolish and criminal if we, the seasoned politicians who have seen and who have been able to watch the vagaries and tempests of political passages – if we upon an occasion of this kind, at the very first blast of opposition, surrendered the great chief who has so far led us forward. (Applause.) If we who have been for ten years under the leadership of this man, and who have been accused of harbouring all kinds of sinister ambitions and greedy desires to pull him down, if we join with this howling pack, would that be a noble spectacle before the nations?'

The 'howling pack' to which Healy referred was led

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by a Nonconformist parson named Price Hughes. This man distinguished himself later in the Boer war as a jingo, advocating the destruction of the Nonconformist, Bible-worshipping Boers. Puritans love murder as zealously as they hate love. Healy has been accused by St. John Ervine (a Belfast journalist) of belonging to that puritanical school. In a book written by Ervine, there is the following statement:

‘Tim Healy had a sort of purity which became nauseous because it was unaccompanied by any kind of charity. This bitter tongue leapt out of his mouth when he spoke of anyone who had fallen into mortal sin; and when he referred to a woman who had offended against the law, he did so in terms that made even the strong of stomach feel sick.’

The extracts which I have quoted from Healy’s speech at Leinster Hall clearly prove that Healy had no such qualms of conscience as those attributed to him by the violent Belfast journalist. It is quite clear from his speech that he did not give a fig for the divorce case or for the mortal sins which had been committed by his leader. On November 20, he was a sound statesman, unsullied by any sign of the Nonconformist conscience. If the assertions made by the Belfast journalist were true, he should, at that meeting, have frothed at the mouth and called upon Heaven to pour down fire and brimstone on Parnell’s head: exactly as Belfast Orangemen, preaching at the Custom House steps in Belfast on a fine Sunday, are in the habit of doing. No. Something more than moral turpitude was required to turn Tim Healy against the leadership of Parnell.

On November 24, Gladstone sent a letter to Morley containing the following passage:

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‘The continuance I speak of (i.e. Parnell as Leader) would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party almost a nullity.’

That statement by Gladstone, made four days after the Leinster Hall meeting, changed the attitude of those Irish members who had supported Parnell in spite of the mortal sins that discoloured his soul. Before that statement they were prepared to ‘disown their nation, if the nation disowned Parnell.’ After that statement, they were prepared to disown their nation if the nation still owned Parnell. So that there is no sign there of the moral conscience and the Non-conformist ‘snuffle’ which the Belfast journalist professed to see. We can only suppose that before the statement issued by Gladstone, the Irish dissenting members thought that Gladstone would not call for Parnell’s overthrow on the divorce account. Or perhaps they waited for Gladstone’s lead, in order to say to their people: ‘There you are. What are we to do? We can’t go against Gladstone.’

Gladstone blamed the English Nonconformists for forcing him to play the part of a cad publicly. The Irish dissenting members blamed Gladstone for forcing them to play the parts of cads. Everybody blamed everybody else and such a medley of reasons, excuses and policies were floated out like fat balloons into the public air that everybody became exonerated in the eyes of his friends in that extraordinary atmosphere. Honour and decency ceased to have any meaning for the community, and lecherous rogues, hidden in the vapour of the Jewish Testaments, masqueraded as defenders of morality.

On November 26, six days after the Leinster Hall meeting and two days after the statement by Glad-

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stone, there was a meeting of the Irish Party. Barry, a relative of Tim Healy's, rose as soon as the meeting had assembled and proposed that Parnell should retire, in view of Gladstone's letter. Justin McCarthy and Sexton supported the proposal. Parnell kept silent. The American delegates, Dillon, O'Brien and T. P. O'Connor, cabled the same proposal. One said: 'Of course we must OBEY,' to another, on the appearance of the Gladstone ultimatum. Tim Harrington was the only one of the delegates who preserved his honour. He relates that Irish emigrants, boys and girls, crowded around him in New York, crying: 'Don't desert him, Mr. Harrington; don't desert him.'

The Bishops, of course, were not slow to rush into battle; but they also failed to act on the ground of that moral conscience which they later masqueraded under in order to hide their chicanery. Redmond Howard states in his *Life of J. Redmond*:

'A few days after the verdict of the Divorce Court, the Bishop of Meath told Mr. Healy that Parnell's leadership should be retained; and the Archbishop of Dublin wrote, before he had seen Gladstone's letter, saying he urged Parnell's retirement not on grounds of morality but for purely political reasons.'

This statement by the Bishop of Meath must be borne in mind in view of that gentleman's later conduct. But he deserves no greater blame than any other bishop. Without exception they all proved themselves in this case to be hypocrites and cads; far more objectionable than the Rev. Mr. Hughes, who, being bereft of wit, exposed himself publicly as a charlatan.

On November 29, Parnell issued his 'Manifesto to the People of Ireland.' He attacked Gladstone, stating

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that 'the integrity of a section of the Irish parliamentary party has been sapped and destroyed by the wire-pullers of the English Liberal Party.' He appealed to the people to learn where they stood before consenting to 'throw him to the English wolves now howling for his destruction.'

Then the Irish members held another meeting at Committee Room 15 (in the British House of Commons) in order to dispose of Parnell at Gladstone's bidding. F. Hugh O'Donnell (in his *History of the Irish Parliamentary Party*) gives rather a harsh description of the men who came together in order to overthrow Parnell at this meeting. I give the description here, not because I believe it is entirely just, but because it is amusing:

'The starveling patriots who had been picked up out of nothing, who had been fed and clothed by the moneys of the League, were as unlike the prosperous persons who were met to discuss the dismissal or retention of their leader as the army of Italy of General Bonaparte before entering Italy from that army after it had reaped honours and profits, whole garments, uniforms, watches, and trinkets, full bellies and full pockets from the occupation of Italy. . . . From advocating the cause of the tenants at Westminster to advocating it as well-paid lawyers before the Land Courts in Ireland was a speedy alternation. The rush to the bar followed the trot through the lobbies; but it was the Irish bar. The first-class journalistic gifts of others developed from the inflation of the Irish News Agency to valuable occupation on the Sassenach Press. . . . The bank accounts of some Land League Councillors showed tens of thousands of pounds; for what was grudged in rents was hardly grudged in fees. A

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genial story of the Law Courts relates that when Mr. T. M. Healy, already a wealthy man, began to differ with his party, one of his most excruciating engines of torture was his assumption of a sensitive delicacy as to undue remuneration of his legal services in Land League cases. On a brief for County Wicklow marked Fifty Pounds – a usual fee – he observed: “What nonsense! It’s only a pleasant half-hour’s ride. I’ll take three guineas.” It was an agonizing attitude for some of his legal and patriotic brethren.’

The meeting began on November 29 and Colonel Nolan opened the battle in Parnell’s interest by proposing that the meeting be transferred to Dublin. Parnell knew that if he got the ‘Starveling Patriots’ (to use O’Donnell’s rather harsh description) over to Dublin, he would win. The patriots would be overawed by the Irish; whereas in London the patriots felt confident in the support of the English Government and the ruling class. Of course the patriots understood this. They were not going to be removed from the neighbourhood of ‘larks’ wings’ by such a dodge. They defeated the proposal by forty-four votes to twenty-nine votes.

Tim Healy and his friends, of course, voted with the majority. Here it is well to take note of his friends, because he and they were afterwards to attain a certain temporary fame under the name of the ‘Bantry Band.’ It was during the debates in Committee Room 15 that this name was first applied to them. The group consisted of:

John Barry

T. D. Sullivan

Donal Sullivan

T. M. Healy

Maurice Healy

W. M. Murphy and

James Gilhooly.

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In the following year the Bantry Band was augmented by the addition of T. F. Healy, a brother of Tim and Maurice. With the exception of Gilhooly, they were all related either by blood or by marriage. Two other members, Tim and Edward Harrington, also came from the same district, near Bantry, Berehaven; but the Harringtons were supporters of Parnell. Edward Harrington was in fact the most violent opponent of Tim Healy during the subsequent 'pollish wars.' This Bantry Band became so famous that provincial poets wrote ballads about them.

It was very probably to them that *The Times* referred in 1891 writing of the Parnell split:

'The existence of two forces which have proved to be the determining factors was indeed known, but there was no means of calculating the strength of one or the direction of the other. These forces were the disaffection of the Irish nationalists towards their leader and that curious moral entity "the nonconformist conscience." Persons moderately acquainted with Irish politics had long been aware that the Nationalist ranks contained elements bitterly hostile to the supremacy of Mr. Parnell. They knew that he had a band of personal enemies within the Irish parliamentary party. They knew too that the Irish priesthood disliked the leadership of a Protestant.'

It was possibly to the Bantry Band that F. Hugh O'Donnell referred in the last sentence of the following passage taken from his book:

'He (Parnell) had only smiled at the smouldering Gladstonianism of Healy, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor and Justin McCarthy, as an amiable weakness, when he gave them place and influence in 1885. The smoulder-



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ing Gladstonianism had developed in 1890. It only wanted the breath of an episcopal fulmination to kindle it into flame.'

It was during the debate on Colonel Nolan's motion that Tim Healy definitely assumed leadership of the Bantry Band and came in direct, open conflict with Parnell. Sexton had made a long speech in opposition to Colonel Nolan's motion. During the speech he was interrupted by Parnell. Parnell referred to 'the section who are in treaty with Mr. Labouchere and Professor Stuart (editor of the *Star*) – the section of the party with whom you have arranged to put me out of my position in this party. In every hole and corner of this House this conspiracy has been going on for days. The time has come to let the Irish people know what was going on behind their backs.'

Here it is right to recall some passages in the long Healy-Labouchere correspondence.

Tim Healy answered this charge of conspiracy in a very able speech. I quote a few passages:

'I do not possess sufficient self-command to deal with these accusations with such moderation as Mr. Sexton.'

'You (Parnell) will have the difficulty of summing up to this jury, you being at the same time judge and defendant. (Cries of "shame.")'

Having referred to an early speech of Parnell's, in which Parnell had complimented Gladstone, Healy went on to say that 'either Mr. Parnell's speech was false or his later manifesto was false.' Parnell retorted:

'I will not stand an accusation of falsehood from Timothy Healy.'

Healy then withdrew the remark. He again denied that he had conspired with Labouchere and continued:

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‘The declaration which I shall have most reason to look back to with satisfaction in my life was the declaration I felt able to make for Mr. Parnell in Leinster Hall . . . the greatest evidence of the sacrifice we were prepared to make for him in the cause of Ireland. I went to the Leinster Hall meeting and declared for Mr. Parnell in the face of English clamour. Aye, we stood up for Mr. Parnell against the Bulls of the Pope of Rome. It was not likely we would allow ourselves to be influenced by the declaration of a single Wesleyan pulpit.’

In justice to Parnell, I must here suggest that there is good reason to believe that at the moment of delivering this speech Tim Healy was intriguing with Archbishop Walsh, a much more clever cleric than any unfortunate Wesleyan parson.

‘Until it was made manifest to me that, for reasons into which I shall not enter, he had alienated the bulk of that body of opinion which we were bound in this matter to defer to, until it was shown that he had left himself no foothold upon which he could help Ireland through the medium of the English people, it was then and then only, that I felt myself driven into this position.’

‘He refers to Mr. Labouchere I notice as the name of the person with whom we have been colleaguings. I notice that Mr. Labouchere took on an exactly similar position to mine.’

‘I found myself upon the hard necessities of the case and while I would rather if I could, prevent this cataclysm in the party . . . I say that the necessities of Ireland are paramount.’

‘I say to Mr. Parnell, his power is gone. He derived that power from the people. We are the representa-

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tives of the people. Place an iron bar in a coil and electrize that coil and the iron bar becomes magnetic. This party was that electric action. There (pointing to Parnell) stood the iron bar. The electricity is gone and the magnetism with it, when our support has passed away.'

'I examine my conscience in regard to my duty towards Mr. Parnell in this crisis. I find therein no prick of conscience. . . . Men pass away and causes remain and the Irish cause will march through these dissensions and distractions purified and eternal.'

Parnell rose in answer to this speech. He referred to the opposition created by the letter of Mr. Gladstone and then to the 'conspicuous ability shown by Sexton and Healy.' Then he continued:

'Mr. Healy has been trained in this warfare. Who trained him? Who saw his genius? Who telegraphed to him from America to come to him? Who gave him his first opportunity and chance? Who afterwards got his seat in Parliament for him, rebuking and restraining and going past the prior right of my friend Jack Redmond in Wexford? That Mr. Healy should be here to-day to destroy me is due to myself. . . . Mr. Healy has reminded us that he attended the meeting in Dublin. He reminded me of his services. He has not been slow to remind me of his services to me and the party. I understand that Mr. Healy attended this meeting in Dublin and seconded the resolution calling on me not to retire from the leadership. Who asked him to do that? Did I? Who asked Mr. Justin McCarthy to travel to Dublin and to say that he could give secret information to throw a different complexion on hidden events? Did I? . . . Why did you encourage me to come forward and maintain my leadership in the

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face of the world if you were not going to stand by me? Why did my officers encourage me to come forward and take my position on the bridge and at the wheel if they were going to act as traitors and hand me over to the other commander-in-chief? (Loud cheers.) . . . of the man that has been put up – I was going to say the leader-killer – the leader-killer who sharpens his poniard to stab me, as he stabbed the old lion, Isaac Butt, in the days gone by – I remember well, and it will be a recollection which will always be a comfort to me, that though Isaac Butt “reneged” me, I never in word or deed counselled the attacks made on him; and I allowed that old man to go down honoured to his grave.’

He then pointed out that Healy and Co. had no assurance from the Liberals about the future; that Gladstone was a very old man; that his next in command was Harcourt who would give Ireland ‘local government and plenty of coercion’; and that there was ‘not a single one of the lot to be trusted unless you trust yourselves.’

On the following day the debate continued. Instead of coming closer together, Healy and Parnell fell wider apart. Healy became more and more violent. Parnell once called him to order for making a ‘most insolent and impertinent observation.’ Then Mr. Campbell, Parnell’s secretary, annoyed the Healyites by a reference to the ‘infamous proceedings on the part of the caucus in the corner.’ Another member said: ‘Mr. Healy is a lawyer by profession and can always make black white.’

‘You have more lawyers on your side than we have,’ retorted Healy.

‘You have the attorneys,’ cried Campbell. ‘All the Healy family are attorneys and lawyers.’

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In fact, Tim, Maurice and Tom Healy were attorneys.

However, when the division was taken, the proposal to go to Dublin was defeated by forty-four votes to twenty-nine, on December 2.

On the same day, Labouchere wrote to the Press 'emphatically contradicting' Parnell's charge of conspiracy. Sir Alfred Robbins in his recent book on Parnell would seem to disbelieve these professions of Labouchere. In order not to confuse the matter, I intend to append Robbins' observations at the end of this chapter. It suffices to say here, that on the very day that he wrote that denial to the Press, Labouchere is shown to have been actively conspiring against Parnell.

On December 3, the debate in Committee Room 15 turned to the question of sending a deputation to Gladstone, in the hope of obtaining assurances from the Liberal leader.

Healy broke into tears and said:

'If Mr. Parnell felt able to meet the party on the points put forward, his voice would be the first, at the very earliest moment possible consonant with the liberties of his country, to call him back to his proper place as leader of the Irish race.'

Then the meeting adjourned to give members time to discuss the proposals. On this day also the Standing Committee of Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland issued a document, pronouncing against Parnell. The document is worth quoting in part, if only as a specimen of the almost illiterate episcopal fulminations of those times:

'The bishops of Ireland can no longer keep silent in presence of the all-engrossing question which agitates, not Ireland and England alone, but every spot where

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Irishmen have found a home. That question is – who is in future to be the leader of the Irish people; or rather who is not to be their leader? Without hesitation or doubt and in the plainest possible terms, we give it as our unanimous judgment that whoever else is fit to fill that highly responsible post, Mr. Parnell decidedly is not. As pastors of this Catholic nation we do not base this our judgment and solemn declaration on political grounds, but simply and solely on the facts and circumstances revealed in the London Divorce Court. After the verdict given in that court we cannot regard Mr. Parnell in any other light than as a man convicted of one of the gravest offences known to religion and society, aggravated, as it is in this case, by almost every circumstance that could possibly attach to it, so as to give it a scandalous pre-eminence in guilt and shame. Surely Catholic Ireland, so eminently conspicuous for its virtue and the purity of its social life, will not accept as its leader a man thus dishonoured, and wholly unworthy of Christian confidence.'

On December 4, Parnell warned the deputation that they were going to meet a man (Gladstone) 'who is an unrivalled sophist, with whom and to whom it is as impossible to give a direct answer to a plain and simple question, as it is for me to give an indirect answer to a plain and simple question. . . . If you throw me to him, gentlemen, it is your bounden duty to see that you get full value for the sacrifice.'

There was a long duel between Healy and Parnell on questions of procedure. Parnell said at one point:

'This is my answer and on this answer I will stand or fall before the country.'

'Then you will fall,' shouted Healy. 'What is the use of further debate?'

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At this there was an uproar. Some supporters of Parnell cried out ironically: 'Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!'

Healy then made a fierce speech. He declared that 'the Parnellites were appealing to the hillside men (the Fenians). He would tell Mr. Parnell that he was no greater than the majority of the party . . . yet they were told by Mr. Parnell that he had no regard for their decision. No man with an intellect superior to that of a sparrow would be misled by the sophistries of that deliverance.'

'I tell you,' he cried, 'and those who move bogus resolutions, that we are the brains of the country and not its brogues.'

'He would rather retire and emigrate, beggared and outlawed to an African swamp, than allow his judgment as an independent representative of the people to be influenced by any consideration which his conscience did not recommend.'

He then went on to review the history of the earlier Home Rule Bill and referring to the Liberal alliance, asked what was the factor that broke it off. Parnell and several other members retorted:

'The Gladstone letter.'

Healy paused a moment and then hissed through his teeth:

'It perished in the stench of the Divorce Court.'

'Parnell,' he continued, 'has called Gladstone a sophist and a garrulous old man . . . had trampled on his grey hairs and bespattered them with mud. . . . Nothing had occurred but the Divorce Court to make Parnell change his views of Gladstone. . . . If Mr. Parnell should go down, he was only one man gone. Heads of greater leaders had been stricken on the block before now for Ireland and the Irish cause remained.'

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John Redmond spoke next. He said Healy had been free with his accusations.

‘What accusation did I make?’ cried Healy.

‘You accused us of preparing bogus resolutions, of taking up a position not bona fide and trying to rig the country.’

‘Oh! I thought it was something terrible,’ said Healy.

‘I don’t know anything,’ said Redmond, ‘more terrible than accusations of bad faith and falsehood to your colleagues and country.’

Finally, it was agreed to send a deputation to Gladstone consisting of Sexton, Healy, Redmond and Leamy.

On December 6, the party met to hear the delegates’ report. Gladstone had refused to negotiate. There was again trouble over methods of procedure and one of Parnell’s friends referred to Healy as ‘that ambitious gentleman,’ ‘holding a special licence to furnish taunts,’ ‘doing everything possible to ruin the country.’ There was an uproar, during which the chairman’s ruling was defied.

‘Until the party deposes me I am chairman,’ cried Parnell.

Whereupon Barry, a relative of Healy’s, called out:

‘You are not our chairman. You are a dirty trickster.’

Then Healy called on Parnell to put the final motion and Parnell said:

‘I refuse to put it.’

‘Then,’ said Healy, ‘I will put it myself.’

‘Healy has betrayed himself by his premature action,’ cried John O’Connor. ‘He is not our leader yet.’

O’Connor then went on to criticize Gladstone’s



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action. While he was speaking John Redmond interjected:

‘He (Gladstone) is the master of the party.’

Then Healy hissed again through his teeth:

‘Who is the mistress of the party?’

And Parnell said:

‘That cowardly little scoundrel there, who in an assembly of Irishmen dares to insult a woman.’

And O’Connor said:

‘I pity the men who are ready to leave Parnell to accept the leadership of a coward like Healy.’

Then McCarthy abruptly rose and left the room. The proceedings came to an end. The other opponents of Parnell also left the room. Parnell was left alone with the twenty-six men who had remained loyal to him.

The English Government had at last succeeded in splitting the Irish nationalist forces and overthrowing Parnell.

## CHAPTER XII

HERE again we must pause in order to get the opinions of contemporaries on this interesting political battle. Undoubtedly a battle, although not a drop of blood was shed, at least so far. And just as worthy to be called a battle as the deliberations of general staffs during a bloody and homicidal war, in which thousands of men fire guns at one another, open one another's veins, batter one another's brains, and go straight to Heaven, through the medium of a patriotic death, like a 'shot off a shovel.' In fact, political battles are much more deadly than homicidal battles, because in the latter the general staffs are far apart, hidden each from the other. Instead of getting at one another's throats, they are forced by distance to allow their followers to do the shouting and killing.

Of course, the mob is always misled by noise. The battle of Waterloo, a very dull and unimportant affair, inspired over a hundred books of commentary. This battle with which we deal, although immeasurably more interesting, has not inspired half that number of books. However, there are a few commentaries that may amuse my readers. And, mark you, it is a proof of my contention, that the commentators deal not with the noise that was made, the casualties, or the nature of the weapons used, but with the character of the combatants. That, at once, puts the combat on an intellectual plane.

Sir Alfred Robbins comes first. He published a book called *Parnell: The Last Five Years*. He is an English-

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man, and therefore a truthful person. I have no hesitation in quoting from his work, as follows:

'T. M. Healy's unlucky comparison (at the Leinster Hall meeting) of his leader to Charles II, in order to apply to the unsympathetic Davitt the old story, "No, no, Jamie; no one will kill me to make you king," was not only maladroit, but in the light of the acrid antagonism he afterwards displayed towards his old leader, positively mischievous. Yet that acrid antagonism was but the accumulated dislike of several previous years. Healy, at the outset of his political career, had been under special personal obligations to Parnell. The Chief, in later times, had reason, as he thought, for distrusting Healy; and he particularly resented the lukewarm support given to his efforts to arrange with Gladstone a satisfactory Home Rule Bill in 1886. Though Parnell could at that time have known nothing definite of Healy's confidences to Labouchere, *intended for communication to Chamberlain*, that he suspected much, is shown by the fact that O'Brien made public forty years later, that the quarrel between the two, whatever its precise cause, came to a head in a message from Parnell to Healy, forbidding him to join Joseph Chamberlain at a dinner-party which the Irish leader suspected to have been organized at a critical juncture as part of an intrigue against Gladstone and himself. And distrust and dislike on the leader's part became so deep-rooted that, when counsel for the nationalist members were being chosen to appear before the Special Commission, Parnell, to use O'Brien's words, "wantonly aggravated the quarrel by such an act of impolicy as refusing his brilliant lawyer lieutenant a brief in the trial." That slight, which Healy resents and O'Brien regrets to this day,

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explains much. Because of it, Healy's avowed devotion to his leader one week was politic; his savage defection the next was personal; and the difference was largely to be accounted for.'

A further quotation from this excellent work is still more interesting:

'Between August 18th and November 25th . . . a political earthquake had changed the face of British affairs and affected not only their immediate but their future course. This resulted from an action for divorce, preceded by calculations, and followed by consequences not generally understood at the moment, and not wholly explainable now. Of the political side of the transaction . . . I knew much from within. This was communicated not alone by Parnell himself, but by the most active Liberals who combined to depose him from a leadership they thought would discredit their cause, as well as by certain Unionists who had joined to launch the thunderbolt. It is not an agreeable or in all regards a savoury tale; but it had aspects not yet told which need relation.

'In the spring of 1889, after the Piggott exposure and Parnell's rehabilitation, it was plain that if the Irish leader's political mastery was to be overthrown, some personal device was necessary. . . . A month after Parliament had risen in August, 1889, *I was asked by one on the inside of the Liberal Unionist machine whether Parnell would be politically ruined by a divorce, the then recent Dilke instance being given as a promising precedent, and Captain O'Shea, it was added, being believed to be willing to take proceedings.* Apart from instinctive detestation for such a political method — though this was not an instinct to affect a machine politician — I pointed out the risk of the Unionist

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leaders seeming to countenance this proceeding, all the greater a risk by their dependence on so bruised a reed as O'Shea, who already had twice "double-crossed" Parnell, once over the Home Rule Bill, and again on the forged letters. Besides, I added, the scandal was not new. It had not merely been talked of in private, but alluded to in print for at least seven years.'

Then he relates that, in the summer of 1889, O'Shea wrote to his wife's solicitors, suggesting that she should, for her children's sake, declare her renunciation of communication with Parnell, and then consulted Chamberlain on his difficulties. O'Shea is alleged by him to have gone to Soames, the same solicitor who had been working for *The Times* on the Special Commission. The impropriety of this was pointed out to him, so he procured a man called Day, son of Mr. Justice Day, who had been one of the judges on the Parnell Commission.

'When battle was joined over the Irish leadership, Stanhope told me that Labouchere – with whom for two or three years he had been closely associated on the Radical Committee – was thoroughly tired of Parnell, who, in his opinion, had let the Liberals down badly over the divorce case, and that he was determined to get rid of him. *While political flies went on buzzing on the wheel, Labouchere and Stanhope were oiling the axle.* For days it was uncertain whether they could screw up the majority of the Nationalists to fight Parnell to his face; and night after night, a more public spot for meeting being in the circumstances undesirable, I used to see Stanhope at his club . . . and hear him report progress. One night he gleefully exclaimed: "It's all over; we've got him." *And he told how, after much effort, they had so worked on a leading Nationalist's vanity . . .*'

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Here I must stop and read no farther for obvious reasons. That a fellow-countryman could have fallen into the meshes of such rascals is not pleasant to dwell upon. Who is more to blame, the trapper or the trapped?

Sir Alfred also points out that no reference to these intrigues appears in the biography of Labouchere, written by Labouchere's nephew.

'All who know how intimately that wonderful political intriguer was in touch with every active figure in the life of his day will wonder why Mrs. O'Shea is never once mentioned in that voluminous work, and why the divorce case is altogether ignored. . . . *Obviously for reasons of his own Labouchere wanted to say as little as possible about the O'Sheas.*'

Curiously enough, the published correspondence between Healy and Labouchere stopped short before the divorce case came on.

After this frank declaration by an Englishman (and God forbid that anybody should question his declaration), I have great pleasure in quoting William O'Brien's defence of Tim Healy. William O'Brien is accounted, not unjustly, one of the most honest men in Irish politics. He has never had any great reason to speak well of Tim Healy, because Tim Healy has often spoken ill of William O'Brien. For that reason his praise of Tim Healy is exceptionally welcome, at this moment, when every man's hand seems to be raised against Tim Healy.

I quote from a book, *The Parnell of Real Life*, published by O'Brien in 1926:

'The jealousies of certain parliamentarians alive to the poor part they had played at Westminster . . .

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began to make themselves heard in sneers. . . . From infantile jealousies of this kind Mr. Healy was almost entirely free. He did not shrink from taking his risks in some of the most moving crises of the Plan of Campaign wars. If he had never made much disguise of his inability to suffer gladly one of the picturesque personalities against whom one of his brother antis directed his shafts, his friendship for myself was genuine almost to the point of enthusiasm, and had never once been interrupted up to the time of the Parnell split. I have sometimes had my misgivings whether more patience on my own part, and less irritation at recollection of an old grudge of his against Parnell, and of some recent excesses of language, might not have converted him from the most ferocious fighter in the anti-Parnellite ranks to a peacemaker whose word would have been at the moment irresistible. The difficulty, it may now be avowed, was that I was only too painfully aware of the bitter personal quarrel that had long divided Parnell and himself. The precise cause of the quarrel he never communicated to me. All that is certain is that it came to a head in a message from Parnell forbidding him to join Joseph Chamberlain at a dinner-party which the Irish leader suspected to have been organized at a critical juncture as part of an intrigue against Gladstone and himself. The faults on Parnell's own side of the quarrel were wantonly aggravated by such acts of impolicy as refusing his brilliant lawyer lieutenant a brief in the Parnell Commission trial.'

Here I must allow another Irish gentleman, Barry O'Brien, to contradict William O'Brien. Barry O'Brien says:

'During the Special Commission it was suggested

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that Mr. Healy (for whom Parnell could have had no love after the Galway election) should hold a brief. Parnell consented at once. But Davitt strongly objected, and the suggestion was not, therefore, carried out.'

With our confidence slightly shaken by this slight discrepancy between these two statements, we go on to read William O'Brien's further remarks:

'It was one of the tragedies of the situation that the opposition to Parnell at Westminster should have at once devolved upon the only man towards whom Parnell harboured a resentment, and whose fearlessness singled him out from feebler men as the foremost fighter in the battle front . . . but there was a question of a man with whom sentiment and emotionalism – black and sudden as a Killarney squall, and as short-lived – had more complete mastery of his moods than in the case of any other man of superb talent I ever became acquainted with. . . . Had Parnell given way, Mr. Healy's objection would have yielded in an impulse of generosity as compelling as that which caused him to break down sobbing in the midst of one of his brainstorms in Committee Room 15, to hold out a hand of peace to his broken chief.'

Forthwith, having drawn up the two armies in battle, exchanged notes and ultimatums, we hire a carriage, like Count Bezuhov at Borodino, and set forth to watch them fight.



## CHAPTER XIII

‘Those who have never been in battle have no conception of anything so gallant, so well accoutred, so brilliant and so finely disposed as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums and cannon, formed a concert superior to anything that was heard in hell itself. The entertainment began by a discharge of cannon, which in the twinkling of an eye, laid flat about 6,000 men on each side. The musquet carried off, out of this best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infested its surface.’—*Candide* by VOLTAIRE.

ALAS, no such entertainment was provided for the interested spectator in Ireland, during the war that ensued between Parnell and his revolted followers. It must not be supposed that blood was not shed in any great quantity owing to the lack of scoundrels whose blood might be shed. The scoundrels were there, but the implements required for the shedding of blood in quantity and with proper martial flourish were lacking. We must amuse ourselves as best we can by listening to the shouts and watching the paltry blows struck with sticks, bricks, stones and foul manure lumps.

Curiously enough, although the causes of war originated in England, the combatants passed over to Ireland in order to fight it out.

On December 9, 1890, Parnell left Euston Station, London, accompanied by his friends. He was followed to the train by a vast cheering crowd, composed of

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Irishmen and Englishmen. Tim Healy, accompanied by his brother Maurice, chose to travel on the same train. They were loudly hissed. St. John Ervine, the Belfast journalist and dramatist, gives an account of the departure:

‘Parnell had to speak from his carriage.

‘“I believe you will stand by me to the end,” he said.

‘And they roared back: “We will.”’

‘Mr. Healy, in whom some demon seemed to live, interjected some offensive personalities about Parnell, and for a moment there was a danger of a riot, but just in time to save trouble the train steamed out of the station. When the *Ireland* brought Parnell and his friends and Mr. Healy and his brother to the Carlisle Pier at Kingstown, many people and two brass bands had assembled to meet the “Chief,” although the hour was half-past five in the morning, and daylight had not yet appeared. The small group of persons who were permitted by the police to go on to the pier were so intent on seeing Parnell that they did not observe Mr. Healy descending the gangway. He was not recognized until he had seated himself in the first of the two trains which were to carry passengers away, and then a crowd gathered about the window and heavily groaned him. “A groan for the Chief Justice,” shouted one, and the call was followed by others of a more offensive character. The police came hurrying to the compartment and thrust the angry people away from it. They stood two deep before the window, until at last the train moved out, amid groans and jeers and yells of hatred and contempt.’

When Healy arrived at Westland Row he was met by some friends, who urged him to take shelter and

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emerge quietly later on, as the crowds outside looked menacing. Healy hunched his shoulders up, thrust out his chin, and growled: 'To hell with them.' He then elbowed his way out through the howling mob.

'It is but just to Mr. Healy,' says William O'Brien, 'as to whom even those who might charge him with every other crime in the calendar would draw the line at laying cowardice to his charge, to exempt him from this censure. Throughout the awful months following Parnell's funeral, he literally carried his life in his hands through the streets of Dublin, by night and by day, with a fearlessness which those who wanted but the opportunity to take it were the first to acknowledge.'

Parnell was equally fearless. I give Tim Healy's own tribute, taken from his book, *Why Ireland Is Not Free*:

'The deposed leader was a magnificent fighter where his own concerns were at stake and after the split he was suddenly stirred up to a display of energy which, if it had been exerted earlier, must have brought down the Tory Government. Even in the evil dispute which the Divorce Case produced his combative qualities won the admiration of the Celtic temperament. In truth, he came so gallantly to the charge,

"That even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer."

'For the Irish Party, however, there was no alternative but combat. "The wine was drawn and must be drunk."'

This book was written in 1898, and this language is much more moderate than that used by him during the 'battle.' 'The knives are out,' he declared once. On another occasion he advocated the policy of 'the toma-

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hawk and the sweeping brush.' It is obvious, therefore, from these references to barbarian and purely savage implements of warfare that the entertainment would have been much more bloody had the 'scoundrels' better weapons than knives, tomahawks and sweeping brushes.

The battle opened in Kilkenny, where there was a vacancy. Parnell had put up a candidate there in opposition to the candidate of the Bishops and the Healyites. Before advancing to the field of battle, the two forces had a preliminary skirmish in Dublin. The morning after Parnell's arrival in Dublin he went with some friends to the offices of *United Ireland* which had declared against him. They routed the editor, a man who afterwards became Judge Bodkin. Then they took possession. That evening, however, while Parnell was addressing a great meeting at the Rotunda, Healy organized a gang, and, marching to the offices of the newspaper, carried it by assault. Next morning, Parnell, accompanied by a large crowd, assaulted the offices once more. After a fierce struggle the offices were once more carried by assault.

Then the combatants advanced on Kilkenny. There another fierce battle was fought. The workmen of the towns and the majority of the educated class supported Parnell. He was also supported by the Fenians. On Healy's side were the priests and the majority of the peasants. Healy's forces were well organized, under the control of the clergy. But Parnell's forces were entirely unorganized. The priests adopted as their slogan: 'Purity in private as well as in public life.' They were very violent. A priest in Kilkenny is reputed to have said to a voter: 'You must either vote for this (holding out a crucifix) and Fulham, or for the devil and Parnell.' Healy was equally violent. He is

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reputed to have said, among other things: 'I will drive Parnell into the grave or into a lunatic asylum.' 'It was observable,' said the *Annual Register*, 'that among Mr. Parnell's assailants the most venomous was Mr. T. Healy.' According to Healy himself Parnell also was violent. Healy says:

'The lines of cleavage in the country as between him and the majority were as curious as in a volcanic stratification. He had with him most of the doctors, publicans, and "hillside men." Many schoolmasters, attorneys and barristers, who had hitherto taken no part in politics, espoused his cause. The cornerboys, landlords and officials took his side to a man. In the south the bulk of the town labouring class followed him; while the Tory Government, by its police and executive action, favoured the Chief with undisguised partisanship. His friends boasted that "he would sweep the country," and at the outset most people believed it. If he could have eluded the Divorce Court issue nothing could have beaten him. In a capital series of electioneering speeches he poured a lava tide of scorn on his opponents, and showed a power of vituperative energy which delighted his supporters. Sir John Pope Hennessy . . . was described as "a mongrel skinner from Cork;" Mr. Justin McCarthy "a nice old gentleman for a tea-party;" Dr. Tanner was a "murderer;" Mr. Davitt a "jackdaw;" Mr. Dillon "vain as a peacock and with about as much brains;" Mr. Healy "a scoundrel" who had "betrayed prisoners to the crown" and deserted them "when there was no more money in the purse" to put in "his filthy pockets."'

Healy was accompanied by thirty-nine members of his followers, members of the English House of

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Commons, in his electioneering battle. Parnell contested practically alone. Parnell was beaten severely. The result was 2,527 votes against 1,367 votes. Only in one district, Kilmanagh, where the parish priest was a Parnellite, did Parnell get a majority. In every other district, the peasants and devotees voted as they were told by the priests.

However, this defeat did not dishearten Parnell; if it did dishearten him, at least he was too good a fighter to surrender after the first defeat. The man strongly insisted that he had every honest man in the country behind him, and that it only needed time to save the peasants and the devotees from the clutches of the clerics. Dublin was solidly behind him. The Fenians supported him. Dublin and the Fenians were the brains and sinews of all that was worth saving of the population of Ireland at that time from a good healthy volcanic eruption.

Like a wise general, Parnell began to parley with his enemies; at least with the less obstreperous faction of his enemies. Dillon and O'Brien objected to Healy's violent attacks on Parnell. They wanted to make peace instead of driving him into his grave; realizing very possibly that the English Government had very cleverly engineered the quarrel in order to get rid of Parnell. But their vanity and their wariness prevented them from adhering entirely to Parnell. However, Parnell, by the negotiations which he conducted with them at Boulogne, succeeded in creating distrust between Healy and O'Brien and Dillon. For the rest he gained nothing, not even a respite from the battle, because another factor took the field against him. That factor was death.

The bishops, of course, were as violently opposed to any compromise with Parnell as Healy himself.

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‘Lately,’ said Cardinal Logue at Armagh, ‘there had been a movement to get Mr. Parnell to step aside for six months until he married Mrs. O’Shea. That would never be tolerated. If anything of the kind were done the bishops and priests and their flocks would keep out of the agitation.’

In April, 1891, Parnell was again defeated at the Sligo election. In June he married Mrs. O’Shea. In July he was again defeated by the Church, and by Healy, at an election in Carlow. Parnell, even though he was dying, did the work of ten men, flying around the country like a whirlwind. But always in his trail Healy flew, buzzing like a gadfly that worries a labouring horse.

The *National Press*, the official organ of Healy’s party, printed an extremely scurrilous article, accusing Parnell of embezzling some of the *National Fund*. Seven years later, Healy refers to this article, entitled ‘Stop Thief,’ as being ‘boldly uncompromising.’

The *Freeman’s Journal*, finding that it no longer paid them to support Parnell, made Parnell’s marriage to Mrs. O’Shea an excuse to desert him. ‘*The Freeman*,’ said Healy, ‘abjured Parnellism on the ground that it did not pay.’

On October 6, 1891, Parnell died.

A ballad of the day commemorated his death in this manner:

‘Who was it killed the Chief?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Who was it cried Stop Thief?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
’Twas Tim Healy’s poisoned tongue  
Our chieftain dead that stung,  
Better men than him were hung,  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.’

## CHAPTER XIV

WITH the death of Parnell, Irish politics became as inconsequent and malicious as they had been before Parnell's appearance in public life. There was no Irishman in public life, on the nation's side, worthy of the support of the progressive element of the community. The so-called leaders were merely men who wanted to earn their living by political activity. Very possibly they were honest men. But it is very difficult to believe it. They all seemed to be 'Scythian' barbarians, suffering from the moral indigestion caused by a surfeit of 'larks' wings.' Their public babblings and quarrels are not worthy of record in history. Fortunately this trivial narrative is not history, but a journalistic tract; so that I am justified in dwelling on these squabbles in order to amuse my readers. Lest anybody should think it dishonest on my part to attempt to amuse my readers, I would remind him that Turgenev said that books are written to amuse.

The Irish nation had taken one step forward under Parnell. The peasants had raised their enslaved bodies and shaken themselves violently. With that shake the stranglehold of the 'sick men,' the landowners, had been considerably weakened. The educated Irishmen in the towns had been stirred from their apathy by the brilliant spectacle of a man of genius, carrying on a great fight and then dying, still fighting. In a country where mountebanks and poltroons had had the monopoly of the common attention for several generations, a great man had passed quickly across the land, illu-



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minating the darkness by the brilliance of his virtues, exalting the souls of all those whose minds had not been altogether clogged by a long and inherited slavery. In a country corrupted, morally and physically, by clerical domination, extreme poverty, and the contumely of being forced to suffer the insolence of an uncultured foreign garrison, this great man had shown by his courage and his unconquerable will that men need but the ambition in order to attain their liberty. Few men received these seeds from the sower, because our fathers were nearly all slaves. But the few who received them acted as the leaven to stir that corrupted yeast and make it ferment, generating the healthy life that is just now growing among us. Rome is reputed to have been founded by murderers and runaway slaves. But undoubtedly there was a great man leading them. And just as seed is planted amidst decaying offal and grows from the offal's sap, so we are growing.

Our enemies are eager to belittle us by shouting that we killed Parnell. Even if that were true, and I deny it, many nations other than ourselves have slain their geniuses. The Athenians put Socrates to death. But in our case, I think I have made it sufficiently clear to any but the most bigoted that the crime of Parnell's death lies at the door of the English Ruling Class, and at the door of the Roman Papacy. Yet, an Irishman, so-called, St. John Ervine, claims that 'this imperious man fell, not before the English wolves, but before the wolves of Ireland.' The citizens of this man's native city might have rightfully attributed to themselves the title of 'wolves,' and untutored wolves at that; because, since the overthrow of the Gaelic feudal system, which Ervine so malignantly contemns, the population of that part of Ireland has unfortunately

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remained so illiterate and barbarous, that whenever one of them becomes civilized, or even partly civilized, he is forced to flee from his environment, lest he may be devoured by his neighbours. Even as far back in our history as two or three thousand years, when there was a Pictish aristocracy ruling Ulster, an Ulsterman was refused his spurs as a knight until he had murdered (and very possibly devoured) a Connachtman. Those Picts, however, produced a literature which we honour. Ervine's kinsmen, during the period of their rule in Ulster, have produced nothing in a cultural sense other than a barbarous rite, which consists of beating a drum savagely with bare fists until the blood spouts from the wrist veins. The Picts produced the Ulidian Sagas, Cuchulainn, the Red Branch Knights. They imposed their culture on the rude Gaelic savages that invaded Ireland, presumably from the country that is now called England. The Gaels in turn became highly cultured, and when they were defeated by the Normans, they imposed their high culture on the rude Norman savages. The Normans in their turn became cultured, but alas, when they were overthrown by the succeeding invasions of Anglo-Saxons, Hessians and Lowland Scots, they did not impose their assimilated Gaelic culture. Instead of the Red Branch Knights, the Anglo-Saxon and Lowland Scottish ruling caste in Ulster have merely produced the Orange Order. The only poetry of this knighthood consists of a few scurrilous illiterate poems. Their drama consists of an annual mock battle in which nobody is killed, but in which everybody gets drunk. Now, however, that the working class of Ulster is beginning to revolt against the barbarous tyranny of its illiterate rulers, we hope that the province may become once more an honour to our community.

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When children are born they scream. It is a sign of health. The screaming that took place in Ireland after Parnell's death is, therefore, a sign of virility, and not of that degeneracy which our enemies loudly proclaim.

In Dublin, particularly, the people were infuriated. 'Healy the hound' was on every lip. On the other hand, the Papal forces, confident of the support of Jehovah, instead of being intimidated by the popular anger, become still more violent in their hatred of the Irish people. The *Irish Catholic*, one of the chief Papal organs, printed a particularly scurrilous article vilifying the dead Parnell. Even John Dillon, who was an anti-Parnellite, was moved to say of this article:

'I do feel bound on this first occasion on which I have addressed my countrymen after this great and tragic event in our history – I do feel bound to raise my voice in condemnation of an article which is published in the *Irish Catholic*. . . . I say deliberately that article is an outrage on the Catholic freedom of this country. . . . It is uncatholic, unchristian, and it is a disgrace to Irish journalism, and I trust that throughout the whole of this controversy nothing will blot the pages of an Irish newspaper so brutal and so base as the article to which I allude.'

Tim Healy attacked John Dillon because of this statement. He objected to the 'squeamishness' of Dillon. Healy himself suffered from no such 'squeamishness.' Three weeks after Parnell's burial in Glasnevin, in a speech at Longford, he made a violent attack on Parnell, and referred to Mrs. Parnell in savage terms. On November 3, 1891, two days after he had delivered this speech, he was horse-whipped publicly for it in Dublin by a relative of Parnell's.

It happened thus. On November 1, Healy visited

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Longford (Parnell had been buried on October 11). The meeting was riotous. Healy was received on his arrival by a shower of stones. The disturbances in the Market Square, according to the *Irish Times* of that date, 'were rapidly quelled by the exertions of several Roman Catholic clergymen armed with heavy black-thorns.' When Healy referred to Mrs. Parnell as 'an abandoned woman' there was an uproar in the crowd, and then a fight, which stopped the meeting for some time. Whereupon Healy called out:

'Come back now and listen – business before pleasure.'

Then he returned to Dublin to attend the law-courts. It was there the horse-whipping took place. I give an account derived from the slightly varying accounts which appeared in the English and Irish papers at that time.

'At three o'clock yesterday (Tuesday, November 3) a remarkable scene took place in the Four Courts. A short time previously one of the officers of the Courts entered the library where a large number of barristers were assembled. Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., was among them, and an officer of the Courts went up to him and said that "Mr. McDermott wanted to see him in the coffee-room."

' "What Mr. McDermott?" said Healy.

' "I don't know," said the messenger, "but I think he is a solicitor."

'Mr. Healy then left the library and proceeded to the coffee-room. The passage leading to the coffee-room is rather a dark one. Whether, as he passed along it, Mr. Healy saw the figure of a young man, tall and pale, and about twenty years of age, we do not know: but we do know that Mr. Healy suddenly found himself seized by the neck. An eye-witness says: "Healy was coming up

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and the young fellow appeared to be waiting for him, and as he got near him he suddenly jumped at him, got him by the neck and started to beat him with a whip. He beat him round and round the passage, and Mr. Healy jumped about. He beat him from head to foot. There were only four or five who witnessed the scene at first, but before it finished a lot of barristers had gathered and witnessed the end of the horse-whipping. Mr. Healy looked very pale, and his wig was hanging off. A policeman then came in and approached the young man, who threw him a visiting card, saying he had given Healy a damned good thrashing, and that he (Healy) could tell the policeman the reason why. Mr. Healy addressed the policeman and said, 'Don't mind him; he is drunk.' But the young man was not drunk, only excited."'

Next day a meeting was held in Dublin at which it was decided to make a presentation of a gold-mounted whip, suitably inscribed, to Mr. Tudor McDermott, 'in recognition of his manly conduct in publicly horse-whipping Mr. Timothy Healy.' The same evening, Healy, after repeating all the language for which he had been horse-whipped, and referring to the incident as a 'bogus outrage,' was presented by some of his admirers with a laurel wreath!

The quarrel between Healy and John Dillon grew in bitterness. Dillon vehemently protested against the brutality with which Healy assailed the memory of Parnell. Dillon also attacked the clergy; indeed he had long since been critical of the clergy, and it was probably his indignation against Papal interference in Irish politics that first estranged him from Healy. Dillon, as we have mentioned already, once referred to the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer, as a 'faithful servant

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of Dublin Castle,' and accused him of writing 'One of the most infamous, cowardly, and dastardly letters ever penned by an ecclesiastic.' William O'Brien had also described the same cleric as a 'cross-grained, cranky politician, whose whole life was a graveyard strewn with the dead bones of his failures and blunders.' It was only natural that these two men, Dillon and O'Brien (generally understood even nowadays to be two of the most honest men that ever figured in Irish politics), should form an alliance against Healy, the defender of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. These two men, Dillon and O'Brien, had tried to patch up an agreement with Parnell at Boulogne, and Healy was very angry with them for that; because his Church said: 'No compromise.' Healy called these negotiations 'unauthorized meddlings.' In fact he had crossed over to France with his relative Barry in order to stop O'Brien's activities for peace. A cynic of the period, speaking of Healy's bellicose efforts at Boulogne, said that Healy 'hanged Parnell at Kilkenny and then crossed over to Boulogne to cut him down.' And now, after Parnell's death, while Dillon and O'Brien still wanted to make peace with the Parnellites, Healy became more and more opposed to them. Healy said that he 'wouldn't touch a Parnellite with a forty-foot pole,' and he had no policy save that of 'the tomahawk and the sweeping brush.' Healy was also conscious that he himself was the only capable man among the subalterns left at the death of Parnell. And it is only natural that he wanted to be chief, to step into the shoes of his late general. But the other 'Scythians' would have none of that. So, from a purely personal point of view, his policy of the sweeping brush was quite a praiseworthy one. As far as the nation was concerned, it didn't matter one halfpenny who was

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in command, or indeed whether all these 'Scythians' murdered one another by force and violence, or whether they went back to London to eat larks' wings.

All we need realize for the purpose of this narrative is, that Healy was a very able man. None of the others was an able man. O'Brien was undoubtedly a thorough gentleman. So was John Redmond. No doubt there were many others in the party who, at that time, or previous to it, or following it, were gentlemen. But it is not necessary to be a gentleman in order to be the successful administrator of the affairs of a political party. Very often it is necessary not to be a gentleman. Very often, indeed, a dishonest but clever ruffian gives better service to a community than a witless gentleman of incorruptible integrity.

Canon D'Alton, a hierarchical historian, pays a glowing tribute to Healy's activities at this period:

'It is highly probable that the Parnellites would have won at Kilkenny and Sligo and Carlow, had they not had to encounter Mr. Healy. He took a leading part in the founding of the *National Press* and of the National Federation; and in the trying months after the split, Mr. Healy, without a thought of himself or of his interests, met every opponent and faced every danger. Fascinated by his splendid abilities, the younger clergy were on his side, as were the ablest men in the parliamentary party; the Catholic bishops were grateful for the way in which he had championed their teaching; and the local leaders, despairing of converting the Parnellites, were delighted with a leader who could fight so well. Not a few thought then, and subsequently, that he would have been the best selection for leadership. Parnell, who had no love for him, declared that he had the best political head of all the

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Irish parliamentarians. No lawyer since O'Connell was readier witted in the law-courts, no man in the House of Commons was listened to with greater interest, for he was always master of his subject, and always had something fresh to say. He could obstruct as skilfully as Parnell, while his capacity for the practical work of legislation was far beyond that of Parnell.'

All this is eminently true; but the fact remains, that since the Irish had no legislative assembly in which their legislators might legislate, legislators, no matter how brilliant, were of no use to them. The Irish wanted some sturdy, trustworthy man to lead them, more in the capacity of a soldier than in the capacity of a legislator. Seeing nobody of that type around, they took no interest in the 'Seythians.' Instead, the sinews of the community began to form a secret society which might produce an oligarchy of trustworthy, sturdy men. The 'Seythians' continued to babble.

Dillon, who wanted to be leader, accused Healy of aiming at leadership. Healy proclaimed that he did not want to lead the 'Seythians,' but he was of the opinion that if Dillon, whom he considered to be utterly devoid of statesmanship, assumed leadership of the band of 'Seythians,' the supply of larks' wings would be nothing like what it used to be. Dillon claimed that Healy's continued reliance on the clergy would arouse the 'slumbering bigotry' of the English Protestants against the 'Seythians,' so that possibly when the 'Seythians' returned to London, they would be fed on some inferior offal, like fried fish and chips.

In February and June, 1892, Dillon made two attempts at union with the Parnellites. Both attempts were unsuccessful. Healy opposed each attempt.

Then in July, 1892, the Salisbury Government was



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defeated in England, and a general election followed. The Irish 'Scythians' were now divided into three factions, Dillonites, Healyites and Parnellites. As an enemy of the 'Scythians' put it: 'The old lion was dead and the curs who had bitten him were rending one another.' As a result of the election 274 Liberals, 81 Nationalists and 315 Tories were elected. Of the Nationalists elected, only nine were followers of Parnell. Blood was spilt (though in very small quantity) in almost every constituency in Ireland. In order to give my readers an idea of what the election was like, I am going to give a description of the battle in two constituencies. The second 'battle,' that of Louth, will require a chapter to itself, as it is the most heroic episode in this truly heroic narrative. The Meath 'battle,' although equally heroic, is unfortunately lost to posterity in large part, as there was no local historian to act as eye-witness; except indeed the record of the activities of a certain gentleman, who is now protected by the Treason Act, and therefore sacrosanct.

Meath had been the first constituency in Ireland to elect Parnell to the English Parliament. For that reason the Papal forces made a special attack on it, under the command of Tim Healy. They succeeded in getting two candidates elected, one of whom was Michael Davitt, a man reputed to be a Socialist. However, the methods of the Papacy during the election were so outrageously scandalous that a petition was lodged and both the Papal candidates were unseated. It was during the inquiry, following on the petition, that the following interesting facts were disclosed. Healy, of course, was briefed for the defence, and the other counsel acting with him was a member of the Sullivan family.

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Extracts were read from the Pastoral, which the bishop had ordered to be read in every church. This bishop was Dr. Nulty, and it must be borne in mind that he privately supported Parnell after the divorce, but prior to the publication of Gladstone's letter. The following are some of the extracts:

'Parnellism, like many of the great rebellious movements which heresy has from time to time raised against the Church, sprung from the root of sensualism and sin.'

'He would approach the death-bed of a profligate or drunkard with greater confidence in his salvation than that of a Parnellite.'

'The women who had the least Parnellite sympathies were worse than abandoned women.'

'Parnellism is in distinct, direct and essential antagonism with the principles of Christian morality and dangerous to their faith as Catholics.'

'Parnellism, like Paganism, impedes, obstructs and cripples the efficiency, and blights the fruitfulness of the teaching of the Gospel.'

'The dying Parnellite will hardly dare to face the justice of his Creator.'

Obedying the bishop, and eager to go farther than he did (possibly hoping some day to be bishops themselves) the inferior clerics issued further ultimatums.

The Rev. George Buchanan 'insisted on refusing the sacraments to a dying boy until he made an admission "that Parnellism was a sin."'

The Rev. John Fay described the Parnellites as 'followers of Garibaldi,' and said that 'he would not forgive anyone who voted for them now or for ever.'

The Rev. Patrick Cantwell, after reading the Pastoral from the pulpit, declared 'You cannot, after hearing that, remain Parnellites and Catholics.'

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The Rev. Thomas Tynan said to a voter: 'You ought to vote for your religion, and not give your priests a slap in the face; I won't attend you with the Blessed Sacrament when you are dying, but leave you to your conscience.'

'A man named Barry had presided at a meeting in support of Dalton (the Parnellite candidate). This man was denounced by the reverend gentleman from the altar at Coole. His mother was in the chapel, and when the priest said the Parnellites would be damned, this poor worshipper got up and interrupted him with the cry: "Oh, no, Father; not if they repent." The mother of the young man had to be borne out of the chapel when the clergyman denouncing her son said he would not forget it to him.'

The Rev. Patrick O'Connell said: 'No Parnellites are justified in approaching the Sacraments. . . . There will be an anti-Parnellite meeting at Clonard to-day. Those who wilfully absent themselves I will meet in their homes, on the road and in the by-ways, and I will make them remember it. I WILL SET FIRE TO THEIR HEELS AND THEIR TOES: I WILL REMEMBER IT AT THE ALTAR RAILS AND IN THE CONFESSIONAL.'

On Tuesday, July 10, the Chapel gates were shut, and all Parnellites at Clonard were prevented from hearing Mass.

In other places, however, owing to the activities of the Papal forces, priests were booed and groaned, and subjected to mock serenades at night. There was considerable fighting, though not of a very bloody nature.

Healy delivered a five hours' speech in defence of Fulham, the Papal candidate, but the three judges unanimously held that the charges were proven, and on the grounds of undue intimidation the seats were declared vacant.

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Before passing to the Louth election, I must give a quotation from the newspaper *United Ireland* of that date, on the clergy:

‘The hand of the Irish Church is to-day on the Irish nation. The Irish bishops have thrown themselves across the path of Irish freedom. During all this century the Church has failed in its public duty, failed flagrantly and ruinously. She has failed to teach the truth of God as regards labour, or to enforce His justice in relation to the land. Ecclesiasticism has been the weakness, and in most cases the ruin of every attempt of the nation to reconstitute itself when emerging from the ruin wrought by centuries of hostile legislation.

‘Seated in comfortable presbyteries and episcopal palaces, clad in purple and fine linen, feasting amply, if not sumptuously, every day; with supreme power in her hands, she has witnessed with apathy the accelerating decay and proximate ruin of the nation.’

In reference to this quotation, about the attitude of the Church towards labour and the land, with justice to the Church I must here quote a reference published in *The Voice of Labour*, July 24, 1926:

### ‘TIM HEALY AS COMMUNIST

‘Let us recall to mind on this question the testimony of a distinguished Irishman now occupying an exalted position in the Government of the State in Ireland. We refer to His Excellency Timothy Michael Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Mr. Healy has filled many positions in the public life of the country, and on more than one occasion – even if at times he went badly and far wrong – he has spoken words of the most burning truth. He never uttered anything more true than when he said:

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‘“There is a great deal of talk about Revolutionism and Communism in connection with this Land League movement. Well, my friends, I BELIEVE IN COMMUNISM as properly understood, namely, that the people of a country have a right to live on the land that God gave them. A distinguished Irish Catholic prelate (Bishop Nulty) has declared that ‘Land is the common property of a people of a country.’ I believe in the doctrine that land is the property of the people. It is sound, logical and just. A certain American bishop has said that the ‘No rent’ doctrine was opposed to the eternal laws of God. When I heard that statement I declared that it was eternal nonsense. There is no divine, eternal or natural law existing that says one man shall have 170,000 acres of land while another man lives in a bog. Quite the contrary. God did not make the land for one man or for a few men. He made it for all mankind. He never gave it to kings, lords and dukes to throw away to their mistresses the products of the soil. It may be said they came by it through civil law. When civil law conflicts with justice it deserves neither respect nor obedience.”’

Thus it is evident, from this speech, that not only was Tim Healy a Communist, at one or several periods of his career, but that Bishop Nulty was also a Communist. But Bishop Nulty was also an official of the Papacy. It is very extraordinary. It is also extraordinary that Michael Davitt, a reputed Socialist, should contest an election in Bishop Nulty’s territory, on behalf of the Papacy. Was the Papacy, at that time, carrying on a subtle intrigue with the Communists? Was the Papacy in the pay of the Communists, or were the Communists in the pay of the Papacy? It deserves inquiry.

## CHAPTER XV

EARLY in the election, Tim Healy had been returned for Longford; but he resigned this seat in favour of Justin McCarthy, who had been defeated at Derry. The reason for his action is given by his enemies as the following: McCarthy was the chairman of the 'Scythians,' who had revolted against Parnell. He was a gentleman, of easy temper and unassuming personality. If he remained without a seat the chairmanship of the 'Scythians' would probably have fallen to John Dillon, one of Healy's enemies at that time. In order to prevent Dillon becoming chairman, Healy resigned his seat to McCarthy and contested North Louth in his own interest.

Cardinal Logue resided in this constituency, and of course aided the candidature of Tim Healy. And now, I have great pleasure in allowing a fellow-writer to tell the story of the election.

The following is from the account published in that excellent newspaper *The Dundalk Democrat*, July 9, 1892 :

'We regret that the wise and fatherly advice of His Grace the Primate, at the Masses on Sunday, was lost on many of those who took part in the demonstrations in the afternoon. The scenes of violence and disorder that were witnessed in the market square, and, indeed, in all parts of the town, were shocking and disgraceful. The people were left in considerable doubt as to the avenue by which Mr. Healy would make his public entry into the town. Shortly after noon the Emmet

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Band, followed by a considerable crowd of people, proceeded to the railway station. On the arrival of the band it was found that Mr. Healy was not among the passengers, and a delay of about an hour was made, some persons surmising that Mr. Healy was coming from Crossmaglen or Cooley, by the road at the back of Castletown. Towards one o'clock a body of police in charge of a district inspector, marched down the town and across the Newry Bridge, and this was taken as evidence that Mr. Healy was coming in by that end of the town, and the people began to move towards the lower end. About 1.30, the band, with its followers and the men who came by special train from Carrickmacross and Inniskeen, marched through the town from the station, on their way to join the contingents from the northern districts, and a general move was made for the Newry road.

'Some 300 men, armed with sticks and headed by clergymen, came by the northern road from Crossmaglen, or somewhere in that direction. As these entered Bridge Street they cheered continuously for Healy. Counter-cheers were given for Callan by a number of townspeople who followed the procession. The cars were then stopped, and one of the clergymen commenced to denounce Mr. Callan, who, he said, was as bad as Balfour. Michael Green, of Quay Street, who was supported by other friends of Mr. Callan, loudly defended that gentleman against these denunciations. The Callanites responded by loud cheers for their leader, and then the Crossmaglen men were ordered to come on. These men made for the Callanites and beat them with sticks. The Callanites, though fewer in number, and having no sticks, rallied, and a fierce encounter ensued, the Callanites, fairly routing the countrymen and capturing a number of their sticks.

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One of the party, a man named Woods, was nearly killed in the affray, his head being beaten, and he had to be conveyed to the Infirmary. So severely was he hurt, that on Monday a rumour was current that he had died from his injuries; but we are glad to know that the man, although not recovered, is not considered in imminent danger. In the meantime, no man seemed to know of Mr. Healy's whereabouts, or where he would speak.

'The Emmets had got word that Mr. Healy was speaking to a crowd at the New Inn, and went in that direction. The two bodies met on the way and combined in a big crowd, which set out for Dundalk. On the way down the main street there was no collision, the Callanites having mostly retired to the square.

'When the procession was entering the square affairs assumed a more serious aspect than at any previous time. Some of the Callanites now appeared on the scene with sticks, which they had taken from the Crossmaglen men, while their numbers were reinforced. The Healyites cheered loudly and immediately set upon the townspeople. Several of the Callanites, being isolated, were severely beaten, amongst them Michael Green, who was knocked down and beaten by four Cooley men, but came up smiling ten minutes later. Several blows were interchanged and both parties fell back, the Healyites taking up their position on the Courthouse side, and the Callanites occupying the footpaths. When the brakes drew up in front of the Courthouse, inside the railings of which a number of non-partisan sightseers had gathered, the Healyites cheered defiantly.

'An attempt was now made to hold the meeting. Rev. Fr. Seagrave was called on to preside. There was no platform, but in the brakes and cars congregated



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near the Courthouse were: – Rev. Fr. Fox, C.C., Dundalk; Rev. P. Murtagh, C.C., do.; Rev. H. Murphy, P.P., Cooley; Rev. B. Mooney, C.C., do.; Rev. P. Clarke, P.P., Lordship; Rev. N. Speers, C.C., do.; Rev. Fr. Carolin, C.C., and Rev. P. Caraher, C.C., Kilcurry; Rev. P. Gogarty, C.C., Knockbridge; Rev. Fr. Quinn, C.C., Crossmaglen; Rev. J. Markey, P.P., Mullabawn; Rev. J. F. Maguire, C.C., Inniskeen; Rev. P. Brady, C.C., Kilkerley; Rev. P. McCartney, C.C., Louth; Rev. F. Short, C.C., Darver; Rev. J. F. McCullough, C.C., Dromiskin; Rev. M. J. Quinn. In the brakes were: – Mr. O’Driscoll, the Whig candidate for Monaghan; Mr. D. Kilbride, ex-M.P.; Messrs. John McNeill, Dundalk; Owen Begley, do.; P. Callan (late of Kane); O. J. Kelly, R. L. Brown, J.P.; J. Johnston, P.L.G.; O. Quinn, P.L.G.; and W. Kearney, P.L.G.

‘Around the brake in which Mr. Healy was seated were the paid “volunteers” from town, and a number of countrymen said to be from Cooney, Sheelagh, Inniskeen and Carrickmacross. These continued cheering for Healy, while a large number on the outskirts of the crowd were engaged in groaning, booing and gesticulating wildly, and shouting at the top of their voices at Mr. Healy. Suddenly they made a rush into the Healy crowd, and a regular hand-to-hand conflict took place. The Callanites were evidently not as well prepared for a conflict as the Healyites, nearly every one of whom was armed with a big stick. These were freely used on the heads of the devoted Callanites. For some time a scene such as no one would expect to see in a Christian and civilized country took place. Men were knocked down and brutally kicked when on the ground. Men were struck on the head with bludgeons, and from wounds blood flowed freely. Nothing was heard but the crack of weapons as they descended

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on the head of an opponent and the defiant shouts of the contending parties. Though at a disadvantage, the Callanites fought like wild-cats, and no side could boast the advantage, when, at a signal from County Inspector Jones, the police, who had been kept in the market house, charged at a double, using their batons, and, driving both parties apart, drew a double line of police across the entire square, separating the contending parties. Two or three attempts were then made by exasperated townspeople to rush the police, but they were on each occasion driven back by the constables, who pushed at them with the butt end of their rifles or struck at them with their batons. The Callanites then started groaning, and maintained the uproar with such persistency that Mr. Healy and his friends were obliged to relinquish the attempt to hold their meeting, after having gone through the mere form.

‘While the attempt to hold a meeting was going on, the sympathies of the vast body of the people present – apart from the comparatively small number of those who had engaged in the battle royal – were clearly manifested. In the groaning and shouts of disapprobation the Callanites were joined by hundreds of people who up till then had taken no part in the proceedings. There were three distinct sections. The Healyites, who surrounded the brake and outside of whom was drawn a protecting double line of police; beyond these the Callanites, wildly cheering and groaning. These two parties filled the space in front of the Courthouse as far as the footpath, beyond which, on the roadway, was a mass of people, nearly all of whom appeared to be non-sympathizers with Mr. T. M. Healy.

‘The scene was indescribable. In vain the speakers tried to make themselves heard – the constant clamour of the crowd, and the hoarse roar of the excited people

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beyond the line of police prevented a word being heard outside the brake, in which sat the speakers and one or two reporters. Mr. Healy could not get a word in edge-wise, but glared at the meeting and hissed disjointed remarks at the nearest men in the crowd, who could not hear a syllable. Mr. Kilbride and Mr. O'Driscoll were equally unsuccessful, and the Rev. F. F. Fox and the Rev. P. Murtagh fared no better. With these the people were good-humoured, but would not listen to a syllable. One who was at Mr. Healy's elbow says he confined himself to philippics against the police. He asserted that the Callanites were in collusion with Slacke, and said that all that was now left of Callanism was a bad smell. "To-day they got the last of the rottenness and putridity of Callanism. The idea that they who faced Parnellism elsewhere – brazen Parnellism – and put it down, would be frightened there that day by putrid Callanism, and by a gang of portered rowdies, showed how much these cowards understood the metal of which their countrymen were made." All the speakers said the disturbance was caused by Dundalk rowdies filled with porter.

'Mr. Healy then got down from the brake and held a consultation with Captain Slacke, Divisional Commissioner, who was in charge of the force of one hundred police which had been drafted into the town. Mr. Healy asked that the police should disperse the residents of the town, and that he should be allowed to hold his meeting. Captain Slacke said he would protect the meeting from molestation, but he could not undertake to disperse the crowd. Mr. Healy said the presence of the crowd was calculated to cause a breach of the peace. Captain Slacke said in his opinion the holding of the meeting was in a greater degree calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

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'The attempt to hold the meeting was then proceeded with, but the groaning was maintained with persistency. A couple of rotten eggs were thrown at Mr. Healy, but the throwers aimed too high, and their fragrance was wasted on the steps of the Courthouse. While Mr. Kilbride was speaking a stone was thrown, and Mr. Healy jumped up excitedly, exclaiming: "Now, now do you see the stones flying?" He then addressed his own crowd, and waving his hand in the direction of the hostile gathering, which had now swelled to large dimensions, said: "Get into them; get into them." The command was not obeyed, however, the Whigs appearing to have had enough of it, and the groaning was continued.

'When the meeting was eventually brought to a close, and the waggonettes were moving off in the direction of the Imperial Hotel, the town crowd, in great force, pressed forward towards their opponents. The police, however, still protected the Healyites and enabled them to escort Mr. Healy to his hotel without molestation.

'Long before the close of the meeting the Emmet band left the square, escorted by a strong guard. They left their flag behind, and Mr. James Hughes, who had been for years the "brains" of the band, but who strongly objected to it going over to Healy, walked over and took the trophy away.

'In the evening, after the meeting, there were several rows. When the Cooley contingent got out of the square into Clanbrassil Street a line of police was drawn across to prevent the Callanites from following them. The Cooley men then being apparently in a valiant mood, formed four deep behind their brake and marched down the street. Between Market Street and St. Nicholas', a crowd, chiefly women and boys,

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collected, and these, resenting the triumphant procession of the Cooley men, "went for" the latter. The countrymen broke and fled, making down Parks' Yard. The town crowd followed, and the denizens of the Yard made common cause with them, driving the Healyites to the bottom, where, hemmed in and threatened, the Cooley men scaled the wall and escaped into the demesne.

'After the country folk left the town there was no disorder, a state of things which the heavy rain helped to bring about.

'Mr. Healy next became visible on Monday about noon. He appeared, surrounded by seven or eight clergymen, and escorted by about two score of the men who had been engaged to act as his bodyguard during the election. This ill-assorted combination marched up Clanbrassil Street, the men yelling and booing opposite houses of anti-Healyites, and universally exciting indignant comment from the town and country people who witnessed the sorry spectacle. After going to the end of Dublin Street, with apparently no object, the party returned to the Healy Committee Rooms in Earl Street. It then became evident that Mr. Healy intended to hold a meeting, hoping to attract many of the country people who thronged the town. The scene that ensued was a repetition of that on Sunday.

'The two score of paid men assembled on the footpath under the windows, cheering defiantly and waving sticks. Into both ends of the street a number of country people gathered, but they did not come within one hundred yards of the rooms. On the opposite footpath at Messrs. Carolan and Company's, a small knot of Quay lads gathered, and raised a deafening cheer for Callan, which they maintained, while Fr. Fox, C.C.,

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came to the window and endeavoured to address the meeting. He was understood to say that Mr. Healy would tell the people why he was going to fight North Louth.

‘The diminutive figure of Mr. Healy then appeared at the window. He was received with a perfect storm of hisses and groaning, joined in by many of the country folk. The Healyite bodyguard then made a desperate rush at the Callanites, the aggressive section of whom they outnumbered four to one. The police intervened and managed to stop the row after only a few blows had been struck, and though the bodyguard made repeated attempts to get at the groaning crowd they were unsuccessful. One stout fellow did get through and made a ruffianly assault on a jarvey, whom he knocked down and jumped upon in a brutal fashion. Meanwhile the cheering for Callan continued in unabated volume.

‘It is well to say here that the police, whether through fear of Mr. Healy or otherwise, seemed to favour that gentleman’s friends, and though they committed several brutal assaults, did not arrest them. . . .

‘The Healyites then marched down the street, leaving their protégé and his clerical friends at the rooms. The bodyguard committed several brutal assaults on the way, three stout fellows falling on poor Charley Dunne, of Ardee, and beating him savagely. His face was laid open by an iron bar.

‘An amusing scene took place near the market square. Two of the bodyguard fell out and beat each other because one had got 5s. for his day’s “work” while the other had been paid 6s. The 5s. man proved himself quite as good as the 6s. hero, so that the difference in payment was inequitable.’

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In the evening, we learn from the report, the Callanite workmen assembled after the factories and workshops closed in order to hold a meeting. During his speech Callan is reputed to have said:

‘In conclusion, he promised for Mr. Healy that he would take the beating he would get in North Louth at the polling on Wednesday 13th, as badly as he took the horse-whipping inflicted on him by young McDermott (great laughter and cheering); that was, he would take it like a cur. (Cheers.)’

The newspaper goes on to describe similar scenes in various towns of the constituency. Then on the Sunday before polling day, both parties held ‘final rallies.’ The Callanite meeting was held in Dundalk, while Healy held his meeting at Kilcurry. At the Dundalk meeting, Mr. Callan

‘Alluded to his own and to his family’s record in Louth politics. . . . He accused Mr. Healy of pocketing 200 guineas for two days’ work defending the Tottenham evicted tenants at Wicklow, when John Redmond returned the cheque sent him, retaining only 15 guineas. He accused him of “extorting 200 guineas” from the party fund for attending three ordinary election conventions in ’85.’

‘At Kilcurry there was a big gathering, including contingents from Cooley and Crossmaglen. Mr. Healy’s speech was characteristically abusive. He began this way: “Men of Faughart, where is Phil to-day? (A voice – In the sandhole. Laughter.) I heard he was going to come down to us at the head of his chargers under Soldier Green (groans) and Alex. Dunne (groans). I suppose Phil has left his chargers at home, where he is now to be seen combing his milk-white steed, and

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refreshed by a little of McCardle's beer (laughter). Now I am willing to give Phil a ton weight of Soldier Greens and Leggie Dunnes in exchange for one simple Father Carolan, and I would be willing to throw into the scale a few tierces of McCardle's beer. . . .” He wound up by saying that he could buy the independence of 500 better men than his opponent with one £5 note.’

On Wednesday the polling took place. The newspaper describes it thus:

‘The local clergy, as everywhere throughout the constituency, came openly into the arena, and worked strenuously all day as directors of Mr. Healy's electioneering agents. . . . In Dundalk the local curates and those from Crossmaglen, Inniskeen, Kilkierley and Kilcurry were prominent on the steps of the Courthouse, and few voters passed in without being canvassed for Mr. Healy.’

It is only reasonable to expect that, where such a number of priests had collected, blood should be spilled. Blood was shed. As the contemporary report states:

‘At about noon a large body of men from Crossmaglen district, many of whom were not voters, marched into the town. They were led by Rev. Canon McGreeney and a large number of priests accompanied them. Their approach was the signal for some commotion among the Callanites, who had gathered in great force in the square. The police, however, surrounded the contingent and from each man they took a freshly-cut bludgeon with which he was armed; and as many of them as were voters were admitted to the Courthouse. The priests took charge of the bludgeons



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in the meantime and were permitted by the police to hand them back as the Healyites passed out one by one from the Courthouse after voting. This proceeding lasted close upon an hour, and in the interval the Callanites groaned their opponents furiously. At one o'clock the Healyites re-formed and marched through the square into Clanbrassil Street. When they had gone a little way the Callanites charged after them and an encounter ensued between the two factions. The Callanites succeeded in wresting several of the bludgeons from Mr. Healy's supporters, and they immediately proceeded to make use of them. Several blows were struck before the police came up in sufficient numbers to quell the disturbance, and some stones were also thrown. One old man, a supporter of Mr. Healy, was knocked down. It was feared that he had been killed, as he lay on the ground, apparently lifeless. A young fellow who was accused of having struck him, was arrested, and immediately afterwards fell in a fit. Eventually he was removed to hospital and the old man to a neighbouring house. During the scene Mr. Callan came up, and accused one of the clergymen of being responsible, by marching an army of bludgeonmen into a peaceable town. The military trotted up at this stage and the crowd fled in all directions.

'Towards five o'clock Mr. Healy got on a car and drove out to the rural booths at Ravensdale, and on his return he was jumping off his car when he was seized by one of the Callanites and violently shaken. The police at once intervened and pushed back the Callanite crowd. Mr. Healy excitedly demanded the right to identify the man who had assaulted him, but the police were passive and the crowd only hooted and jeered. Then Mr. Healy had a violent altercation with Mr. W. J. Leahy of Dublin Trades Council, who was

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present in Mr. Callan's interest; and the report alleges that he challenged Mr. Callan's son to fight him, which is improbable. Anyhow, he was surrounded by police at the time. . . . When the poll closed, Mr. Healy left under an escort of fifty policemen, who marched him to his hotel. Mr. Callan, on the other hand, was received with enthusiastic cheers.'

When the figures were declared, it was found that Healy was elected by a majority of six hundred votes. Healy refused to make an announcement, however, and left the building under a strong guard of police; whereas Callan addressed a wildly enthusiastic meeting, and was afterwards carried on the shoulders of the mob to his hotel.

'Mr. Healy, on the other hand, left town unobtrusively in the afternoon. The report says that he drove from his hotel to the station in a bus so completely filled by clergymen that the M.P. himself was invisible.'

Callan tried to lodge a petition on the ground of bribery and corruption, but failed to find sufficient money to finance the petition.

## CHAPTER XVI

'THE outlook in Ireland grew dark,' says the clerical historian, Rev. Fr. D'Alton. 'The violence of the Parnellites' is the cause given by the clerical historian for this darkness, or at least as a partial cause of this darkness. *De profundis clamavi at te Domine.*

On the contrary, I say that the outlook in Ireland began to grow bright for the first time since the final overthrow of Irish culture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The outcome of the Land League and of Parnell was the great revival of culture happening just about this time, when the clerical historian said that 'the outlook in Ireland grew dark.' This cultural revival in Ireland is one of the most remarkable things in modern Europe. The names of the men connected with it are now names of European fame. Out of many I may mention but a few, Standish O'Grady, Sigerson, Hyde, Moore, Kuno Meyer, Yeats, George Russell (A.E.), Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn. That such a band of poets, scholars, dramatists and historians should come out of a small country like Ireland, without political liberty, with an impoverished population of four million people, is truly a marvel. That such a revival of letters and of culture should come at that period was a sign to all but pernicious dullards that the nation, instead of wallowing in Christian darkness, was struggling into the light of civilization. That the intellect of the nation turned towards literature, towards the creation of beautiful poetry, towards the recovery of its past culture, was a

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sign that the next generation would become imbued with the will to create something more beautiful in the political sense, than that with which their fathers had been content. That the nation turned aside from the drivelling nonsense of the politicians was a sign, not of ill-health and degeneration, but of sanity, lust of power and potential greatness.

To the dark mind life is always dark. And truly, the clerical mind has in this country become as dark as the clerical uniform. Thus while this band of geniuses was making Ireland again known to Europe, instead of supporting that band, our Church denounced them as atheists. It organized riots against the productions of their plays. It dubbed George Russell a dangerous and malicious pagan. Yeats fared no better, and would have fared worse had not the intellectuality and beauty of his verse made it unintelligible to the clergy and to the masses under their control. But perhaps there was method in this seeming buffoonery of the clergy. Perhaps they saw in this stream of poetry and scholarship and drama that came rippling over the land a menacing temptation to the souls of the faithful sitting in darkness. The faithful souls, thirsty no doubt, might drink of the pagan water of poetry. And, of course, having drunk, the darkness would be dispelled. They would become flooded with light, lose their souls, shave their beards, cleanse their teeth, and lead the lives of normal good citizens.

I say, during the ensuing years, when Irish politics were just as corrupt as politics always are, not only in Ireland, but in every other country in Europe, America, Asia and Africa, the Irish nation was beginning to civilize itself. It was developing the various forms of communal activity typical of the European system of civilization. The cultural activity I have

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dealt with. In other spheres activity also became manifest, but less quickly, and in lesser volume; because the poet is the first to appear and he comes with the clearest and loudest and sweetest voice. The remnants of the Irish Republican Brotherhood began to form what was later to develop into the army of the nation. In economics also, national groups came into appearance, both capitalist and socialist. And it is a curious irony, considering the wide breach between these two forces in highly-developed European countries, that in Ireland both these forces worked almost in harmony, and that they were both revolutionary. Even if they did not on the surface appear to work in harmony, it is certain that they were both nationalist and that the socialist forces were perhaps more violently nationalist than the capitalist forces. The group which hoped to become Irish capitalists, centred around the personality of Arthur Griffith, with Sinn Fein as its motto. The group of Socialists centred around James Connolly.

I am anticipating; but I wanted to make clear the progress of the community while I dealt with the movements of the 'Scythians,' who had ceased almost entirely during this period to have any bearing on the progress of the community.

The men who helped the English Ruling Class to send Parnell to his grave had done so under the impression that without Parnell they would be stronger than with Parnell. They sold him under the impression that he stood in the way of their successful attainment of Home Rule. These foolish men could not understand that the vital necessity for a new-born community, still squalling in its swaddling clothes, was not liberty, but a careful nurse, a strong, all-knowing, all-suspecting, all-cunning parent. The army that dares

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to advance into battle without a commander-in-chief is doomed to destruction. The army that sells its general for a vague promise of fodder to be supplied by the enemy on the delivery of the body deserves its destruction. While the nation had Parnell it had liberty because it had unity. It possessed a citizen of sufficiently great personality to act as a magnet that drew all energy towards it and directed that energy into the proper channels. Freedom is not a reality; it is a political epithet. Modern societies are not associations of families; they are associations of individuals; and since no individual can be free of the other individuals within his society, in the same way no society can be free of the other societies which human beings have formed in its neighbourhood. Home Rule, therefore, to a disorganized community, with each individual warring against his neighbour, would have brought civil war and anarchy, had it been granted to Ireland after the death of Parnell. For the reason that infant communities do not thrive on democracy; no more than a crèche crowded with babies, no matter what genius might be hidden in each baby's brain, would thrive without an efficient nurse.

The election of 1892 proved that the only coherent and united force in Ireland, other than Parnell, was the power of the Roman Papacy. And in a community of any kind the strongest group always rules. So that, had Home Rule been granted immediately after Parnell's death, the Irish would merely have exchanged the red coat of the British soldier for the black soutane of the Roman Papacy. Had Parnell lived it would have been otherwise. He was the only man who was strong enough to withstand the clergy. He was the only man in whom the population of Ulster would have had confidence. In another decade he would have suc-

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ceeded in uniting Ulster with the rest of Ireland. He would have saved us a revolution and a civil war. But . . . Forward!

After the election of 1892, Gladstone found that his party had been weakened, and of course he blamed 'the Irish schism,' which he himself had engineered. He introduced his Home Rule Bill, and of course it was ignominiously defeated by the Lords, by 419 votes to 41, in 1893. Such was the price that the Irish 'Scythians' had received for betraying Parnell.

Gladstone resigned in 1894, giving place to Lord Rosebery.

Having dealt with the general situation, it is now time for us to have a little more amusement, to prevent ourselves becoming engulfed by the general darkness which is reputed by the clerical historian to have enshrouded the country at this period. Of course, the 'Scythians' provide the amusement free.

In October, 1893, John Barry, one of the survivors of Isaac Butt's party, and a relative of Tim Healy, resigned from the party for the following reason: He had a quarrel with Dillon and O'Brien, 'two gentlemen,' he said, 'who are grasping for power; one blinded with vanity, the other singularly deficient in judgment and common sense.'

Healy himself did not retire from the party, but he engaged in quarrels with Dillon on every conceivable subject, and on some subjects which it is impossible to conceive. The most important quarrels were concerned with the control of the *Freeman's Journal*, the holding of conventions, the control of the party funds, and parliamentary procedure. Redmond described the position of the party as one of 'disunion, squalid and humiliating personal altercations and petty vanities.' There is a story told by William O'Brien in his book

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*An Olive Branch In Ireland*, dealing with these quarrels:

'He (Healy) was one day asked by a chaffing circle of barristers around the library fire at the Four Courts, "In Heaven's name, Healy, why are you for ever attacking unfortunate John Dillon?" "How can I help it?" he replied with an observation it is unnecessary to repeat here. "Well, but," somebody remarked, "you are attacking everybody else just the same — Davitt and Blake and Sexton and T. P. O'Connor and O'Brien." "No," he interrupted brusquely, "I deny that. I have never attacked William O'Brien in private or except in the way of business."'

These quarrels were undoubtedly concerning the leadership of the 'Scythians'; but it has always been a peculiarity of 'Scythians' that each 'Scythian' wishes to be himself a leader. And the man seemingly most fitted for leadership stands least chance of gaining the support of his fellows. It seemed that Healy was the most intelligent and clever of those that revolted against Parnell, yet we find that the other members were all violently opposed to his pretensions. Michael Davitt wrote to the Press saying that 'there is a well-grounded apprehension that some of Mr. T. M. Healy's friends are not disinclined to join a Labouchere-Dilke-Redmond combination for the overthrow of the (Rosebery) Government.' This statement of the *ci-devant* Fenian Davitt proves that the 'Scythians' had entirely lost sight of Ireland and that their quarrels and intrigues had no bearing whatsoever on Ireland; since they regarded the English Government as the Irish Government; that their struggle for power was concerned with the distribution of 'larks' wings,' within the atmosphere of the English House of Commons.



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‘Mr. Dillon,’ says D’Alton, ‘continued to think that Mr. Healy aimed at too much power. Mr. Healy retorted that Mr. Dillon was a political boss, controlling the party funds, controlling the *Freeman’s Journal*, rigging conventions for the selection of parliamentary candidates. Nor could Mr. Dillon deny that he was one of the National Trustees, and that Mr. Healy was not.’

Dillon’s method of ‘rigging conventions’ was ‘violently assailed’ in July, 1893, at Castlebar. It seems he presided at this convention in his own county, contrary to the rules of the ‘Scythians,’ who were not allowed to preside at conventions in their own counties. At this convention a number of people appeared who had no right to come. Dillon did not test their credentials at the opening of the convention, but afterwards, presumably when they voted against his policy, he dissolved the convention on the plea that people were there who had no right to be there. He held the convention at Westport, where he succeeded in having his own candidate selected. A few months later (1894), Healy was turned off the directorate of the *Freeman’s Journal*. Whereupon, Barry and Murrough, two Cork members, resigned from the party, and a large number of the clergy withdrew their support from the ‘Scythians’ altogether; possibly despairing of getting their representative elected as leader.

Tim Healy made a speech requesting some explanation of the grounds of his expulsion from the directorate of the newspaper. He said:

‘I did expect, and I think it would be a not unnatural thing, that I should have heard the reasons against my sitting upon the Board of the *Freeman’s Journal*. . . . Even when a criminal is being sentenced, it is not un-

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usual for the judge to give his reasons. When a tenant is being evicted, as I am to be evicted from this board to-day, it is not unusual that the amount of damages and costs, or the amount due, should be alleged against him. I have all along watched with interest to know from Mr. Cole, or from the Lord Bishop of Raphoe, or the gentleman who says I have no character, or from, perhaps, Mr. Dillon – probably the best person to give an opinion on the subject – what are the exact grounds which have moved the action against myself. I have never heard any assignment of the reason. You, Mr. Chairman (Mr. Sexton), have not given any reason, and accordingly we are left in the region of speculation – we are left to consider what possible motive can influence the gentlemen who have come to this conclusion. I take it that it cannot be that I have not the necessary share qualification; it is a matter of common knowledge that I have. It cannot be either that I have no stake or interest in the politics or the future of the country. I think I have. (Hear, hear.) It cannot be that I am worse fitted for the position than the very respectable Poor Law Guardian who is to take my place. Therefore, we are proceeding to a motion for which no reason whatever has been given, nor, I believe, can one be publicly given. . . .

‘There is a question perhaps of policy at stake. You will remember that Mr. Dillon some two years ago put forward the view that he was in favour of a policy of conciliation, or reconciliation, and a policy of uniting all parties together again, and I was supposed to be a representative of a policy of combat, and as opposed to any reconstruction or reconciliation with opponents. Now, I desire to say for myself – probably it will be the last time that I will have an opportunity of expressing myself with relevance on the topic – that the attitude

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that I took up towards our separated brethren was this: I have said this publicly within the last three years, I suppose not once, but fifty times, that they were as much members of the Irish Party as we were, that they were as much Irish Nationalists as we were – (Hear, hear) – that they were as much entitled to pledge their opinion and judgment upon the political situation as we were, and that as far as I was concerned, the only objection I had to them was that they should have gone off by themselves and formed into a separate party. . . .’

This speech seemed to indicate that Healy wanted union with Redmond and the Parnellite faction, just as Davitt suggested in the newspapers. It was undoubtedly more moderate than the ‘tomahawk and sweeping brush’ declarations. But of course no attention was paid to the speech. When political parties quarrel the real nature of politics is made manifest. There is nothing less likely to appeal to a political party than reasoned argument. Or perhaps they did not believe Healy after all?

‘No reply to this was offered,’ says Tim Healy, ‘and by this process of “purification” Mr. Dillon secured the undisputed control of the *Freeman*, and of the committee of the Irish Party.’

Shortly after this, the leader of the Dillonite ‘Scythians,’ Justin McCarthy, declared at a meeting in London:

‘We are masters of the situation! I tell you, and I say it with a distinct knowledge of the meaning of the words I am going to utter, that we hold the Government of England in the hollow of our hands.’

What the ‘Scythians’ really had in the hollow of their

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hands was not the English Government (a rather weighty and deucedly uncomfortable handful), but patronage, which they began to distribute among their needy relatives; each 'Scythian' (or at least some of them) rushed over from London with a titbit of 'lark' for some worthy fellow, related to him by blood, marriage or some political intrigue. Tim Healy in his book *Why Ireland Is Not Free*, published in 1898 (in honour of the centenary of one of Ireland's rebellions), gives a very amusing account of the distribution of this patronage.

'A young barrister named Sullivan,' says Healy, 'who was married to one of Mr. Dillon's relatives, received the recognition of his merits and £600 a year as a Resident Magistrate. Complaint was made in the Parnellite Press that two other of Mr. Dillon's kinsmen got jobs from the Government, though it must be said the prizes were not valuable.' Even the position of post-mistress of a country post-office seems to have been bartered politically, according to Tim Healy and the *Irish Catholic*. All over the country, it seems (according to Healy), John Dillon wove a web of job-hunters, who would be faithful to him. These men included Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, who was made a member of The Congested Districts Board, and Very Rev. Denis O'Hara, P.P., who was also appointed a member of the same body. So that it seems, at this period, Dillon made his peace with the Papacy, which he had so scathingly denounced a few years previously, and that Tim Healy was falling from a state of grace into the outer darkness.

In fact Dillon seemed to have power within his hands. 'By this time,' says Healy, 'Mr. McCarthy had practically abdicated his functions into Mr. Dillon's hands. He was in failing health, and had been con-

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tinually beset by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the Dillon interest. Mr. T. P. O'Connor had heavy financial commitments, and in a few years (as the share lists of his newspapers prove) had drawn from Liberal ministers, Liberal members and Liberal candidates, the astonishing total of £40,000. To imperil a Liberal ministry was the last thing to be contemplated by such a statesman.'

When Rosebery became Premier, T. P. O'Connor, formerly an Irish patriot, wrote in his paper the *Sun*:

'For the moment the Irish question has receded into a less prominent place. It has done so in obedience to the stern and unconquerable necessities of the situation.'

In face of all this idealism and loyalty, Healy bravely came forward to save the national honour; in fact 'to hold aloft the lamp of national faith and hope,' to use T. P. O'Connor's brilliant description of another patriot's efforts under similar provocation on a previous occasion. Finding two nationalist parties in existence, the National Federation of the Dillonites and the National League of the Parnellites, Healy decided to save and unite Ireland by founding a third nationalist party. This party he called THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS ASSOCIATION. Each of these nationalist organizations had its own newspaper. Healy's paper was the *Daily Nation*. Dillon's paper was the *Freeman*, and Redmond's paper was the *Daily Independent*.

The policy of each of these parties seemed to consist almost entirely in opposing anything which might be likely to redound to the credit of the other two parties. When Lord Rosebery came to power, the Dillonites promised him their support before receiving any assurances from him. Healy protested against this, quite rightly; but it must be remembered that he himself had

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failed on a previous and more important occasion to get any assurances from Gladstone. Dillon, on the other hand, deprecated suspecting the Liberal leaders. At Clonmel (February 11, 1894) he said that it was the 'mark of a timid and cowardly nature' to suspect the (Liberal) leaders. From all accounts, Dillon himself was not one of the last men to suspect Parnell.

Such was the state of affairs among the 'Scythians' on the political battlefield following the death of Parnell. Their activities were supreme comedy, because in order to be supreme, comedy must border on tragedy. It must have a grave mien, make heroic gestures, utter herculean boasts, and gorge itself like an infant Achilles, so that its sated appetite disgorges the half-mangled larks' wings on to its wine-soaked infant tunic. Like the cake-makers of Lerné, they slew their enemies and conquered the world only in their imagination; they were even more amusing than the valiant cake-makers, because they had not one Picrochole to lead them, but several.

'Mais allons nous cacher au coing de la cheminée, at là passons avec les dames nostre vie et nostre temps à enfiller des perles, ou à filler comme Sardanapalus.' Healy betook himself more and more to his chimney corner in the law-courts, where he made a great name and amassed great wealth, realizing possibly, that since nobody wished to help him to become 'Emperor of Trebizond,' he might help himself to become a Croesus.

## CHAPTER XVII

IN February, 1895, after the defeat of the Roscbery Government, there was a general election and Healy was again returned for North Louth. The others who were elected with Healy on that occasion to the English Parliament consisted of 411 Unionists, 117 Liberals, 70 'Scythians' and 12 followers of the late Parnell. Of course, there was still less chance now for the Irish of receiving anything in exchange for the body of Parnell. But it seems that did not trouble the 'Scythians' very much. The 'Scythians' had now 70 seats in the Parliament, but their quarrels, instead of diminishing, increased. Dillon's friends continued to declare that Healy was 'dominated by a spirit of faction which nothing could exorcise.' Healy's friends blamed Dillon for the disruption and claimed that Dillon wished to crush Healy because Healy was the chief obstacle in the way of Dillon's ambition.

Dillon dreaded clerical predominance and he wished to conciliate the Fenians. Healy wanted to crush the Parnellites with the aid of the priests. During the general election Healy had pursued Dillon around the country, exposing him, much as he had pursued Parnell in 1891. He claimed he had been successful in discovering that North Tyrone had been sold to the Liberals for cash. This charge created a great sensation and according to the clerical historian 'did much harm to the Home Rule cause in Great Britain.' Of course Healy was charged with factional intentions because of his ugly statement and he stoutly defended him-

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self. He said that his intention was to rescue the national movement in 1895 from the disaster which the affair at Dungarvan had brought upon O'Connell and Repeal. O'Connell of course had also sold Dungarvan to the Whigs. Healy pursued the Dillonites next into Kerry and once again he attacked them, claiming that the party convention there had been called irregularly by Dillon.

For these offences he was, in that year, expelled from the Committee of the 'Scythians,' from the executive of the Irish National League of Great Britain and from the executive of the Irish National Federation.

In 1896 McCarthy resigned from the chairmanship of the party. Sexton was elected to take his place. He had taken no part against Healy, but Healy was nevertheless no friend of his. Sexton refused the chairmanship. Healy, possibly afraid that Dillon would receive the chair, wrote to Sexton begging him to cancel his refusal. Owing to his previous attacks on Sexton, Healy's enemies say that the letter was written in mockery, but from the tone of the letter it is hard to believe anything of the sort. It appears to me to be a very sincere and friendly letter:

'DEAR SEXTON, — It has been suggested to me by some colleagues with whom I have been in close communication that a friendly note from me might have the effect of dissuading you from finally declining the honour which all of us recently united to pay you. I gladly comply with their wish, because the moments of difference between us are as nothing in contrast with the long years of comradeship through which we have worked side by side.

'The knowledge of the further perplexities which would take root in the party if you persist in your



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attitude should, I would urge, outweigh entirely the very natural desire for rest which your unstinted and unremitting labours have brought upon you. Moreover, with your acceptance of the chairmanship, I believe harmony would be restored to our ranks, and the country with renewed cheerfulness would rally to the support of its representatives in the struggle against Toryism which is before us. If my withdrawal from the party would purchase your acceptance, it is needless to say what pleasure it would afford me to consult at the same time the national interests and my private convenience.

‘On the other hand, if, as I assume, the assurance of hearty and friendly co-operation would be more acceptable to you, it gives me great pleasure to say that amongst those for whom I may be allowed to speak there exists only one feeling, namely, a desire to make your tenure of the chair agreeable as well as honourable to you, well knowing the capacity and genius you bring to the service of the movement.

‘While I write to you under a sense of public obligation in view of the circumstances of the country, it is gratifying also to make this communication as a tribute to yourself in faint acknowledgment of the brilliant services to the common cause, to which I have been so long a witness. I shall take the liberty of publishing this letter in the Press, in the hope that it may interpose an additional difficulty in your way to making a further refusal.

‘Faithfully yours,

‘T. M. HEALY.’

Sexton, in spite of this letter, still refused the chair and Dillon was elected. The latter did not refuse the honour. The election did not ease the difficulties. The

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Parnellites refused to have any dealings with Dillon and, of course, Healy was antagonistic. Dillon called a Convention of the Irish Race in Dublin on September 1, 1896, to settle the quarrel. Pilgrims came to the Convention from the following places, according to the clerical historian D'Alton:

'From the teeming cities of Great Britain; from New York and Philadelphia and Boston and distant Montana; from the populous centres of Canada; from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; from the great self-governing British colonies washed by the waters of the Southern Seas; from Cape Colony and Griqualand West; from Kimberley, the diamond city of the English; and from Johannesburg, the golden city of the Boers.'

Alas! The only Irish settlement that was not represented at the Convention was Heaven. Possibly as a result of the disfranchisement of Heaven, the Convention was a very rowdy affair. Redmond and Healy were excluded. Instead of settling the quarrels at issue, the Convention started fresh quarrels; and, indeed, it is only natural, when such a number of strangers came together from all parts of the world, that fresh quarrels were bound to come into being. In fact, most wars originate from elaborate conferences brought together in order to settle questions arising out of previous wars. During the Conference, both O'Brien and Dillon attacked Healy. And the only thing that resulted from the convention, in the positive sense, was a resolution, suggesting that the Irish Party should establish unity and discipline within their own ranks. After this, the pilgrims returned to their golden cities and their silver cities, and to the palmy waters of the Southern Seas, whence they had come, according to the historian.

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Dillon was inspired by this peace conference to open a campaign with the object of crushing all his opponents. He set out to establish order in his house. He felt that he must get rid of Healy before he could restore order. He even went so far as to hold meetings in Healy's constituency, North Louth, denouncing Healy, even though Healy was still a member of his family, or rather of his party. 'We in the Irish Party,' he said, 'can't stand criticism.' O'Brien also waged war on Healy. When he begged the Archbishop of Dublin to arbitrate between the factions, he excluded Healy. O'Brien and Dillon seemed to be intent on driving Healy from public life.

In the beginning of 1897, at the meeting of the Party, new rules were passed by Dillon, making it an offence for any member of the Party to oppose Dillon in the House of Commons. Healy flouted these new rules. A new member named Knox also repudiated them. He was expelled, but his action was approved by his constituents at Derry. Twenty other members of the Party also revolted and a public subscription was raised for them. The priests deserted Dillon. The Archbishop of Cashel refused to attend a meeting. And the Archbishop of Dublin refused to arbitrate unless Healy were included in the arbitration. Cardinal Logue also came to Healy's assistance, and objected to the meetings which had been held in Louth against Healy. He said 'he did not want his diocese turned into a bear-garden by contending factions.' The venerable prelate had no such fear in 1892, when Louth had been turned into something even worse than a bear-garden. On the whole, Dillon proved himself a very inefficient leader, and Healy, supported by the Papacy, was well able to maintain himself.

He also found another opportunity of proving his

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common sense, and his undoubted patriotism, over the matter of the Childers Commission, which had been appointed to inquire into the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland. England, it was proved by this commission, had been robbing Ireland; indeed, it does not seem that a Royal Commission was necessary to establish such an established fact. Orangemen, Nationalists, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites united to take common action at a conference of all Irish representatives on this vital matter. Healy, Redmond, Horace Plunkett (who was a Unionist Member of Parliament), and Colonel Saunderson, the Orange leader, signed the issuing circular. Dillon held aloof. That statesman subsequently attended the conference, but he refused to support the motion which it was proposed to move in the House of Commons. He, of course, framed a resolution of his own, which was moved in the Commons by Blake. The Unionists opposed both resolutions and England continued to rob Ireland as before.

I draw attention to this fact, during the survey of the quarrel between Dillon and Healy, in order to point out that Healy never missed an opportunity to press forward the claims of his country on any concrete practical question. When any important issue was at stake, he always supported his people, without any thought for himself. And his decisions, except on the one important occasion when he decided against Parnell, were always sound, practical and courageous.

Another supporter of Healy, Knox, also proved himself a practical politician, by moving, in 1896, the application of the Agricultural Rating Act to Ireland. After much opposition and various defeats, this proposal at last received the support of the Irish Unionists.

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It was passed in 1898 under the form of a Local Government Bill. This Bill put Local Government in the hands of the electors. It also put the power of patronage into the hands of the 'Scythians,' as we have seen already. County Councils, Rural District Councils, medical officers, justices of the peace, and various other officials, elected by the people, made their appearance in Irish life. Some of them remain even yet, although the present Government, cleaning up the country after several generations of insanitary government, has seen fit to abolish a large number of them. However, although these councils and officials were corrupt, their institution was a necessary step in the evolution of the nation. Even Dillon welcomed this measure, and of course Healy praised it.

Thus we see, that in spite of the politicians, the Irish people were making progress. And in the next year another very important event happened through the instrumentality of a man who was not a nationalist in political belief, but who was an extremely beneficial citizen in practice. The man was Horace Plunkett. He was a Protestant, a Unionist and a Loyalist, yet he probably did more than all the Irish Nationalist Party at that time to further the development of the Irish nation, to further the Nationalist cause, and to overthrow Unionism in Ireland. He set about this revolutionary activity by becoming an apostle of progress among the Irish farmers. In 1894, the Irish Agricultural Organization Society was established. The organization rapidly spread all over Ireland, founding agricultural societies, dairy societies and agricultural banks. The society was non-political, and as a result all classes joined to help it. Its propagandist was George Russell, the poet, who edited its official organ, *The Irish Homestead*.

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The attitude of the 'Scythians' towards this movement is interesting. They held aloof. Having killed Parnell, they suffered from a jealous fear that the practical statesmanship of Parnell might be revived in this form; they feared that this practical movement had grown from the sap of his bones. They held aloof. Justin McCarthy, in fact, declared that the object of Plunkett was to wean the people from Home Rule. On the other hand, the anti-'Scythians,' under the leadership of John Redmond, joined the movement; and one of them, T. P. Gill, travelled through France and Denmark to obtain statistics and information that might be useful. Such was the obvious utility and sanity of this movement that even the English Government was forced in the end to acknowledge it. In 1899 an Agricultural Board was established, with a revenue of some £170,000 a year. It must be understood that this progressive movement was established entirely through the instrumentality of private citizens, and that the statesmen, with the exception of the small band of Parnellites, gave it practically no assistance. Yet it is out of the practical results of this movement that whatever positive wealth exists in Ireland to-day has grown. Instead of killing the movement towards Home Rule, as the 'Scythians' imagined it would do, it fostered the movement towards a Republic. And the Black-and-Tans clearly understood the revolutionary and Republican nature of this movement during the Anglo-Irish war when they paid such attention to the destruction of creameries.

The 'Scythians,' however, were utilizing every scrap of their wit and energy in making war on one another; they had nothing left to waste on statesmanship. Whatever energy was not expended in abusing one another was spent in useless talking in London, where

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the more intelligent of them amused the English by their buffoonish wit.

About this time Gladstone died. Before he died he delivered a great speech denouncing the Turks for the atrocities perpetrated by them on the Armenians. It was perhaps inferior to the speech delivered by him at an earlier date denouncing the Turks for the atrocities perpetrated by them on the Bulgarians. But at all events, it was superior to any speech uttered by Gladstone denouncing the English for atrocities perpetrated on the Indians, the Irish and other races. John Dillon, on behalf of the Irish 'Scythians,' who had feasted on 'larks' wings,' delivered a fitting speech, doing honour to the dead statesman. And, as our clerical historian relates, there was great sorrow 'among the cabins of the Irish poor.' The clerical historian does not say whether the streets of Rome were draped with black banners by order of the Pope; just as they were illuminated after the victory of the Papal ally, William of Orange, over the Catholic Irish, at the Battle of the Boyne.

Having failed to conquer Healy, John Dillon at last realized that he himself was not entirely fitted for the task of leading the Irish race at home and abroad. Both at home and abroad, the Irish had ceased to have any very great interest in Dillon. They manifested their lack of interest by refusing to provide the 'Scythians' with money. And it is well known that 'Scythians' cannot exist without money. Thereupon Dillon decided to effect a union with the Parnellites. He resigned his position as chairman and suggested a conference. Only one Parnellite attended the conference. Healy, being himself an anti-Parnellite, was not averse to union; but he stipulated that Dillon must not be chairman.

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Correspondence took place between Healy and Redmond. Healy said in a letter:

‘In case your advances are again repulsed, you may at least find consolation in the knowledge that the Irish people who are now said to have undertaken for themselves the task of restoring unity, will then be better able to judge of the sincerity of one of their adjutants. For my own part, such a rebuff would make me willing, if necessary, to join with any of the rank and file in a call for a convention of the Irish people to consider the situation and provide for the future.’

However, when O’Brien founded the United Irish League in 1898, Healy treated this attempt at unity with scant courtesy in his newspaper *The Daily Nation*. Dillon was not enthusiastic about it. Healy did not want unity to originate from his enemies, Dillon and O’Brien. He had no objection to union with Redmond, who throughout this period acted like a gentleman. Redmond had referred to the quarrels of the ‘Scythians’ with good humour; as when he said of Dillon and Healy:

‘Dillon with awe, when his tricks he saw,  
Said the devil must be in that little Jackdaw.’

He added, that although the ‘political jackdaw of Rheims’ had time and again been solemnly damned with bell, book and candle, his feathers never seemed one whit the worse.

Then the Boer War broke out. This hastened the union of the Irish parliamentarians; though personally I am more inclined to think that the decrease in the financial support of the public hastened it. Anyhow, the parliamentarians united in the beginning of 1900 under the leadership of John Redmond. Nine years



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after the death of Parnell, the 'Scythians' had again returned to what was left of Parnellism. Only a shadow was left. The bones had been sucked dry by the tongues of the lizards. But just as the murderer is drawn towards the police station by his conscience, so these men came crawling back; still hating in their hearts the man whom they had injured, and yet hiding under the shadow of his name from the consciousness of their guilt.

During this period, from 1895 to 1900, Healy's activities in the English Parliament were as constructive as his activities in Ireland were destructive. During the debates concerning the Land Bill of 1896, designed to remedy the defects of the Land Bills of 1881 and of 1891, he distinguished himself; as he always did distinguish himself in Parliament and elsewhere, when there was a question of fighting landlordism by legislation. I have refrained from dealing with this Bill earlier in the chapter, in order to draw more attention to it, and to point out, that whatever faults Timothy Michael Healy may have, his merits must not be undervalued. At the beginning of this narrative, I laid particular stress on the effect produced on the mind of Tim Healy by the famine, by the hatred of landlordism, and the memories of those starved corpses, which his father saw carted to the 'famine pits.' These memories, these ghouls of his childhood, produced in his mind what is nowadays obscurely called a complex. While it intensified his devotion to the Irish peasants, it obscured every other influence. His love for the Irish peasant was a love so mingled with hatred that he lavished that hatred on almost every other class of human being.

When this Bill came forward, therefore, Healy immediately rushed into battle. Dillon, on the other hand, said the Bill fell far short of what it should be,

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that it was intricate and would afford a profitable field for litigation; meaning that it would put plenty of money into the pockets of the lawyers, but that it would put very little money into the pockets of the Irish peasants. Healy and Redmond, however, had the Bill amended and considerably improved. Whether they made the Bill more intricate or not I do not know; but anyhow they improved it.

Sir Henry Lucy describes Healy's struggle with this Bill:

'Mr. Healy's personal following is limited to two — meek-looking brother Maurice and pragmatical Mr. Knox. But did not Gordon go into action armed with nothing more formidable than a switch? Competing with the powerful combination of landlords opposite, with Mr. Dillon and his more or less cohesive scores of followers, with Mr. John Redmond and his aristocratic connections, Tim, followed by his two ewe lambs, worked himself into the forefront of the battle, and there held his own against foes in front, worse than foes on either flank. As an exhibition of inborn and long-trained parliamentary skill, dauntless courage and illimitable resource, the House of Commons has seen nothing excelling Tim Healy's battle round the Irish Land Bill in Committee. Nor is the merit of the programme limited to brilliant swordsmanship and well-executed strategy. In several important respects Mr. Healy, impotent in the division lobby, invincible in debate, succeeded in compelling the Irish Secretary to concede amendments.'

David Lloyd George, who has recently become well-known in politics, was then beginning to make his reputation. Some ill-informed people had compared him with Parnell. Lucy (and let this redound to his

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credit) said it would be more correct to say that Lloyd George was 'a Welsh Tim Healy.'

As we have seen, Healy was very seldom in Parliament during those years; but he always appeared when anything important dealing with Ireland was discussed. In July, 1898, he appeared to discuss bicycles and whether they should carry lamps. Lucy says:

'Even in these degenerate days Tim Healy can, when in the vein, make things hum. To-night he unexpectedly mounted his bicycle and careered up and down the parliamentary track for a space of two hours, blocking all traffic and threatening the Chief Secretary with relapse into the sick chamber he had but lately left. It appears that in Ireland, where, according to Mr. Healy, a quarter of a million bicycles are out daily, there are no by-laws requiring display or sound of bell. A citizen may be run over in the dark and breathe his last without the satisfaction of reflecting that just before he was struck in the spine he heard the tinkle of a bell. Mr. Sergeant Hemphill submitted a new clause to the Irish Local Government Bill, assimilating the law of Ireland and England in this matter. This brought Tim on the track with discovery of deep and dark design. . . . He plainly discerned in this unexpected quarter an outline of the figure of Mr. Chamberlain. At first blush this seemed incredible. Tim, nothing if not logical, proceeded to make the matter clear to the dullest comprehension. There are, he said, a quarter of a million bicycles in use in Ireland. If the adjunct of bells and lamps be made compulsory it will mean an additional expenditure upon lamps and bells of £100,000. Bells and lamps are made in Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain has gone far since he wore the robes and chains of office of the mayor of Birmingham. But

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his heart, untravelled, fondly returns to his old home. Mr. Hemphill, though learned in the law and a member of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown, is, after all, an Irishman – ingenuous, unsuspecting, a fitting subject for the wiles of wary politicians from Birmingham. Mr. Healy would not say a word suggestive of criminal complicity on the part of Mr. Hemphill. Nevertheless, this amendment was primarily and solely designed in the interest of Mr. Chamberlain's constituents and neighbours, and was meant to transfer £100,000 from the pockets of Irishmen into the coffers of the lamp and bell industry of Birmingham. In vain Mr. Hemphill denied collusion with any member of the Government.

‘“I am not,” he said, in tones that would have melted a less stony heart, “a sort of parliamentary leprechaun.”’

‘For all answer Tim put on speed, swept down upon the front opposition bench, and if Mr. Hemphill had not with unexpected alacrity hopped to one side he would have been run down.’

‘All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was, that when at the end of two hours, Tim had thoroughly riddled the subsection of the proposed new clause, Mr. Hemphill had just sufficient energy left to beg leave to withdraw it. Tim was equal to the occasion. This shameless abandonment of the bantling was fresh evidence of paternal guilt. If the unnatural father left it by the wayside, Tim himself would take it up and make it his own. Accordingly, when the motion was submitted that the subsection should be withdrawn, Tim sturdily shouted “No”; and when the House was cleared for a division he went forth to “tell” in favour of the amendment he had, almost single-handed, battered about the head and body for two hours.’

## CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLAND discovered that there were diamonds, gold and other minerals concealed in the earth inhabited by the Boers. She declared war on the Boers for the purpose of civilizing them. The Boers were Puritans, and it is only natural that the English Puritans should make war on them, on the plea, of course, that their interpretation of the Bible was incorrect. Had the Boers been ruling England and the English been colonists in South Africa, it is very probable that the Boers would have made war on the English for the same purpose. There is no question of justice in the matter. Although it is imperative for a nation going to war to justify its action on the ground of morality, it is obvious that an immoral act cannot be justified by any process of reason. War, according to the Christian religion (current in England since it was introduced by the Irish nearly two thousand years ago), is immoral. Therefore it was wrong for the Boers to fight the English, as immoral as it was for the English to fight the Boers.

In fact, there is no evidence up to the present day, that communities are gifted with the power of reason. Single individuals undoubtedly have the power of reason; some of them. But societies of individuals are governed purely by a primal force, uncontrollable and unconscious. A community must expand or decay. In order to expand it must conquer other communities, either by force, by culture, or by usury. The English community had expanded through the means of all

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three of these processes. And it must be admitted, that in exchange for the gold, diamonds and other minerals found by the English in the Boer colonies, the Boers have received something. What it is I don't know, but I feel sure they have received something. The Romans gave roads and sewers to the countries they conquered; history will tell us what the English gave some centuries after the disappearance of the English Empire.

The Boer War concerns this narrative, because the Irish adopted a twofold attitude towards it. Some Irishmen fought the Boers on the English side. Other Irishmen fought the English on the Boer side. An Irishman defended Ladysmith against the Boers, and the Irish members in the English House of Commons cheered every Boer victory.

However, the general effect of the Boer War on Ireland was to stir up the people against England. Whenever England goes to war the Irish instinctively feel that they have an opportunity to take a pace forward, under the cover of the guns of England's enemies. And England always admits the justice of this procedure on the part of the Irish by retreating a pace from Ireland after the war is over.

We have seen that the Irish had become bored with the politicians just before the war broke out. As soon as the war broke out, an enthusiasm for politics swept over the country. In obedience to this stirring of the Irish the politicians united. But they were not aware of the stirring or of its cause. They fondly imagined that it was their own efforts which had caused the uprising. And when unity was brought about, instead of facing the enemy, they continued to face one another. Just as if a platoon going into action kept up an argument over the distribution of the rum

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ration instead of concentrating their attention on the enemy.

Healy and his followers were again the trouble. One of the parliamentarians assures us that the sudden union of the Irish parliamentarians was a desire to tide over the general election which took place in that year by a 'mutual assurance of seats.' Healy, however, attacked both the Dillonites and the United Irish League. Dillon, Davitt and O'Brien decided therefore that Healy must be fought wherever he showed his face. They determined to rout him completely out of politics.

In this instance I am forced to admit that their attacks were perfectly justified. Healy's opposition to the United Irish League was purely personal. At the moment, the United Irish League was an excellent organization. It was the duty of every Irish nationalist to obey his community, forget personal ambitions and personal hatred and fall into line. The United Irish League was then a virile organization. It was the best tool possible for forcing a further retreat of the landlords, under cover of the Boer rifles. But Healy doubtlessly thought otherwise.

O'Brien, writing of Healy at that period, says:

'My own attitude towards Mr. Healy never varied. For several years I had allowed his attacks upon the United Irish League and myself to pass wholly unreplied to; nor, after the party was relieved from the responsibility for those idiosyncrasies which are tolerable, if not inevitable, in a true child of genius, did I ever make an unfriendly reference to him. Had I been free to shape my own course, and remain out of Parliament in order to preserve and develop the disinterested popular power which would be to the party as well as the country the surest guarantee against internal

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disorder, the difficulty as to Mr. Healy's retention in the party, even with a very wide latitude indeed for the freedom of criticism he claimed, would have been to my mind at an end.'

O'Brien, according to his own account, was prevented from retiring into private life by the urgent solicitations of Redmond and Dillon. Redmond said that it would not be possible for him to undertake the conduct of the movement unless O'Brien returned to Parliament. Dillon said that a party which contained Healy would not contain him (Dillon), unless it also contained O'Brien. It seems that these three politicians enjoyed fighting one another so much that they spent their energies skilfully manœuvring situations, which permitted the three of them to dance around within the public view, attempting to hurl one another off the public platform; and yet, when one slipped off into the arms of the cheering mob, the other two immediately threw down a rope and helped him to climb back.

O'Brien's reply to the solicitations of Dillon, to the effect that the three actors should make a simultaneous appearance on the platform for the election, was as follows:

'You can command me freely, either as to remaining out of Parliament or rejoining it; but, if the latter it is to be, you must not ask me to go back to the hell upon earth whose torments I endured for five years at Irish Party meetings. Make up your minds either to fight Healy manfully, or to let him alone, and I am with you; as you know, I have never had a word of personal quarrel with him; but nothing will induce me ever again to spend my life nagging and being nagged at in a private room in the old detestable fashion.'



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Hearing these winged words, John Redmond made reply that he did not want Healy fought at all. But John Dillon could see no amusement for the public in such an attitude towards Healy; clearly realizing that if the public were not amused by a warlike spectacle at a time when a much more bloody spectacle were being offered to the public in South Africa – I say, Dillon feared the public might be apathetic and take to reading the war news, even though it was corrupted by the censor. Dillon, therefore, adopted a very subtle attitude towards Healy. He ‘neither wanted to fight Healy nor to let him alone.’ He might prod him in the ribs when Healy was not looking, or knock his hat off or pull his beard; but when Healy indignantly turned around to kick Dillon in the shins, Dillon would say: ‘Now, now, small boy, who the devil is doing anything to ye?’

Dillon ‘suggested that it would perhaps suffice to ‘cut off his (Healy’s) tail’; or in other words, to cut off the weaker of his followers in their constituencies.’ This is O’Brien’s suggestion. There is no reason for doubting its truth; for it is generally understood even to this day that O’Brien and Dillon are two of the most honest and trustworthy men that ever made their appearance in Irish politics. And, indeed, Dillon must have had extreme provocation before he consented to the seemingly barbarous policy of cutting off Healy’s tail; especially since Healy, all his life, violently repudiated any belief in the Darwinian theory of the Origin of the Species, considering that it was a gross insult to the dignity and teaching of the Catholic Church.

While they were still arguing as to whether Healy’s tail was to be cut off, writs for the election were issued, and the Irish ‘polls’ were declared to be at the mercy of the blackthorn sticks. The ‘Cakemakers of Lerne’

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had their forces ready on parade, in full marching order, but they still had no definite policy as regards Healy.

‘Well, what are you going to do about Healy?’ said Davitt and Dillon to O’Brien.

‘Rather, what are you going to do?’ said O’Brien. ‘For I have told you a dozen times over where I stand. So long as Healy sits outside the Irish Party as an irresponsible individual force, his brilliancy will be an honour to Ireland, and even his extravagances cannot greatly trouble the councils of the party. But Redmond’s fate in the chair will be as unhappy as our own miserable ten years unless you take this opportunity of appealing for a national command in favour of party discipline, so stern and overpowering as to put an end to all danger of future rebellion. Now or never you must bid the country speak or let the new party follow the old one into the pit. I am willing to go into the fight whenever you please.’

Having uttered these winged words, O’Brien put on his armour – I mean his hat – and went forth to battle. Davitt undertook to address one meeting in Healy’s constituency, and forthwith went forth to do so. Dillon undertook to deliver his ‘impeachment’ of Healy at Swinford, and forthwith went forth to do so. All these cannons disgorged horrifying mouthfuls of vituperation at the hapless head (or tail) of Healy, and there was the very devil to pay.

Therefore, while the Boers were sniping the English from behind the little hills of South Africa, the Irish parliamentarians were sniping one another around the country. They erected barricades in various places, platforms as they are called, shot out winged words, and then decamped to fight somewhere else. The atmosphere was very tense, and at any moment it appeared that somebody might get killed.

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The forces were again almost similar to those that took part in the war of 1890–2. On Healy's side was the Church. On Dillon's side, the majority of the people, except those who were fighting in South Africa (with or against the Boers), were drawn up in battle. The English laid heavy odds on Healy, considering that 'Healy and the priests would sweep the country.' Healy declared that his enemies in the Irish Party consisted of 'tricksters, tipplers and bar-room customers.' But alas! The Church was defeated.

Healy's forces were routed everywhere. In Cork City, his brother Maurice was heavily defeated, in spite of the support of the bishop and all the clergy. O'Brien headed the poll, and Healy's brother was at the bottom of the poll. One by one, Healy's forces bit the dust and he himself was pursued to Louth, where he put up a masterly fight against his pursuers.

Here the most bitter struggle of the whole war was fought. Not only had Healy to contend with O'Brien and Davitt there, but he had also to contend with a new warrior, Joe Devlin, who made his first public appearance of any consequence during this election. On Sunday, September 30, 1900, this memorable event took place. Devlin described Healy in the following manner:

'If ever there was a man who made peace impossible, who had roused evil passions in the hearts and souls of the Irish people, that man is Timothy Healy. He was instrumental in putting Parnell down; he made it impossible for Justin McCarthy to lead; he pursued the same tactics against the next chairman, Mr. Dillon; and he then proceeded to drive Mr. Sexton out of public life. His foul tongue had poisoned the well-springs of Irish life for ten years.'

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The main portion of the encounter, however, centred around the spot where Healy and O'Brien were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle on the same wagonette. This entertainment was provided for the inhabitants of the village of Louth on a Sunday. The two politicians mounted the wagonette. A triple line of policemen, fully armed, surrounded the conveyance. A large crowd gathered and surrounded the police. Fields, ditches, houses and very pretty landscapes that might interest painters surrounded the large crowd. Over all was the sky, partly covered with clouds, and at one point exposing a sun that poured generous light on the stage, entirely without cost to the management.

Whereupon O'Brien opened the meeting by beginning to speak. As soon as O'Brien began to speak, Healy also began to speak. O'Brien stopped speaking, unable either to hear himself in the din or to make the crowd hear him. Healy stopped speaking as soon as O'Brien stopped speaking. The crowd, largely hostile to Healy, cheered loudly. O'Brien and Healy addressed one another in the 'language of the Red Indian wars.' The crowd, largely hostile to Healy, cheered violently once more. Again O'Brien addressed the crowd. Healy immediately addressed the crowd also. Speaking together, at one and the same time, neither heard the other, nor heard himself, nor was heard by the crowd. For five hours this entertainment lasted, Healy beginning to speak whenever O'Brien began to speak and stopping whenever O'Brien stopped, and both addressing one another in 'the language of the Red Indian wars.'

While they were speaking the wagonette perambulated around the village at intervals, stopping here and there to get a touch of local colour. But wherever it went, it was surrounded by a triple line of armed

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police, by a crowd and by fields, ditches, houses and landscapes. And at last, in the evening, it arrived at the spot whence it started.

Rotten eggs and various other missiles were thrown by the crowd at the actors, with that charming familiarity with which rustics treat their entertainers. Once, when an egg was thrown at his head, Healy ducked, turned to O'Brien and bowed, saying politely: 'I beg your pardon, O'Brien; I hope I did not tread on your toe.' After saying this, he continued to address O'Brien in 'the language of the Red Indian wars,' and referred to the wagonette as 'O'Brien's walking gallows.'

However, O'Brien claimed a victory; in so far as he outmanœuvred Healy by withdrawing the crowd to his side of the wagonette at the close of the meeting; thus leaving Healy 'quarantined in solitary majesty.'

Cardinal Logue and his priests supported Healy during the election. Healy won the election. He received 1,604 votes as against 1,215 votes received by his opponent Haviland Burke. O'Brien claimed that Healy was elected, 'not by the people of Louth, but by the sheriff of Louth.' But although Healy himself was elected, not a single other individual of his army received a majority. He stood alone. Dillon had cut his tail to the very root.

After the election a great convention was held in Dublin in order to consolidate the united Nationalist Party. This convention met in October, 1900. Weeks before it met, resolutions kept coming in from all quarters of the country to Dublin, demanding that Healy must on no account be admitted to membership of the party. And when the convention met, one of the main items on the agenda was a long resolution standing under the name of O'Brien, proposing Healy's expulsion and giving reasons for this step.

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O'Brien made a powerful speech in support of this resolution. He began by disclaiming any suggestion of a personal quarrel between himself and Healy. Then he went on to say, among other things:

'The only personal enemy I know of Mr. Healy is Mr. Healy himself.'

'Mr. Healy has pursued leader after leader with a ferocity such as never before disgraced Irish life.'

'Mr. Healy has never spared man nor woman neither.'

'Day after day Mr. Healy was publishing a newspaper whose one object was to chase every man of honour out of public life by the foulest and filthiest weapons that ever disgraced the Press of Ireland.'

'This millstone around our necks.'

'When the story of the past few years comes to be told, of all we had to endure in silence, of the way he succeeded in torturing everybody, taking the spirit out of everybody, starving the soul out of the party; of the way he manufactured the falsest and most infamous charges against his colleagues and then ran away when faced by a full party meeting of members, and then repeated them again the moment the majority had their backs turned – I tell you when that story is told, it will be found that no body of men ever showed such patience in dealing with a tyranny so unreasoning and wicked.'

'The only way to save the party from Mr. Healy and to save Mr. Healy from himself is to deal with him finally once and for all.'

'Is there a man in this hall who would dare to say that Parnell's little finger was not worth more than the whole of Tim Healy's body?'

'Anybody who knows Mr. Healy's strategy knows

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that while he is probably the last man living who would yield so long as he thinks that a little bullying and threats of further dissension would have any effect, at the same time there is no man more prompt to recognize the established fact.'

'He is not with us to-day in this hall; he is more at home in the English Parliament.'

'Treat him as a crank whom Irish public opinion has repudiated.'

'A poisoned bullet.'

The great majority of the delegates supported O'Brien, but there was a small element favourable to Healy. It is rumoured that this element was mainly composed of clerical delegates. The only man of consequence who spoke in favour of Healy was Tim Harrington, also a Bantry man, and the only one of the American envoys who supported Parnell at the time of the 'Split.'

He did not attempt to palliate Healy's conduct, but he urged that unity which excluded even one leader, 'a man who had done great work for Ireland in his time,' was no unity.

'Your resolution,' he said, 'is one of faction, coercion and eviction.'

Then Dillon spoke against Healy, and a young Catholic curate followed Dillon. This curate was a man named Father Clancy, who was for many years afterwards prominent in Irish politics. His speech completely swayed the meeting, and from one passage of his speech, Tim Healy received the title of 'Tiger Tim.' The passage was:

'Conciliate Mr. Healy? Conciliate a tiger! Conciliate the man whose sole conception of public duty seemed to be to let his tongue rage like a fire amongst the

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noblest names, polluting, defaming, defacing; conciliate the man to whom neither the privacy of family life nor the divinity that doth hedge a woman are sacred; conciliate a man who had done more to degrade Irish life than any man of our age or century!’

When Mr. Redmond, who was chairman, put the resolution, it was carried by an overwhelming majority. Healy was expelled from the party.

Healy was not one whit disturbed by this catastrophe. In his newspaper, *The Daily Nation*, he wrote of his expulsion:

‘The seasoning which comes to the campaigner of old service converts even the rubric of the gloomiest execution into a source of gaiety. Indeed, I find so much fun in poor William O’Brien that I freely forgive him. This, or nothing else, shall prevent me from serving Ireland to the best of my ability.’

This was a masterly reply to the rather coarse vituperation uttered by O’Brien and others at the meeting; and, indeed, if Healy had said nothing else in his life (I mean if he himself had not uttered similar things to what O’Brien and the curate uttered at the meeting) he would live as a master of Irish wit and satire.

*The Globe*, an English newspaper, passed the following remarks on Healy’s expulsion:

‘It is quite delightful to reflect that at the very moment when Mr. Healy was thus being solemnly expelled he was posing in the House of Commons as the representative of the Irish nation. It is a still more agreeable reflection that as Mr. Healy is the one man in the Irish Party who understands parliamentary tactics they cannot possibly prevent him from moulding their policy in the future. In any event, the expelled sinner



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does not care two straws whether he is with them or against them.'

Thus when the Irish members returned to the English Parliament, Healy had formed a party of his own, composed entirely of himself; a party in which there was absolutely no possibility of disunion; no conflict other than those psychological crises which do not make themselves manifest to the public. In one of the first sessions, O'Brien, then an enemy of Healy's party, moved an amendment to the Address, censuring the Irish Administration. Healy got up to speak on the amendment. Immediately all the English members sat up and listened intently, 'holding their ears,' like the barbarians in Virgil's poem. They expected Healy to say something funny. He did.

'I intend to vote for the amendment of the Hon. Member for Cork City,' he began, 'in the first place because I have not read it.'

Here there was loud laughter from the Unionist members, who were obviously amused.

'And in the next place,' continued Healy, 'because I agree with almost every word that has fallen from the member of Cork.'

The Unionist members stopped laughing immediately. Healy continued:

'The Attorney-General has complimented the Hon. Member for Cork on having created a united Irish party again in this House. He might have gone further. The Hon. Member for Cork has created two united Irish parties - of which I am one.'

## CHAPTER XIX

SOME Irish nationalists have pictured England standing over the Irish nation with a whip in one hand and a sop in the other. It may be a true picture, but more probably it is an exaggerated picture. No nation is conscious of persecuting another nation. On the other hand, it would be quite reasonable to picture the Irish feudal landlords standing over the Irish peasants with a whip in one hand and a sop in the other. To the person of the landowning class (both the landlord himself and his parasites) the Irish peasant appeared to be an uncouth barbarian. To the peasant, the landlord (and his satellites) appeared to be a brutal barbarous tyrant. Russian *émigrés* give descriptions of the Russian peasants who came around the feudal mansions howling like wolves. And, on the other hand, the Russian peasants picture the Russian landowners raping defenceless women, stealing brown bread from the mouths of babies and committing other acts that seem to us to be thoroughly barbarous. When there is such divergence of opinion it is impossible to come to any conclusion, on moral grounds, as to whether a feudal system, begetting howling peasants and ravening landowners, is better than a system of peasant proprietorship, such as exists in France, where free peasants commit acts that are not altogether praiseworthy or enlightening, if one may believe Guy de Maupassant or Gustave Flaubert. I say, it is not a question of morals, or of justice. It seems to be altogether a question of harmony and disharmony. The English from

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a moral point of view were quite right in subjugating the Boers, the Irish, the Indians, the Egyptians, the Zulus, the Ceylonese, the Maltese, the Lascars and other peoples. Whether this subjugation produced a harmonious state of society in those other countries I know not, except by extravagant rumours. In Ireland, however, it is certain that the subjugation of the country by England produced nothing but disharmony.

For that reason, and that reason alone, the subjugation was not beneficial, and because it was not beneficial, it was unjust. That is, to the Irish.

However, the point that concerns us here, is the point at which the Irish began to take the proper steps in order to substitute something more intelligent and harmonious in place of the feudal system fostered by the English here. It is certain that they did not attempt anything during the nineteenth century. The movements of the Irish people during the nineteenth century were purely destructive; even those of Parnell, who was a man capable of great constructive activity. It was not until the very end of the nineteenth century that the Irish began a constructive movement. And it is a strange thing, that the people whom one would least expect to begin the constructive movement were exactly the people that began it; in other words, the landowners and their followers. All the poets, dramatists and historians whom I have mentioned, with the exception of O'Grady and Meyer, seem to have belonged to the foreign landowning class, either in the capacity of actual owners of land, or in the capacity of satellites. Parnell himself was a landowner. And in the new movement towards the creation of a scientific agricultural system, the leaders of the movement also belonged to the landowning class, the very class which the movement of the peasants wanted to annihilate.

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Healy, standing in front of the peasant movement, seemed to be utterly unable to grasp the meaning of the movement which he led, more or less. And, of course, the peasants themselves understood not an atom of it. Neither very probably did the representatives of the landowning class understand the nature of their activities; since, it is generally understood, Plunkett himself is a convinced British Imperialist, and he understood his activities to be Imperial and not nationalist.

Again, human reason appears to be a very weak instrument for the guidance of human conduct.

Another very extraordinary fact is that the leaders of the Irish peasants, Healy, Dillon and O'Brien, had no conception of nationalism, even though they called themselves nationalists. And the proof of this is that they never troubled themselves with the organization of a new society in Ireland to take the place of the old one which they tried to abolish. History teaches us, or at least it should teach us, that no society gives way to its successor, until its successor has provided a more efficient or more harmonious method of making the human beings within that society happy. In perhaps the solitary instance where a society fell without giving way to a superior one, in the case of the Roman Empire, the results were disastrous. For the Christian slaves that succeeded the Roman slave owners seem to have been destructive and malignant fanatics, who allowed savage tribes to destroy their inheritance.

During the nineteenth century there was no reason for an Irish nation to come into existence for the reason that there was no Irish nation to come into existence. Although there is a song composed by a patriot called 'A Nation Once Again,' history does not give us any conclusive evidence that there was a

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nation in Ireland before the twentieth century. On the other hand, there have been times when there were several communities in Ireland making war on one another. The modern meaning of the word nation, however, is altogether different from the ancient one given to the word *natio* by the Romans. The modern nation is more akin to the Greek *polis*, and it very probably derives its origin from that word. Because a modern nation seems to be a community of human beings organized for the purpose of producing commodities and selling them at a profit.

However, the poetic and mystical instinct of man strives to give to all his activities a spiritual and religious significance. That is the instinct of all civilized human beings; making believe; a thoroughly good and laudable instinct. And in order that citizens may be encouraged to immolate themselves on scaffolds, battlefields, in dark dungeons, and on lonely hill-sides for the purpose of forming a society capable of selling ornamented bog oak to the inhabitants of Los Angeles, a new god must be created. The god of patriotism, in the new style.

The Irish created this god, in the new style, at the beginning of the twentieth century. From that moment their labours were less difficult, and more capable of producing good results. As soon as the new religion was created it produced automatically its own mythology, its giants, its beautiful women, its saints, its heroes, and its special modes of sacrifice. For the production of this mythology, the people of the landowning class (and their satellites) were almost entirely responsible. Parnell spoke of 'that terrible and sacred trust,' of 'the race of kings.' Yeats, Russell, O'Grady, Meyer, Hyde, Sigerson, and the others, discovered ancient kings, warriors, poets and beautiful

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women like Maeve and Deirdre of the Sorrows. At least they made them again popular. Hyde was largely responsible for the discovery of the Irish language, which had until his appearance been carrying on a very feeble struggle with extreme old age and imminent death on the Atlantic coast, living on salt and potatoes. Forthwith, something was found to act as the embodiment of all this ancient glory that was about to be resurrected. The Irish peasant was decided upon. The Irish peasant became the embodiment of purity, virtue, valour, righteousness, spirituality and all the other characteristics necessary to imbue the fellow with the will to power and a belief in his royal lineage, sufficient to enable him to spit on a landowner as a low fellow.

Again, we have seen how eagerly the Irish wanted to enter the British Empire during the nineteenth century, and yet in the twentieth century all their activities are directed towards severing all connection with the British Empire. This is very extraordinary unless we suppose that the British Empire had been expanding until then; until, in fact, it opened its mouth to swallow (or assimilate) the Boers and failed to do so. At least, it suffered a considerable reverse in the eyes of its subject peoples, having spent three years with all its mighty forces hunting down a few wretched Puritan Boer farmers. At the same time, extraordinary disharmony manifested itself in the mother community of the British Empire; for, while Chamberlain with his machine-owners was hunting the Boers, Stead was sticking feathers in Chamberlain's bonnet, one feather for every Boer victory. England began to split into two warring factions, Capital and Labour. Instead of being a monosexual being it became a bisexual being; and the result of this bisexuality, as in

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the case of other living things, was that it began to produce other nations.

Healy prophetically recognized this, for in his great speech in the English Parliament during the Boer War, he is reputed by an English man of intelligence, Gardiner, to have provided the writing on the wall.

Apart from these somewhat foolish speculations (for it is extremely foolish to search for the causes of human activities) the purpose of this chapter is to show that the Irish politicians, who stood in the vanguard of the Irish nationalist army during the latter part of the nineteenth century, were henceforth regarded almost as enemies of the Irish Army. The Irish community, of both classes, landowners and peasants, began to come together to mould a new society, behind the backs of the politicians. The politicians still kept making gestures at a remote distance, ending their speeches with 'Ireland for valour and virtue, the Saxon for vice and treachery.' At the same time, a number of 'Saxons' were organizing the Irish into a nation, with the assistance of a number of 'Gaels,' behind the backs of the politicians.

In 1900, the English, finding themselves at war, developed an intense dislike of the Irish, who were cheering the Boers. That is, of course, the Imperialist section of the English community disliked the Irish. In the same year Queen Victoria, Queen of England, died. Her death exactly coincided with the death of the century that bears her name among English-speaking peoples; a century from which we are gradually recovering, thank goodness. Disliking the Irish and finding them taking a pace forward under cover of the Boer rifles, the English Government introduced coercion into Ireland once more. They shook the whip

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and used it too. There were suppressions of meetings, all sorts of proclamations and imprisonments of agitators. The United Irish League flourished as a consequence of this, and eleven Members of Parliament were honoured by being put into jail; thus becoming patriots.

The peasants, who had remained rather passive since the death of Parnell, discovered their grievances afresh, possibly because they were making a little more money out of the war than they had previously been making. For it is only reasonable to suppose that even though the Irish farmers cheered for the Boers, they gave their hay to be eaten by English cavalry horses, thus helping the English to defeat the Boers. Being a little more prosperous than formerly they found that the 'land courts were blocked, and thousands (of peasants) unable to get their cases taken up, were compelled to pay rents which were too high. . . . There was discontent and disaffection all over the land. The poorhouses were filled, and asylums were being enlarged.'

Terrified by the advance of the peasants the landlords refused to sell their properties except at a prohibitive price, and they clamoured for coercion, which was granted them. One landlord, however, a Galway man called Shawe Taylor, addressed a letter to the newspapers suggesting a conference of certain people for the purpose of settling the quarrel. The men he suggested were the Duke of Abercorn, John Redmond, Lord Barrymore, Colonel Saunderson, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the O'Connor Don, William O'Brien and T. W. Russell. George Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, favoured the suggestion and finally the conference took place in December, 1902.

It seems extraordinary that Tim Healy, who knew more about the Irish land question than any of these



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people, was not included in the conference; possibly he was excluded owing to the enmity that still existed between himself and William O'Brien. O'Brien himself admits this in part.

Sir Anthony McDonnell was at that time Under-Secretary for Ireland. He had distinguished himself in India as an administrator. He was an Irish Catholic, and at this time he began to feel, like many more of his class, that he must either assimilate the Irish peasants or become assimilated by them; either become a Nationalist or be executed is a more crude way of putting it. He had the Land Conference Scheme placed before him by William O'Brien. It must be understood that O'Brien acted at this time as a sort of liaison officer, whose business it was to bring together the Nationalist peasants, the budding middle class, and the elements of the feudal aristocracy that wanted to form the new nation. McDonnell told O'Brien that he wanted to meet all the principal leaders of Nationalist opinion, naming Redmond, Dillon, Davitt, Healy and Sexton. O'Brien told him that Healy and O'Brien were in 'opposite camps.' He also suggested that McDonnell should approach Healy through the medium of Dr. Mark McDonnell, a Nationalist Member of Parliament, and brother of the Under-Secretary; because Dr. McDonnell was a friend of Healy's.

This interview probably took place, but still Healy did not take a leading part in the subsequent conference, and it seems to have been very bad taste on the part of the other Nationalists to have had him excluded. From our point of view it was immoral to have excluded him, since we, the community, very possibly lost some money by it.

When the conference met, Lord Dunraven was chairman, and other landlords that accompanied him

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were Lord Mayo, Colonel Poe and Colonel Everard. O'Brien, Redmond, Harrington and Russell represented the tenants. Almost immediately they reached an entire agreement. The landlords agreed to abolish dual ownership. The tenants agreed that the landlords were to get a good price for their land. As none of the representatives of the peasants were tenants themselves it is quite understandable that they were ready to agree that the landlords should get a good price. In fact one of the peasant representatives was himself a landlord, to wit, John Redmond. Had Healy been on this conference, it is very probable that agreement would not have been reached so quickly.

The Government accepted the finding of the Land Conference. In February, 1903, a Land Purchase Bill was based on these recommendations and introduced into Parliament. A sum of £100,000,000 was to be advanced by the State to enable the tenants to buy and a bonus of £12,000,000 was to be given to the landlords, as an inducement to sell. Everybody welcomed the Bill. Redmond called it 'the greatest measure of land purchase reform ever offered to the Irish people.' T. W. Russell hailed it as the passing of landlordism. Even Dillon, always a follower of Schopenhauer, admitted that it was a genuine effort to solve the problem.

This Bill was very important, both because it put an end to the ascendancy of the landlord class in Ireland, and also because it disproves the contention of Irish patriots that it is the English people who stand over Ireland with a whip and a sop. In fact, it proves that the Irish landlords stood over the English Government with a whip and a sop. For when the Irish landlords wanted this Bill passed the English Government meekly obeyed.

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Although Healy had been robbed of his part in producing this Bill, he was still wildly enthusiastic about it. It finished (or should have finished) the labour which he had set himself at the outset of his career to break the power of landlordism in Ireland. And even though he was not permitted to take part officially in the conference, yet the leaders who took part in it used his invaluable knowledge of land laws, and several important improvements were made in the Bill as a result of his knowledge.

He delivered a great speech on the passage of the Bill, a speech that ended with the following passage:

‘I take my leave of this Bill. I wish it a prosperous future. It is a far-reaching measure in its importance, and has been introduced under the most favourable auspices. I have never known a moment when the auspices were more happy, and I can only hope that this great measure will bring a new peace and a new spirit into the heart not only of Ireland but of England. I believe there is an attitude at this moment between the two countries favourable to peace, favourable to a better understanding, and favourable to new considerations which deeply affect the two peoples. You cannot deal with this question as decimals or percentages of money. It strikes a chord in the Irish character other than the sordid note of finance; it marks a reversal of a long period of dismal oppression and awful sorrow, of a breach of treaty faith committed, it is true, two centuries ago, but having to this day its living effect. This Bill will change more than Ireland. It will change England too, and with that change I hope to see a brighter light in the eyes of Dark Rosaleen.’

Sir Henry Lucy, discussing this speech, says:

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'Not the least interesting passage in Mr. Healy's speech to-night – a contribution to debate which revealed his stature towering head and shoulders above the ablest of his comrades in the Nationalist Party – was his vivid reminiscence of the condition of the House of Commons in 1881. Though nominally a Liberal assembly, elected during the great reaction that followed on six years of Disraelian domination, it was by comparison more Tory in its tendencies than the avowedly Unionist Parliament of to-day. With the exception of the motley, strange-mannered crew who followed Parnell, their weekly wage disbursed by Mr. Biggar, the majority of the Irish members were landlords. The main body of the Opposition belonged to the same class, which was largely represented not only in the rank and file of the ministerialists, but on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Arthur Balfour minimizes the effect and range of his conversion on the Irish land system by insisting that whilst from the first he recognized its inherent iniquity, his difference with Mr. Gladstone was based solely on forms of procedure. Mr. Gladstone, he complains, tampered with the principle of free contract between landlord and tenant. The long debates of the session of 1881 will be scanned in vain for proposal or suggestion of any alternative plan put forward by Mr. Balfour or his friends. As Mr. Healy says, had Gladstone at that date proposed a scheme of peasant proprietary, the landlords acting as a body would have carried him off to a lunatic asylum.

'Mr. Healy was too modest to mention one other difficulty that in 1881 confronted Mr. Gladstone, feeling his way along the path of Irish land reform, first opened by him in 1870. Whilst the veteran statesman, whose memory he asserted – and it is time the assertion were made – will ever be fragrant in Ireland, was

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fighting with his back to the wall against landlordism in battle array, with landlordism secretly plotting in his own camp, what were the Irish members doing? Mr. Healy knows, for with untamed spirit he took a hand in the cheerful business. They were harrying their deliverers on the flank, turning the House of Commons into a sort of Donnybrook Fair, defying the decencies of public life in an effort to force Mr. Gladstone's hand to give them something more than it held. Thirty-three days the Bill was in committee, and at that period the parliamentary day went far into the night, occasions being rare when dawn stealing through the side windows, paling the gaslights, did not discover something like a couple of hundred members wrestling over a word or a clause in the Land Bill.

'A great deal has happened since then, especially to Mr. Tim Healy. In a personal note written on the spot during the passing of the Land Bill of 1881, he is described in an earlier diary as standing below the gangway, "an ill-dressed man, with sullen manner, who audibly gnashed his teeth at the mace, and did not think it necessary to take his hands out of his pockets when addressing the Speaker." Even in those far-off days, when the deliberately planned conduct of Parnell's following made them as intolerable as the landlord system, Mr. Balfour laments, Mr. Healy's honesty of purpose, true if truculent, was recognized. But the House did not care to hear him speak, answering his snarls with angry shouting that egged him on to fresh vituperation.

'Through nearly a quarter of a century he has whetted the razor of his wit on the strop of the House of Commons, and being of tempered steel he has now got it in fine workmanlike condition. It has come to pass that the gamin of the early 'eighties, who as he

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made cartwheels down the floor of the House wished it were a muddy roadway productive of splashes, has reached the position of commanding influence in the mother of Parliaments. There are only two other members – and they speak with the authority of Cabinet Ministers – who can fill the House as does Tim Healy.

‘His latest appearance on the scene testified in striking manner to this magic power. When at four o’clock this afternoon he interposed, the House was nearly empty, the debate approaching a comatose state. An hour and a half of the sitting, which at its close did not leave more than sixty members at the disposal of the minister in charge of the Bill, had been appropriated for delivery of two speeches the House would willingly have let die. Five minutes after Mr. Healy was on his legs the returning tide set in. It steadily flowed till presently his barbed shafts were flashing around the heads of a delighted audience that filled every bench and stood in a throng at the bar. The sudden emptying of the House when a bore follows a brilliant speaker is easy to understand. What is mysterious is the swift filling of the chamber when the converse is the case.’

It is extraordinary how the feelings of communities change towards one another. A couple of years previously, the English and the Irish had been actively hating one another. Now we find they love one another once more. The feud between the two nations is over, and there is a bright look in the eyes of ‘Dark Rosaleen.’ A fickle pair of jades are these two islands of ours. It is an excellent thing that they are divided by a rough sea.

In the first year of the operation of the Land Act,

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it seemed that the landlords would soon be a memory and nothing more. Land to the value of £15,000,000 was sold. Then Dillon grew alarmed; finding that things were improving so rapidly he became terrified lest his old friend Schopenhauer's philosophy might be disproved.

One thing about Dillon, however, that is commendable to all those who share the philosophy of the twenty-one-shirted Connemara man, is that he never seems to have changed his mind, or absorbed any new ideas from his experience of political life. He had always been opposed to land purchase, considering that if land were purchased by the peasants before Home Rule was secured that the peasants would not want Home Rule. Dillon himself, of course, was not a peasant. He belonged to the rising Irish middle class. And anybody who knows anything about Irish peasants knows that a peasant hates an Irish shopkeeper far more than he hates an English landlord. Because the peasant considers that an Irish shopkeeper is his direct enemy. They coin a word for it in Irish, which has been corrupted by English usage and called a 'gombeen man.' Usurer is the corresponding word in English.

In 1881 Dillon emigrated to America as a protest against the Land Act of that year. He stayed away for three years. He thought that Act would terminate the struggle for Home Rule. Accordingly he was absent from Ireland during the three most terrible years of the Parnell war. The continuance of the war possibly convinced him that he had made a mistake, and he returned. But he did not change his mind. Now, his opposition to the new Bill was, that he thought the landlords were getting terms that were too good for them. The exclusion of Healy from the con-

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ference might have been in a small way responsible for that; but there is no evidence that anybody made an effort to get Healy included in the conference. Now Dillon proceeded to attack the agreement.

Davitt and Sexton supported him in his new strange conduct. Davitt was a believer in land nationalization. He thought that the establishment of peasant proprietors barred the way to any future acquisition by the State of the land. That was the reason of his opposition. Sexton was in complete control of the *Freeman's Journal*. So that newspaper opened a fierce attack against the land purchase scheme.

It would perhaps be very cynical to suppose that Dillon's opposition to the new scheme was partly caused by his jealousy of O'Brien. On the other hand, there might be a great deal of truth in the supposition. O'Brien had played the part of a very sound statesman in this matter. He was largely responsible for initiating the conference. He also recognized that the landlords were getting money to which they were not entitled in justice; but he was realist enough to recognize that they were an evil of which it would be beneficial to get rid at any price. However, instead of fighting the assaults of Dillon and the *Freeman*, he resigned his seat in Parliament in 1904. His constituents at once re-elected him.

The leader of the party, John Redmond, also complicated the matter by selling his estate at a very high price. So that other landlords, asking exorbitant prices for their estates, told the amazed tenants that they wanted 'the same price as Redmond got.'

It is very difficult to get a just estimate of the conduct of the leaders in this matter. For an individual who adopts the materialist attitude towards history, the simplest conclusion is that these leaders had practically



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no understanding of the nature of the movement that was taking place. They were merely interested in their emolument, in the aggrandisement of their reputations and in placating the feelings of whatever section of the community they thought most likely to follow them. Some politicians live on disturbances. They hate to see a state of peace in their community. So they always try to create some sort of disquiet. On the other hand, if the politicians have any business of their own that demands communal peace, they create a disturbance against those who want disquiet. Sometimes one sort of politician is beneficial to the community. At other times the other kind of politician is beneficial to the community. The artistic politician, on the other hand, is the man who knows when to create a disturbance and when to keep quiet; when to advocate insurrection, war, or civil controversy, and at the same time when to advocate acquiescence in the existing order of things, a change from political activity to cultural and social development. The politician who always cries out to his community: 'Advance, advance, don't halt,' is like the general, who, after taking the enemy position, advances into foreign and hostile territory without building new lines of communication.

We should not blame these particular politicians for their ignorance of these laws, since in our own generation we have been equally ignorant of them, and have only learnt them by bitter experience. However, for the benefit of some of our leading politicians who have not even yet learnt them, it is perhaps well to dwell on them. We still have followers of these Lernians.

Healy's attitude towards the land purchase scheme was one of general support. It was possibly for that reason that he began to make peace with O'Brien. It is

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also possible that he saw in the quarrel between Dillon and O'Brien a means of still further discountenancing his old enemy Dillon. At all events, Healy and O'Brien, forgetting the affair of the wagonette, began to become friends again. They formed a sort of alliance against the alliance of Dillon and Redmond.

This alliance had practically no bearing on the development of the Irish nation. It has even practically no bearing on the development of Healy's life. It is purely a personal interest, and for that reason, in this purely political narrative, it has no interest for us. Except perhaps we suggest that the Church favoured at this period a 'healing of the wound' between the two countries, and saw in the supposed settlement of the land question the final union of Great Britain and Ireland. These suppositions are obscure. There is no evidence at our disposal to support them. So we let them drop into the brain of whatever clerical writer is chosen to refute this narrative.

## CHAPTER XX

ELIE METCHNIKOFF, the scientist, claimed that young men make bad politicians. As a proof, he brought forward the fact that politicians change their views according as they advance in years; presumably becoming more moderate and less revolutionary. It is a bald statement. Metchnikoff should have said that *some* politicians change their views according as they advance in years. Shakespeare, the English poet, is more subtle than the Russian scientist. He talks of ambitious men mounting ladders and according as they rise cutting away the rungs by which they rise. All politicians do not succeed in mounting this ladder, and therefore it is only those that mount it that cut away the rungs and change their opinions. Those that remain at the bottom remain in the possession of their youthful convictions until they die, as a general rule.

I myself claim that young men make far better politicians than old men. Because, since the game of politics is a crafty game, a young man is more likely to be less crafty than an old man. He is likely to be more generous, more extravagant, more capable of committing indiscretions than an old man. In this manner, his neighbours are less likely to be cheated by him.

Again, politics assume different characteristics in different communities. A man who might be a thoroughly good politician in the Irish community might be a thoroughly bad one in England. For England is a free community, and the Irish community is not free.

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The only kind of politician of use in Ireland is a rebellious, energetic, daring, ruthless, reckless, unscrupulous and mad politician. This latter type would not be intelligent enough to seek his own aggrandisement at the expense of the community. Therefore the community might benefit by his folly.

In this way the nature of a politician is one of the most complex affairs imaginable. He is a species not yet thoroughly developed, catalogued or observed scientifically; since such an eminent scientist as Metchnikoff seems to be ignorant of his real nature. For an ignorant man like myself to be dogmatic about him would be thoroughly ridiculous. I may, with justice, merely make observations.

I might, however, be permitted to claim that Tim Healy was an extremely intelligent politician. We have seen that he commenced in a very obscure fashion, at the very bottom rung. And according as he mounted rung after rung he gradually changed his views to suit his environment. He adapted himself in his manner of speech, dress and general convictions. In this manner he survived, he grew rich and he became more and more remote from his origin.

He fought every inch of his way heroically, and whatever position or wealth he acquired, he acquired in no obscure fashion, but by virtue of his wit, energy and daring. Like Gogol's Captain Kopeykin, he had, 'after a manner of speaking, shed his blood, in a sense he had sacrificed his life for his country.' That he realized, in time, when to stop shedding his blood and sacrificing his life must redound to his credit. Because a thing like this can be carried too far, as in Dillon's case.

If he ceased at this period to be a national figure, the rungs of his ladder, the peasants, had also ceased to be national figures. The heroic peasants who had shot

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down landlords in 1881 'as thick as partridges in September' had now become extremely reactionary, conservative, smallholders, loyal to the British Crown, hating anybody who wanted to fight England or struggle for national independence. It is only reasonable that Healy also should become slightly reactionary. He was fifty, he was prosperous, and the atmosphere in which he now lived was productive of different characteristics.

So it came to pass that the violent revolutionaries of 1881 were now beginning to talk of a Devolutionary scheme of local government.

This Devolution scheme originated with a small group of landowners. It is very possible that these people, finding themselves being driven out of Ireland, wished to sneak in by another door. Instead of a feudal ascendancy based on the ownership of the land, it is very possible that they wished to set up a different sort of ascendancy based on the ownership of capital. Plunkett was again the leader in this movement. With him were Dunraven, a nobleman, William O'Brien, and some others. The Irish Reform Association was founded. This intended giving to Ireland a system of local government under Imperial control. An Irish Financial Council was to be set up. There was to be a statutory body composed of Irish peers and Members of Parliament. There was to be better housing and better education, and there was to be a Catholic University. It seemed a harmless sort of business, and it could not have done any great harm to the advance of the Irish nation out of the barbarism brought about by these landed gentlemen. But it was not an inspiring affair. How William O'Brien, the patriot, could have been enthusiastic about it, it is difficult to understand. Possibly he thought that he could now settle the whole

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national question as easily as he had settled the land question. It is also possible that the remnant of the landed aristocracy was trying to assimilate the Nationalist leaders and that the first one they assimilated was William O'Brien.

It seems that Tim Healy was also partly assimilated by this idea, but there is no evidence to the effect that he took any active part in it. Dillon violently opposed it. So did the Orangemen of Ulster. The Government gave it no support and it died.

The interesting thing about this movement is the gradual drawing together of the southern landowners, the garrison class, and the leaders of the nationalist movement, which had now ceased to be nationalist. Both were getting on in years. Their death was near, so they clung together, forgetting the enmities of their youth.

In the following year, 1906, there was a general election. The Tories, having won the Boer War for the English community, were rewarded by being thrown out of office. The Liberals came into power, and in the new Government there were a number of geniuses destined to attract universal attention. Among these geniuses were Herbert Asquith and David Lloyd George. The Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland became Lord Aberdeen, famous because of a song written about him in the early days of Sinn Fein. No great disturbance was caused in Ireland by this election. Healy was elected again for Louth. The people were quiet and loyal. James Joyce was collecting his material for the writing of *Ulysses*. Sinn Fein was born. The Abbey Theatre was producing new plays. Douglas Hyde and various other people were organizing the Gaelic League. Mysterious men were going around the country organizing the Irish Republican

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Brotherhood. George Russell, in his capacity of editor of the *Irish Homestead*, was telling the people how to rear pigs properly and treat scientifically diseases of cattle. And finally Joseph Devlin, a native of Belfast, was organizing the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

This Order, called the A.O.H., is one of the many interesting phenomena peculiar to Irish political life. It was practically a secret society corresponding to the Freemason societies among business people. It was exclusively used by Catholics. It is reputed by all trustworthy people in Ireland to have been a very, very suspicious organization. Its leader, Joseph Devlin, had been appointed secretary to the United Irish League, when the latter organization passed out of the control of William O'Brien. Very rapidly he assumed practical control of the United Irish League, and became the most powerful politician in Ireland.

Dillon and Redmond were nominally in control of the political movement, but the secret organization of the A.O.H. really directed everything. As there was very little to direct other than the distribution of what the Americans call 'graft,' it did not matter very much to the community.

Healy called Devlin the 'Duodecimo Demosthenes.'

In the spring of 1907, O'Brien took a libel action against the *Freeman's Journal*. In that newspaper, Dillon and Sexton had been attacking him severely, as we have seen already. They charged O'Brien with being implicated in a plot to ruin Ireland, with the assistance of Wyndham, Sir Anthony McDonnell and Lord Dunraven. They said O'Brien wished to create a Moderate Centre Party by selling eighteen nationalist seats in Parliament. Dillon, in fact, charged him with the intention of handing over the destinies of the country to 'Lord Rossmore, Lord Castletown, Mr.

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Talbot Crosbie, Mr. McMurrough Kavanagh, Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. Tom Sloane of Belfast.'

O'Brien admitted in a book that he was on friendly terms with some of the landlords named, but stated that he had not resumed relations with Healy at all. All we know about the business is that Healy rushed to O'Brien's assistance and became O'Brien's counsel. Of course, when the trial came on, the *Freeman's Journal* did not fail to take advantage of this strange alliance. As O'Brien himself admits, they raked up 'old newspaper extracts of our encounters in the wars of many years before, in which I was fighting the battle of Dillon and the *Freeman*.' O'Brien also says that one of the 'most ferocious' things brought up in judgment against him was written by T. P. O'Connor, now 'Father' of the English Parliament, but at that time still a patriot. However, O'Brien very successfully differentiated between Healy the politician who had been his bitter enemy and Healy the counsel who was his doughty friend.

'It is true,' he said, 'that I was in favour of a rigid interpretation of the party pledge in the sense of iron barrack-yard discipline until we won Home Rule, and that upon this issue hard blows were given and taken between us; but all that was changed, and that theory of party discipline broken down for ever, when Mr. Dillon himself went down to Swinford to do the very thing he, even more than I, had been attacking Mr. Healy for, and doing it in a much more inexcusable way, for the majority rule Mr. Healy objected to was a varying majority of four or five men, while the majority rule Mr. Dillon revolted against was that of a unanimous Irish Party.'

Still O'Brien should remember that he called Healy a 'poisoned bullet.'



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The jury found for O'Brien and awarded nominal damages. The main result of the trial was a renewal of friendship between Healy and O'Brien. The great moral lesson that can be drawn from this renewal of friendship!

In this year the politicians became uneasy about the growth of Sinn Fein, seeing in it possibly the illegitimate offspring of their own romantic love of 1881.

With the arrogance of youth, these Sinn Feiners had restated the national issue and called their fathers scoundrels, ruffians and nimcompoops. The old seasoned politicians became very wrath and said the Sinn Feiners were a scatter-brained set of ruffians, nimcompoops and scoundrels. The chief article of the Sinn Fein policy to which the politicians objected was the demand that the Irish members should retire from Westminster and stay at home in Ireland. 'Tut, tut,' said the politicians.

Healy, as we may well imagine, at that time paid no attention to the Sinn Feiners, whom he regarded as ignorant of the art of 'holding aloft the lamp of national faith and hope.'

In the same year, Augustine Birrell, an English statesman, endeavoured to pass an Irish Council Bill; the Bill being simply the outcome of the Dunraven Devolution Dementia. All the Irish seasoned political leaders, including Healy, who was not a leader at all at the time, were in favour of it. A national convention of the Irish people was held in Dublin to consider the advisability of accepting it or rejecting it. Healy was absent from the convention, because at that time he was ostracized from the Irish Party through the instrumentality of his friend William O'Brien. William O'Brien was also absent from the convention, because at that time he was ostracized from the Irish Party,

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after having ostracized his friend Healy. The convention, in the absence of Healy and O'Brien, rejected the scheme with scorn.

In the following year, 1908, Augustine Birrell succeeded in passing an Irish Universities Bill. A National University was founded in Dublin. It incorporated the three colleges of Dublin, Cork and Galway. At Belfast, Queen's College became Belfast University.

In this year also, another effort was made to end the dissension between the Irish Party leaders. O'Brien proposed that a stricter party pledge be adopted, and that this should form the basis of a new reunion, which would include all nationalist members. A conference was held. Healy's enemies, however, seemed intent on excluding Healy, even from this reunion which was about to contain all the nationalist members; but O'Brien was adamant. Father James Clancy also was determined on the inclusion of Healy. Fr. Clancy was the same priest who had attacked Healy so violently a few years previously, calling him a tiger and other equally odious names. John Redmond was also favourable to the inclusion of Healy; so that Dillon was shamed into acquiescence.

'Mr. Healy's self-abnegation,' says O'Brien, 'saved the situation. He declared straight out that he would be no dissenting party to the terms, be what they might. No further churlishness on the other side could defend itself to the country against such an attitude on Mr. Healy's part. At a second sitting the conference adopted the terms of reunion.'

Under this agreement six Nationalist members rejoined the party, Healy, O'Brien, Sheehan, O'Donnell, Roche and Thomas Esmonde (Sir).

However, this reunion did not last very long. In 1909, Augustine Birrell introduced a Bill to amend the

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Land Act of 1903. The finance of the Land Purchase Scheme had broken down, and the Bill was introduced to 'save the Treasury.' It proposed to increase the rate of interest on land loans and transform the bonus from a free Imperial grant to a Treasury debt against Ireland. A meeting of the Irish Party was summoned to deal with the question.

At the meeting, Dillon supported the new Bill, seeing in it a chance to delay Land Purchase to which he was opposed, for the reasons we have mentioned already. O'Brien, on the other hand, opposed the Bill, claiming that it would wreck land purchase, and he charged the British Treasury with treachery.

Healy made a violent speech in opposition to the Bill. Referring to Dillon's speech he said:

'The speech we have just listened to sounded to me like an old *Freeman* article dictated by a Treasury clerk.'

It was finally decided to call a National Convention of the Irish people to decide the question. This convention met in March, 1909, at the Dublin Mansion House.

Elaborate preparations were made by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, under the command of Joseph Devlin, to ensure that the convention would endorse John Dillon's views about the Bill. The stewards for the management of the assembly were brought by special train from Belfast, then headquarters of the 'Molly Maguires.' Sackfuls of batons were distributed among these gentlemen. Hibernians were placed in strategic positions throughout the hall and on the platform. John Redmond was chairman, and he made a speech in favour of accepting the Bill. As soon as Redmond sat down, O'Brien arose to speak. The very moment he began he was interrupted by continued

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hooting, booing, shooing, catcalling, cheering, sneering, yelling and caterwauling. After half an hour's struggle he was forced to take a chair.

A supporter of O'Brien was put off the platform for interjecting a remark.

Then Professor Kettle answered O'Brien's speech. Professor Kettle was heard in silence. Then Fr. Clancy arose to reply from the point of view of a supporter of O'Brien's. Boohs, shoos and catcalls were again heard.

Tim Healy then entered. The meeting came to a close.

The organizers of the meeting had calculated that the business would have been finished before Healy's arrival, because they understood he was detained at the Law Courts on an important case. As he arrived while Fr. Clancy was speaking, they were forced to adopt different tactics. William O'Brien describes what actually happened:

'The comical incident never quite missing from Irish tragedies turned up at the close. While Father Clancy was still endeavouring to make himself heard, Mr. Healy arrived on the platform from the Four Courts. The moment his arrival was signalled, Mr. Dillon, who had been taking copious notes for a reply to me, hurriedly bundled his notes into his pocket and passed the word to Mr. Redmond, who straightway got on his legs, invited the assembly to closure Father Clancy, and having silenced all further debate upon the subject, put his resolution approving the Birrell Bill, amid a scene of frantic uproar and confusion, in which two-thirds of the audience knew not in the least what was going on, and then carried it with only ten dissentients. The whole process was over within a minute, and Molly Maguire yelled her joy over the death of Land Purchase

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and of Free Speech with her thousand throats and the rattle of her thousand hazels. Of the four hours occupied in the debate, two passed in speeches lauding the Bill, and the other two in preventing a single complete sentence from being heard on the other side.'

As a result of this Convention, O'Brien resigned his seat and went to Italy, where he became extremely ill. Tim Healy, of course, did not resign. On the other hand, his brother Maurice offered himself for O'Brien's seat and was elected, defeating the Irish Party candidate by a very big majority.

In connection with this election, it must be remembered that the great electoral battle of 1900 was mainly fought between Healy and O'Brien. In that election, Maurice Healy was overwhelmingly defeated in Cork by William O'Brien. Now, however, it was Maurice who stepped into the breach to defend O'Brien's seat, after it had been vacated by that gentleman.

## CHAPTER XXI

IF a politician has political convictions he is not a politician. He is that dangerous social phenomenon called an idealist. He insists on propagating his political idea when nobody wishes to listen to him. He is struck with stones, addressed in foul language, imprisoned when he becomes rowdy, and, in general, he is the butt of the common jokemonger. At times perhaps his political ideal, through some passing need of society, becomes popular. Then he becomes a hero, while the populace makes use of his catch cries. But again, as soon as the passing need is satisfied, he is struck with stones, addressed in foul language, imprisoned when he becomes rowdy, and, in general, he is the butt of the common jokemonger.

The good politician (measuring politics by its own standards of good and evil, which are expediency and non-expediency) has no political convictions. He merely follows the wishes of the mass of the community at a safe distance, sifting carefully the cries of the mob and mouthing that which his canny brain has determined to be for the moment practicable and expedient. This man is a good political servant of the community. The bad politician (or idealist) is a bad servant of the community. Because he is a teacher; and even though butlers are allowed a certain latitude in old families, it is nevertheless bad taste for a servant to give advice. Even Plato was not great enough to give advice with impunity to the tyrant of Syracuse.

Healy, as we have seen already, was a good poli-

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tician. Leading, more or less, a revolutionary movement, he remained a conservative all his life. Because he understood that the revolutionary movement which he led was essentially conservative and reactionary. He allied himself to the Liberal movement in England when the Liberal movement in England was conservative and reactionary. As a good politician, he clearly understood that Conservatism was invariably the political religion of the mass of humanity, even though at times it might wear a *bonnet rouge* and chant the *Carmagnole*. He had sufficient insight to detect when it was masquerading under the guise of Liberalism, and he supported it; as in the case of Labouchere, Chamberlain and the others. But when Liberalism assumed its true dangerous character, of agnosticism, republicanism and general scepticism, he vaulted over into the Conservative camp.

English Liberalism was never very violent because the English do everything thoroughly with as little noise as possible. In their young days, while they were still naughty and rowdy, they had their Cromwells, their Tylers, their Guy Fawkes. But afterwards, when they fully assimilated the Imperial Idea, they realized that it paid better to be rowdy in other countries than in their own. In spite of that, the English are the most revolutionary community in Europe, and they have been so for the past few centuries. Only they don't spill blood over their revolutions. Their civilization spreads out gradually almost without firing a shot, coming from the feudal barons to the merchants, from the merchants to the yeomen, from the yeomen to the capitalists, from the capitalists to that extraordinary personage called the 'middle-class man.' And finally, at the present time, making a tremendous effort to marry the proletariat through the instrumentality of

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the Rev. A. J. Cook. The English community is a phenomenon, produced for the first time by the human race. It is, in fact, a glorious phenomenon, in spite of its many drawbacks.

Well, the Liberals, who had been Conservative in Parnell's time, had now become Liberal in 1910. In Parnell's time, the Liberal Members of Parliament were landowners. Now the Liberal Members were present in their true capacity of lawyer-politicians. Without a brief-case, a Liberal is a lost soul. With a brief-case he is a Liberal; and he can be very dangerous to his enemies. If his victim escapes with his shirt he is a lucky man.

The Liberals had been in power in England since 1906. They had a huge majority, and they were doing very well for themselves. Their brief-cases were becoming so swollen with a mass of evidence that it was at last necessary to invest the evidence in some profitable undertaking. The undertaking decided upon was the House of Lords, the natural enemy of the Liberal brief-case. The Conservatives, having been driven out of the Commons by the Liberals, took refuge in the House of Lords, and there made a fig at the Liberals. They rejected or mutilated every Bill which was submitted to them by the 'Furred Cats.' The climax was reached when the Liberal Lloyd George pulled a 'People's Budget' from his swollen brief-case and offered it to the community.

This people's budget was a snarling young wild cat with several heads. One head was called taxation of land values. Another was called death duties, and the third was national insurance. Lord Milner, a peer of German ancestry residing in England, cried: 'Throw it out and damn the consequence.' Lord Lansdowne, a more or less Irish peer residing in England, said something to the



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same effect. Led by the Germanized Milner and the more or less Irish Lansdowne, the English peers threw out the 'People's Budget.' The Liberal Government resigned. They appealed to the country against the Lords' Veto.

Now it is an extraordinary thing that Healy and O'Brien fought this Budget strenuously in the House of Commons; since we are going to see later on that it was the submission of this Budget and the consequent defeat of the House of Lords that made Healy a Governor-General; indirectly, of course. But the fact remains that Healy and O'Brien fought the Budget strenuously. They claimed that although the Budget might benefit the English working man, by giving him ninepence for fourpence, it imposed a fresh burden of taxation on the Irish people, a burden amounting to two million pounds sterling. It also increased the whisky tax, thus imposing a handicap on one of the few remaining Irish industries—the damned whisky industry.

How extraordinary that two ardent patriots like Healy and O'Brien could become so violently indignant when the whisky industry was assailed! If the whisky industry could be taxed out of existence and a penalty of death imposed on any man that introduced one pint of whisky into Ireland, or manufactured a pint of whisky in Ireland, then Ireland would have no need of patriots because the country would be rid of slaves. The whisky industry and the stout industry are and have been Ireland's two great curses. These two industries are supported by the Irish Church and by the Irish Southern Unionists. In fact these two industries are the mainstay of tyrannical ascendancy in Ireland, both lay and clerical. And yet two patriots become indignant when they are taxed! It's extraordinary.

The Irish Party was opposed to the Budget, but

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they voted for the third reading, and when it was rejected by the House of Lords, they supported Asquith's party with all their might. Healy, on the other hand, fought Asquith tooth and nail, scorning all belief in the Liberal promise of Home Rule in return for Irish support on the Budget.

If he had only scorned all Liberal promise of Home Rule in return for Parnell's overthrow!

'They won't give Home Rule,' he said, 'because they cannot; the House of Lords is in the way. When the Liberal Government goes out of office we shall not have Home Rule, but we shall have £2,000,000 extra taxation.'

Alas! If he had only known that in 1890!

His enemies maintain that Healy opposed the Liberals at this time because Dillon supported them. Others claim that he opposed the Budget because there was Irish whisky in it. There is no evidence to support these claims. We dismiss them.

Conferences took place at the Treasury between Lloyd George, Redmond and Dillon. Some minor concessions for Ireland were obtained. A little later a 'secret' conference took place between the Chancellor and Healy and O'Brien. O'Brien proposed that there should be an all-round conference of Irish members. But the Dillon and Redmond party refused to listen to this proposal. The Irish Party determined to attack Healy and O'Brien for their insubordination.

'We are not,' said the spokesman of the Irish Party, 'going to sell Home Rule for a glass of whisky.'

The election came. War was declared on Healy and O'Brien by the Irish Party. Except in a few isolated areas and in O'Brien's stronghold in Cork the Irish Party had no opposition. But in Healy's area in Louth there undoubtedly was opposition. For Healy

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was never a man to surrender his position without fighting like an angry tiger. The Party selected one of their youngest and most promising men to fight Healy. He was a young man called Richard Hazleton, a handsome young fellow, who liked good clothes.

Healy declared that he was delighted there was to be a fight, because he preferred a fight to a walk over. The Party did their best to oblige him. Redmond himself advanced on the constituency of North Louth and opened fire.

He began, of course, by saying that he had no personal animosity against Healy. He had, he said, secured for Healy his first seat in Parliament, and had protested strenuously against his expulsion from the Party in 1900. In 1908 he had been glad to welcome him back to the fold on the basis of the enlarged pledge which bound members to 'sit, act and vote with the Party and to support in Parliament and the country every decision come to by a majority of the Party! But Mr. Healy, in spite of this pledge, had attacked the Birrell Amending Land Act – which he called the "British Treasury Relief Bill" – and then had assailed the 1909 Budget, in spite of the fact that the Party had decided on a different line of action!

'I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion,' continued Redmond, 'that Mr. Healy cannot work with any set of men. He quarrelled with Parnell; he quarrelled with Davitt; he quarrelled with McCarthy; he quarrelled with Dillon; he quarrelled with Harrington; he quarrelled with William O'Brien; he quarrelled with Sexton; he quarrelled with T. P. O'Connor.'

Healy lost no time in answering Redmond. At all his meetings he was, of course, attended by a clerical bodyguard.

He scorned the idea that Redmond had found him

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his first seat. On the contrary, he said, it was he (Healy) who first brought Redmond's name to the notice of Parnell. He also claimed that it was he (Healy) who had secured for Redmond the chairmanship of the Party. He went one day to Redmond on the Terrace of the House of Commons and said:

'Redmond, don't you think we might shake hands?'

'Oh, Healy, my boy, how are you?' said Redmond.

They sat down, and then Healy said to Redmond:

'Redmond, I have no objection whatever to you being made leader of the Party.'

And so after enormous dissensions, he (Healy, according to Healy himself) put an end to dissension on the basis of Redmond being chairman.

'There was no "howlding" me with Redmond then,' he told the electors. 'I was a great fellow.'

There was a Parnellite paper in Dublin then, he continued, called the *Daily Independent*, and Redmond said to him (Healy):

'"We have no money" – you see Redmond did not give in till the last bun was ate – "could you get your friend Wm. Murphy to buy the *Independent*, as the *Freeman* is treating us very badly" – which was true. So I got Wm. Martin Murphy to buy the *Independent* for £15,000 to get Redmond out of his hobble. And the way he is rewarding me to-day is to send his hirelings into North Louth to abuse me.'

Healy also attacked T. P. O'Connor, who is now 'Father' of the English House of Commons, and a Privy Councillor. T. P. O'Connor was at that time editing a society paper called *M.A.P.* (Mainly About People). Healy amused himself with an article which appeared in this paper. He called the article 'blasphemous and filthy.' He said that M.A.P. meant 'Mainly About Piggeries.'

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'T. P. O'Connor,' he said, 'reminds me of a certain beetle which flies by night and which, however loudly it buzzes, always settles upon dung.'

Healy called his opponent 'Dandy Dick from Carolina.' He also called him 'The Draper's Dummy.' He also said that his opponent 'was brought to Dundalk in a parcels post hamper and stepped out without a crease in his new trousers.'

'My crime in Parliament,' he said, 'was that I opposed the Whisky Tax. The Liberal Nonconformists do not like whisky. Their Party is financed by Cadbury, the Cocoa people. Cocoa comes from the African islands where black men work naked to make a teetotal beverage for English Nonconformists.'

This is an exquisite joke; and it reminds me of the story told by a labour organizer about a certain school, run by Roman Catholic monks, near Dublin, for the charitable purpose of helping slum children. The funds of the school and of the clerical Order running the school were invested in slum property – not in Dublin, but in Liverpool. There is still a great deal of humour left in the inconsistency of human nature.

Richard Hazleton, Healy's opponent, attacked Healy.

'Mr. Healy,' he said, 'has been kind enough to give me a few unsolicited testimonials. He said he believed I was a very nice young man. Well, I believe I am good enough to beat him. Mr. Healy went further and admired my clothes. They have certainly the merit of being of Irish manufacture. I don't know if Mr. Healy dresses well, but I do know I am going to give him the best dressing he has ever had in his life. . . . Mr. Wm. O'Brien once described Mr. Healy's mouth as "an open sewer." But that is a vulgarity that a nice young man like myself could not descend to.'

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Cardinal Logue wrote a public letter, in which he lauded 'Mr. Healy's unimpeachable honesty and devotion to the interests of Ireland.' Healy, overcome with emotion, declared at a public meeting that he desired nothing more than that 'when he was dead and gone this great tribute would be placed in my coffin and buried in my grave.' Healy was elected by a majority of ninety-nine votes. Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh both sent him congratulatory telegrams on his 'magnificent victory.'

'This victory,' said Healy, 'will sweep with the wholesomeness of a hurricane across a swamp, expelling pestilential and mephitic vapours.'

What on earth was he talking about?

The result of the hurricane was to put Redmond, Healy's enemy at that time, into the position which Parnell used so ably. But unfortunately Redmond was not Parnell by any means. Parnell was dead. The two large English Parties were almost equally matched and the Labour Party was still of no consequence as regards numbers. The Irish Party held the balance of power. Redmond received a half-hearted promise from Asquith and decided to support the Liberals. At first he showed some resolution and called upon the Liberals to tackle the question of the Lords' Veto. That must be abolished or modified before Home Rule could have a chance of becoming law.

'Therefore,' said Redmond, 'let the Budget wait. When you have cut the claws of the Peers, you will have no difficulty in passing your Budget.'

In a series of speeches, he made 'No Veto, no Budget' his watchword. Some of the Radical newspapers supported him. However, Asquith decided to have the Budget passed into law first, knowing that the Lords would not reject it again after the country had

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returned a Liberal Government. He decided that the Veto could wait a little.

Healy poured scorn on Redmond's threats.

'They mean nothing,' he said; 'when the time comes, Redmond won't do anything.'

Healy was quite right. The Budget was passed and Redmond had merely to speak of Home Rule 'at no far distant date.' He told Ireland to 'trust Asquith.' He allowed his Party to become an adjunct of the Liberal Party. People say that Dillon was chiefly to blame for this; because they say that Dillon had become a Liberal. But it really does not matter what Dillon was, or what the Party became. . . in fact nothing matters in politics. The only thing that politics must be is a source of amusement.

King Edward VII died in May, 1910. A truce was called in English politics and a conference was arranged, in the hope of settling the question of the Veto. The conference lasted for several months, and finally ended in failure. Asquith again resigned. There was another election in December, 1910.

The Liberals contested the general election on the question of the Veto. Redmond and Dillon understood that the election was contested on the issue of Home Rule.

'Believe me,' said Redmond, 'the moment the Veto of the Lords is abolished or limited, the Home Rule question will undergo an entire change – instead of being a matter of great controversy, it will be simply a matter of sitting down quietly and settling the details of the measure.'

Healy again scorned these beliefs of Redmond. He ridiculed all the promises of the Liberal leaders and distrusted them. Therefore, the Party determined

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that they would make no mistake about him in this election. He must be routed at all costs.

In the previous autumn, Redmond had gone to the United States to collect some money. He returned with a great quantity of money. J. L. Garvin, now editor of the London *Observer*, called Redmond the 'Dollar Dictator.' A large sum of this money had been given specially by the Americans for the purpose of getting Healy out of Louth. The Irish race at home and abroad was united against Healy. That did not terrify him.

'They have as much chance of getting me out of Louth,' he said, 'as they have of getting that famous prophecy of theirs carried into effect of getting Home Rule before the King's Coronation.'

O'Brien and Healy's brother Maurice were also to be attacked, but Healy himself was the main objective. Dillon, or as Healy called him, Dull-as-Ditch-Water Dillon, raided the district and enumerated Healy's crimes with great vehemence. Hazleton was again chosen as Healy's opponent. Devlin with his gallant band of Hibernians picketed the place, distributing the ammunition that had been imported from the United States. The force of the Irish Party attack was so great that Healy's forces were cowed into an almost pacific state; so that there is no great tale of bloodshed to be recorded.

But we are glad to say that the polling day brought a very welcome incident. The following is a contemporary account of a very exciting skirmish that took place on that day:

'The town of Louth was thrown into a state of wild excitement as the afternoon advanced. The district is regarded as a stronghold of Mr. Hazleton; and when



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Mr. Healy arrived in a motor-car at two o'clock he was received with intense hostility. When he entered the school which served as a polling station the place was soon surrounded by a mob of 250 people, most of whom were intoxicated. The small force of police guarding it were soon swept out of the way. The Head Constable collected reinforcements and managed to hold the mob back. Frustrated in their effort to rush the booth, the crowd opened a persistent fire of stones and mud on the police. The latter closed their ranks and charged the mob with drawn batons. After an encounter lasting close on half an hour the police found themselves again being repulsed in the direction of the booth under a heavy fire of large stones.

'Head Constable O'Grady, of Kildare, who was in charge of the police, had at this time entered the booth and Mr. Healy intimated to the police officer that he desired to leave, as he was anxious to visit all the polling booths before nightfall. The Head Constable told Mr. Healy that he had already telegraphed to Dundalk for reinforcements, and as the crowd was again pressing it would be wiser for him to await their arrival before venturing out.

'The mob outside were yelling frantically, and the small body of police were almost powerless. Drawing a large black-board easel from a corner of the school-room, Mr. Healy proceeded to the door, which, at this stage, was blocked by the police.

'"Give me four of your constables to stand at my back," he said to the Head Constable, "and I will fight my way through the crowd."

'The Head Constable appealed to Mr. Healy not to attempt any such action, as he said it might cost him his life.

'"Then it is your opinion," asked Mr. Healy,

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“that I would endanger my life and limb if I went out?”

“I would certainly say so,” said the Head Constable.

Mr. Healy then left the easel in a corner, and wrote the following protest, a copy of which he handed to the presiding officer:

“Being compelled by the police to remain besieged in this station owing to the violence of a mob inflamed with drink, I beg to protest against the intimidation which prevails and which makes a free poll by my supporters impossible. Numbers of them have under terror been compelled to vote as illiterates (although on previous occasions they were able to mark their papers) and have polled for my opponent, and others of them are evidently deterred by mob violence from coming to the booths. — Truly yours, T. M. HEALY.”

The hour that followed saw the crowd dispersing back to town, many of them bearing traces about the head and face of baton strokes from the police. The gentleman who had driven Mr. Healy to Louth was set upon by a section of the mob and had to jump into his car and drive back to Dundalk. Mr. Healy, on learning that his motorist had fled, had a telegram sent to Dundalk for another car, which arrived on the outskirts of the town an hour later. Nightfall was now approaching and the reinforcements of constabulary had not arrived. At length Mr. Healy picked up a bar-bell which lay on the school floor, and pushing his way through the police, said:

“On the heads of the Chief Secretary and my opponents may lie the responsibility. I am going to leave this place now.”

He emerged from the polling station unobserved by any of his opponents, and on the advice of the Head Constable crossed an adjacent field in the opposite

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direction to which the crowd had gone. He reached his motor-car in safety and arrived in Dundalk absolutely unhurt before five o'clock.'

The result of the election was that Healy was defeated by 418 votes. He was driven out of North Louth after having held the place for nearly twenty years.

'If there is a law in the land governing elections,' said Healy, 'Hazleton will never take his seat.'

Healy was quite right. Hazleton was unseated for gross intimidation. Healy's integrity in the matter of conducting elections would have been splendidly vindicated, had not there been such a doubt over the methods used in the election contest against Callan.

Speaking of this election, Healy said:

'There is no freedom in public life, if this state of things with its panoply and pretence of religion and chaplains and true Christian charity is allowed to perfect itself and get the people into its toils.'

When the English Parliament met, Healy was not there, for the first time since 1881.

'It is hard to imagine Westminster without Mr. Healy,' said one Liberal paper. 'Without him the House of Commons will indeed lose much of its gaiety, and the debates much of their spice. A seat must be found and quickly for Tim.'

A seat was found for Healy in North-East Cork soon afterwards. This constituency continued to be represented by Healy from that date until he finally left the English Parliament.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE new English Parliament contained 272 Liberals, 271 Unionists, 42 Labourites, 72 Redmondites, and 8 O'Brienites. Redmond therefore held the balance of power. As Justin McCarthy once claimed, he held the Government of England 'in the hollow of his hand.' During his American tour he had boasted that he would make the Liberals 'toe the line.' At the same time he professed a strong belief in the sincerity of their promises.

Healy at this time had no belief in the sincerity of the Liberals. He saw that Redmond had a glorious opportunity of exercising his power, but he did not believe that Redmond would exercise that power. He made speech after speech, taunting Redmond. He told Redmond that the Liberals were fooling him, that he was a weakling in the hands of abler men, that he never had any backbone, and that he was not likely to have any now. 'You won't get anything from the Liberals,' he told Redmond to his face in the House of Commons, 'if you live to be as old as Methuselah.'

The terrible idiocy of politics is made manifest by the fact that Healy was not elected leader of the Irish Party at this juncture. Redmond was a country gentleman, of the old school, the eighteenth-century school. He was courteous and incapable of performing the more obscure tricks which are a necessary accomplishment of a first-class politician, when politics become an indoor game. He was a great orator, but oratory is of no consequence when politics become an

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indoor game. Because other politicians of course pay no attention to oratory. The only thing that will awe another politician is the knowledge that his opponent can trick more cleverly than himself. Oratory is useful only when politics are an outdoor game, to bamboozle the mob.

The only man to contend with the Liberal lawyer-politicians was Healy. He had political capacity equal to either Asquith or Lloyd George. He was perfectly suited, both by nature and by art, to understand the political methods of Lloyd George and to make that gentleman 'toe the line.' Mankind has lost a great treat in not having had Lloyd George and Healy, in the same Parliament, leading opposite factions.

Unfortunately the stupidity and the spleen of the Irish members forced Healy to act in Parliament as a lonely *franc-tireur*. The only man of any political ability in the party was the man who was most hated by his fellow politicians; and that because of his gay wit. Very possibly too, he was one of the few men in the Party whose personal integrity was beyond suspicion.

The first business of this Parliament was the Lords' Veto Bill. Asquith at the polls had been 'full of sound and fury' against the Lords. Asquith in Parliament was comparatively tame. The atmosphere of the House was so permeated with Lord Incense, accumulated during centuries, that the fury of the attacking Liberals was tempered into a gentle lordliness. Asquith, with a prophetic intuition, saw the embryo of Lord Oxford in the House of Lords, and loaded his cannons with bon-bons instead of loading them with shrapnel. The 'Parliament Bill' produced by Asquith (now Lord Oxford) laid down that the Lords could not touch money Bills and that in the case of other Bills,

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if these were passed in two successive sessions through the Commons and rejected by the Lords, they would be passed a third time over the heads of the Lords. Stead, the Radical feather-sticker, scoffed at this Bill. Redmond praised it without stint.

‘The Veto is dead,’ said Redmond. ‘Home Rule within a very short period is now as certain as to-morrow’s rising sun.’

Tim Healy grew sardonic, and repeated his views about Liberal sincerity and Redmond’s spinelessness. The Parliament Bill was passed.

Lloyd George’s Insurance Bill was passed in the same year, and that statesman became the popular idol among the English masses. He was giving the masses ‘rare and refreshing fruit,’ and ‘ninepence for fourpence.’ In his own country, Wales, he was glorified as the leader in the struggle for the disestablishment of the Church. The Lords loathed him as the taxer of land values, and the man who had accused the dukes of being the owners of plundered land – men whose hands were ‘dripping with the fat of sacrilege.’ Realizing that the English masses had no interest in Home Rule, Lloyd George had no interest in it.

The other strong man in this Cabinet was Winston Churchill, who was at that time a dangerous revolutionary Liberal. At that time he was almost as dangerous as Lloyd George. And since then, he has shown an equal capacity with Lloyd George for changing his opinions. A great statesman.

The other dangerous revolutionaries in the Cabinet, Asquith, Grey and Haldane, were not quite so red as Lloyd George and Churchill. They were Whigs. But Redmond saw red in every one of them. ‘Trust Asquith,’ he cried. ‘Trust the Liberals.’

While Healy warned them not to trust these

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Liberals, the Redmondites began again to partake of larks' wings with an excellent appetite. On Liberal platforms and in Liberal mansions and clubs, they gave public exhibitions of their appetite, much to the delight of English society. In this manner, the Insurance Bill was passed, and Home Rule was placed modestly in the background.

However, the Irish masses were quite happy about it, as they got their old-age pensions.

The Irish Bishops pronounced against this Insurance Act, for some reason or other. The followers of William O'Brien resisted its application to Ireland. Healy claimed that it would benefit nobody but the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who would have the administration of large sums of money in their hands and the placing of their members in fat jobs. It would encourage grazing and discourage agriculture.

Another law that was passed further placated the Irish members and induced them to become still more loyal to the English Government. They were given yearly pensions from the British Treasury. This law was not passed in the interest of the Irish members; but being on the spot they profited by it. Members of Parliament received four hundred a year. It was a very good law as far as the English were concerned, because it enabled English working men to become members of Parliament. But it had been a traditional usage among Irish Nationalist members to accept no pensions from the British Treasury. The Redmondites put up a sham opposition to the acceptance of this boon, but their resistance soon disappeared.

'Take it,' said the British Treasury, passing the money.

'No, we won't,' said the Irish nationalists shyly, hiding their heads in their hands.

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'Do take it,' said the British Treasury, crinkling the notes, under the poor devils' noses.

Hearing the crinkle of the Treasury notes, the Nationalist conscience underwent a gross temptation and finally vanished into thin air, where it is still wandering about among the other lost consciences.

There is no record to prove that Healy's conscience on this matter was more robust than that of the most depraved nationalist member. They all ate the flesh and quaffed the beer. And having eaten, their demoralization is reputed to have 'grown apace.' Having four hundred pounds a year, these gay fellows did not feel called upon to consult their constituents quite so often; because hitherto they had to consult their constituents whenever they wanted some money. Life in London became very enjoyable indeed. Farmers, publicans, inferior journalists and others whose greed was stronger than their patriotism became the recruits for the Redmondite party. Healy, having made a large fortune at the Irish Bar, could well afford to scoff at these needy fellows, who were beginning at the bottom rung.

At home in Ireland there was a state of apathy among the masses, who were drinking their old-age pensions. The Redmondite Members of Parliament were looked upon as the fathers of their country. At every meeting of Boards of Guardians and other rural legislatures, votes of confidence were passed in 'our matchless leaders.' The people who had shot down landlords 'as thick as partridges' were far more loyal to the British Crown than David Lloyd George. Healy and O'Brien were called 'soreheads and factionists.' A peasant raised his hat when he passed a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Publicans' wives in remote districts read the Court Gossip in the Irish newspapers



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and spent Sunday afternoons discussing Royal relationships and whether 'Lord So-and-so is going to marry Lady So-and-so.' The mass of the Irish people, living in country districts, as remote from thought and the instincts of civilization as the nomadic tribes on the Russian steppes, were sunk in a state of political degradation from which nothing seemed to be able to drag them. The whole force of centuries of degradation by corrupt and insolent landowners seemed to have fallen on them during this period, producing these horrible and inhuman traits of servility from which we are now trying to recover. The rising Irish middle class, the class that wanted Home Rule in order to satisfy its greed, was too busy at the moment stripping the bones that were cast to it from the British Treasury. It was too busy selling whisky and stout to the peasants, acting as gombeen men and place hunters, to worry with ideals, or even with legitimate and lordly ambition.

In this state of Ireland, it was left to the working class of the large towns to step into the breach in the struggle for the regeneration of a degraded and priest-ridden people.

We have seen already that Arthur Griffith had started the policy of Sinn Fein, restating the Nationalist struggle for legislative independence, forming a half-way house between Parliamentarianism and Fenianism. But this policy of Sinn Fein had not one ounce of enthusiasm behind it, other than the enthusiasm of a handful of small shopkeepers who wanted to become industrialists. It was the party of the poor middle class man who wanted to become the rich middle class man. In England the philosophic anarchists are recruited from the material that went to form the Sinn Fein Party. Newsvendors, small hucksters and journalists who cannot sell their wares. This

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party contained one man of ability, Arthur Griffith. He was an astute politician, and in the beginning he managed to attract to his standard the Fenians and the young poets who were not Fenians. But the Fenians soon left him because he did not believe in a policy of armed insurrection, and the poets left him because he did not believe in poetry. He only believed in statistics, arithmetic, and in himself.

The Sinn Fein movement never aroused any enthusiasm in Ireland, even among Nationalists. Whatever enthusiasm it aroused later was stolen from the Fenians who fought in 1916 and who were not Sinn Feiners at all, but largely hostile to it.

The movement that was responsible for the resurrection of Ireland was the Labour Movement. The two men who were responsible for the rise of the Irish Labour Movement were James Connolly and James Larkin. As this narrative is not a history of events, it is impossible here to go into the history of the struggle of these two men to form a Labour Movement in Ireland. Anybody who wants to understand Irish history of this period should read Connolly's books or the excellent treatise written by an American called Jesse Clarkson.

However, we must deal with it in a small measure because we must discover all the links in the chain that made Tim Healy Governor-General of the Irish Free State. The two men most responsible for making Healy Governor-General of the Irish Free State were James Connolly and James Larkin. For that reason it is necessary to get a scant knowledge of their work.

Nowadays Labour is regarded as a pariah in the Irish nationalist movement by the publicans and lawyers who compose the brotherhood of Irish patriotism. But the fact remains that the first Republican Party in

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Ireland was founded by James Connolly in 1896. It was called the Irish Socialist Republican Party. Until then, no Irish Republican had enough courage to come into the open and say on a public platform that he was a Republican. He brought his Republicanism into a cellar and concealed it there under a sack of oaths. This Socialist Republican Party was so numerous that Connolly once brought it around Dublin on an Irish jaunting car. But though it was small in numbers it was large in intelligence. For at its head was the only Irish philosopher of consequence that we have had in Ireland since the days of Bishop Berkeley. This comparison will astonish George Russell and scandalize the followers of Connolly. The Republicanism of Connolly was not parochial. It was international. He had as much contempt for the Irish gombeen men Nationalists as he had for the hypocritical English patriots. He aimed for the destruction of all nationalist frontiers, and the union of the human race in a commonwealth of free nations. He appealed to the mass of the Irish people, and he fearlessly exposed all the superstitions imposed upon the people by the priests, landlords, publicans and lawyers.

There came to his assistance another great man, James Larkin. Larkin landed in Belfast from Liverpool, and in a few days succeeded in doing what all the hordes of patriots had never succeeded in doing, either before him or after him, he succeeded in uniting the Orange and Catholic workmen into one organization. From Belfast he came to Dublin. Soon after his arrival Ireland was in a ferment. A man of tremendous personality, of great oratorical power, of superhuman energy, a born leader of men, an incomparable organizer, fearless, astute, cunning, he soon set the workers on fire with enthusiasm. He dashed up and

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down the country organizing, agitating, until the whole host of priests, lawyers, publicans and politicians rose as one man and appealed to God to protect them from this monster. Larkin proved that the Irish employers, those saintly fellows who appealed to the world to protect them from the 'vile and bloody Saxon,' were by far the most tyrannical masters in Europe. The world was horrified when the state of the Dublin slums was made known. This evil was so great that it staggered the most callous intelligence. Yet it had not staggered the intelligence of the Irish politicians who had been mouthing on public platforms for years previously about the virtue of the Gael and the gross perfidy of the base Saxon.

Not a single faction of the Irish nationalist movement supported Larkin. Griffith loathed the man. The Redmondites loathed him. The priests loathed him. Yet it was he enabled them to come into power. Such is the irony of fate.

The great revolutionary wave which caused the World War and the Russian Revolution had begun to disturb Europe. Socialist movements had sprung up in various countries. In subjected peasant communities there were nationalist upheavals. The English Liberals introduced a Home Rule Bill (1912).

This Bill proposed to give Ireland a Parliament subordinate to the Imperial Parliament. The Irish Parliament would have no power in the matter of peace, war, the Crown, treaties, army, navy, coinage, Land Purchase, P.O. Savings Banks. It would have no control over police for six years. It would have no fiscal autonomy. The adjustment of the financial relations between the two countries was a proceeding so complicated that it would have puzzled Morgan. Ignoring the fact that the Empire had been robbing

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Ireland for a considerable number of years, it now proposed that Ireland should recoup the Imperial Treasury for the travelling and other expenses incurred by the Empire while robbing Ireland.

Redmond (and he is reputed to have been quite sober at the time) declared that this Bill was the final settlement of the feud between the two nations. It is reported that Redmond and Dillon were largely responsible for the financial clauses of the Bill. Neither Healy nor O'Brien was consulted.

O'Brien declared that the Home Rule Bill 'was a generous measure of local and administrative legislation, but not in the remotest degree approaching national independence.' Healy made a strong speech in support of it in the House of Commons. He said that though its financial clauses were 'putrid' it was too big an advance to be spurned. It was not a repeal of the Union. The sovereignty of the Irish Parliament was, he said, as dead as Julius Cæsar. It did not by any means make Ireland 'great, glorious and free.' But it was in many respects generous. If he had the drawing up of the Senate he would give half the nominated members to the Protestant Synods of Ireland.

'I do not accept the finance of the Bill at all. As Ireland does not want to live on your outdoor relief, neither should you want to live on ours. Ireland has been robbed of over £300,000,000 during the century in over-taxation. But I am willing that Ireland should make a proper contribution to the upkeep of the Empire.'

'The way to settle this question is to cure the heart-ache of Ireland.'

'This Bill does not give Ireland a Parliament. The proposed assembly in Dublin would no more be a Parliament than you can turn a man into a woman by calling him Mary.'

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Having said this, he regretted having thrown doubts on Asquith's sincerity, withdrew all such imputations and thanked Asquith (now Lord Oxford) for bringing in the Bill.

At this point, another great Irishman makes a dramatic appearance in Irish politics. He appeared as the antagonist of this Home Rule Bill. He was Edward Carson, a native of Dublin. In ability, he was very nearly the equal of Parnell; though in reality he resembled Larkin more than he resembled Parnell, with the exception that he chose a conservative attitude towards politics instead of the revolutionary one chosen by Larkin. But the labels under which political leaders march are of very little consequence. The three men, Parnell, Larkin and Carson, approximated considerably in ability. They are the three most astonishing men produced by Ireland, perhaps in her whole history; unless we except the heroes discovered by Standish O'Grady. Yes, yes, we must give the laurels to the ancient heroes, since, like Achilles, they are poetic licences. But of all our historical figures, these three men are easily the most romantic. They are three virile types, and it is encouraging for the future of the nation that we can produce these types in such abundance.

Carson, instead of choosing to lead his own Dublin people, chose to lead the population of the North-East Corner of Ulster. This portion of Ireland, once a very civilized Pictish community, had for some reason or other become loyal to the British Crown. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was a nest of Republicanism, but since then it has become very conservative. The whole tradition of this corner of Ireland consists in doing exactly the opposite of what the rest of Ireland is doing. These people not only do the exact opposite to what the rest of the Irish people are doing,

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but they think the exact opposite. Two thousand three hundred years ago, the population of this corner of Ireland boasted that they were holding out against four-fifths of Ireland. They were Republican when Ireland was Royalist in 1798. They adopted the Protestant religion because the Southern Irish retained the Papacy. I have no evidence to prove that the North-East Irish were Catholic before the coming of the Normans, but I suspect they were, because at that time the Southern Irish were Heretical Protestants, and had to be invaded by the English (by order of the Pope) to be brought back to the Papal Communion. But we do know that the North-East Irish were responsible for introducing St. Patrick into Ireland. When that Saint arrived in Wicklow, he got a bad reception. But when he landed near the modern town of Belfast he was able to start a Revival Meeting without any difficulty. The natives of North-East Ulster are more Irish than any other Irish people. Yet they maintain they are English. Such is the extraordinary power of contradiction and inconsistency in the Ulster character that, in one and the same breath, they curse the Pope and cheer for King William of Orange, even though both these gentlemen were bosom friends and faithful allies.

Carson was very wise in choosing to lead these people, because they are much more easily led than the population of the South of Ireland. They are a very warlike people and the least encouragement brings them on to the field of battle; much more warlike than the Southern Irish, who are really a gentle, pacifist people.

The man who led Ulster before Carson was Colonel Saunderson. He was a gentleman, not a lawyer. Carson was a lawyer. Balfour discovered him in the old Coercion days. He was then a Castle Prosecutor, and

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received rapid promotion, until finally he succeeded Colonel Saunderson as leader of the Ulster Orangemen. T. P. O'Connor, now 'Father' of the English House of Commons, once described Carson as follows: 'Just as the sight of an Abbé gave M. Homais in *Madame Bovary* an unpleasant whiff of the winding sheet, there is something in the whole appearance of Mr. Carson that conveys to me the dank smell of the prison and the suffocating sense of the scaffold.'

In his new rôle of leader of the Ulster Orangemen, Sir Edward Carson found strong support among the English Unionists. Bonar Law, leader of the English Unionist Party, was his personal friend. The House of Lords supported him solidly. He also knew that Asquith and the Liberals were more or less indifferent about Home Rule, and that they would take no extreme measures against him. Under these circumstances he became a violent Ulster Nationalist, and in an extraordinary manner, he revived the old Pictish nation that once ruled in Ulster. In a few years the Ulster people developed all the symptoms of virulent nationalism, conservatism, jingoism and imperialism. Carson cried: 'We will march from Ulster to Cork if this thing happens, even if not one of us shall ever return.' It seemed that the old dream of the Red Branch Knights, of Cuchulainn and of King Conn-cubhar was about to be realized. In fact, it is asserted in well-informed Spiritualistic circles that a message was received from that great Ulsterman Cuchulainn, in the following words: 'Roum, Boum, Mananaan Mac Lir (Not an inch. Kill 'em all, Carson.)'

This extraordinary man again proved the old proverb, that you can't tell a book by the cover, or a politician by his label. He declared in the same year (1912): 'I intend when I go over to Ulster to break



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every law that is possible. Let the Government do what they like. I'm not afraid of them, for a more wretched, miserable, time-serving opportunist lot never sat in Parliament.' Here was this violent revolutionary masquerading under the guise of Conservatism in order to gain his objective of setting up in Ulster an Imperialist nation, with designs on the conquest of Cork.

Another gallant man called J. H. Campbell was equally heroic, jingoistic and Ulstermanish. He cried, with his right hand on his left lung: 'The path of duty and honour imperatively calls upon us to resist to the death.' The hapless man suffered the fate prophesied by himself, for that man called J. H. Campbell has been swallowed up by a man called Lord Glenavy, who is chairman of the Irish Free State Senate. But it is rumoured that a small portion of the soul of J. H. Campbell still survives in the large intestine of Lord Glenavy, and that now and again, while presiding over his 'rebel' assembly, he feels an almost irresistible inclination to shout: 'Not an inch.'

While these warlike preparations were made by Sir Edward Carson, Bonar Law and Lord Glenavy, a Convention was held in Dublin by the Redmondite party and the Home Rule Bill was unanimously accepted. Bonfires were lit. Asquith came to Dublin and received a great welcome. He spoke from the same platform as John Redmond.

At the same time, a great gathering of Peers, financiers, lawyers and brewers met at the Duke of Marlborough's house in England. Bonar Law solemnly pledged himself to support Ulster's resistance to the death. At Belfast a Covenant was signed. The Ulster nation, newly reorganized after a lapse of two thousand years, began to form an army for the purpose of annexing Cork.

Alas! It did not do so.

## CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN a scientist discovers a new tulip as the result of skilful selection there is general rejoicing among botanists. When a new nation is produced by skilful manœuvring of diplomatists, the rejoicing is not so general; because humanity feels that nations are not as precious as tulips and that there are enough of the damn things in the world already. The British Government produced this Ulster nation in order to irritate the Irish people. The Irish people are not a bit thankful to the British Government. The British Government hatched out the Ulster nation in order to defeat the Home Rule Bill which it was offering to the Irish people.

In January, 1913, the Home Rule Bill passed through the House of Commons by a large majority. The Lords immediately rejected it. In June it was again introduced into the Commons, and again passed by almost the same majority. Again the Lords rejected it. Peers, wasted by disease and good living, were wheeled up in Bath chairs to vote against it.

While this amusing comedy was being enacted in the House of Commons, the Feudalists were preparing for war. English Feudalists marched on Belfast and incited the Orangemen to protect their new national consciousness with force and violence. The father of Winston Churchill once cried: 'Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right.' Bonar Law declared that 'he could imagine no length to which Ulster would go which he would not be ready to support.' F. E. Smith,

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who is at present an aristocrat with the title of Lord Birkenhead, brandished a tomahawk and cried: 'If the Government use coercion on Ulster they will be lynched from the London lamp-posts.'

Can anybody imagine Lord Birkenhead lynching Winston Churchill?

Sir Edward Carson threw off his coat and attacked David Lloyd George in great fashion. He said that Lloyd George was 'paid £5,000 a year to spit out dirt by the yard.' He also said that 'he had seen Mr. Lloyd George in a Privy Council uniform and he nearly mistook him for a gentleman.'

Excited by the war fever, Lord Birkenhead became poetic. He cried at Derry in a moment of exaltation: 'I clasp your hand to-night and I say under God we are with you in this fight.'

An English satirist wrote of him:

'For your legal cause and civil  
You fight well and get your fee;  
For your God or dream or devil  
You will answer, not to me.  
Talk about the pews and steeples  
And the cash that goes therewith!  
But the souls of Christian peoples . . .  
— Chuck it, Smith!'

Another extremely brave man, under the circumstances, was equally militant. This man was William Joynson-Hicks, now Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary in the British Cabinet. He declared on December 6, 1913: 'The people of Ulster had behind them the Unionist Party. Behind them was the Lord God of Battles. In His name and their name he said to the Prime Minister, "Let your armies and batteries fire. Fire if you dare. Fire and be damned!"'

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This dangerous revolutionary is now engaged in stamping out revolution in England; a kind of infanticide; for undoubtedly the revolutionaries (mostly imaginary, I fancy) who now exist in England, must be the offspring of Sir William Joynson-Hicks and his Lord God of Battles. In a recent general strike he was very prominent in denouncing the unconstitutional action of the strikers.

Encouraged by these promises of Unionist support, the Ulster Nation set up a Provisional Government in Ulster.

The Fenians in the South of Ireland were delighted. When the Ulstermen began to enrol volunteers for their army, the Southern Irishmen did likewise. Ulstermen living in the South of Ireland were the leaders in the establishment of the Irish Volunteers in October, 1913, chief among them being John McNeill, Sir Roger Casement and Captain John White, D.S.O., son of General White, the defender of Ladysmith.

Another very important event happened in Ireland that year. It was an event far more important than volunteering or the Home Rule Bill. That event was the Dublin Strike. As it is not a political event, I am not justified in dealing at length with it; but as Healy is connected with it, I must perhaps be guilty of one error in taste, for I made it a rule in this narrative to deal only with his political life. But as he came in conflict with Larkin in this strike, the temptation to watch the attitude of these two men towards one another was too great to be resisted. Both masters of the art of vituperation, they met in Court and said some funny things.

By the middle of 1913, Larkin had gained control over the Port of Dublin. The dock workers idolized him. Somebody has said of him that he 'seized the Dublin workers by the scruff of the neck' and made

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them stand erect. The big shipping firms had capitulated to his demands. Numerous firms in the city had yielded to his demands for better conditions. It appeared that soon Dublin would no longer be an eyesore on the map of Europe, as the greatest sweating centre in the British Islands. However, one employer determined to defeat Larkin. That employer was William Martin Murphy, a close friend of Tim Healy, a native of Bantry and one of the most powerful men in Dublin. He owned the tramway system and the *Irish Independent*. He also had interests in railways and shipping. He owned the biggest drapery store in the city, and he was head of the Dublin Employers' Federation.

When the great strike came, the struggle was between him and Larkin. On Murphy's side were the clergy of all denominations, the Castle Government and the Freemason Society, the majority of the politicians and, of course, the general business community. On Larkin's side was the Transport Workers' Union and part of the English Labour Movement, together with some Irish poets like George Russell and the majority of the Irish intellectuals. Contrary to what one might expect, the small Sinn Fein section violently opposed Larkin and Arthur Griffith talked of having the strikers bayoneted. In the end Larkin was defeated after a heroic struggle.

In October, 1913, a Board of Trade Inquiry was set up to examine the causes of the Labour troubles in the city. In this inquiry Tim Healy represented the employers; Larkin represented the workers. Healy made a long speech lasting several hours, in favour of the employers, priests, Freemasons, Castle Authorities and business people. But his usual violence of expression was lacking, possibly owing to the nature of his antagonist. The following are extracts from his speech:

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‘The action taken in the name of trade unionism was sufficient to make every honest trade unionist in the three Kingdoms ashamed of the name.’

‘Larkin had broken every agreement made and had broken them behind the backs of the men. The men were puppets in the hands of Larkin.’

‘Mr. Larkin’s organization had conducted its work with great skill and ability.’

‘Mr. Larkin had reduced the shipping trade to a state of surrender – a remarkable feat.’

‘Mr. Larkin acts the part of a Napoleon. He orders this or that and it is done.’

‘Mr. Larkin, like a skilful general, in order to inflame his troops had been for some years engaged in abusing Mr. Murphy. It was always, he believed, in accordance with the rules of war to say about the French that they ate frogs or the Russians that they ate candles. Accordingly Mr. Larkin had described Mr. Murphy as the greatest ogre, a monster in human shape. All the others had met Larkin and had dealings with him, but Mr. Murphy never met him and would not see him.’

‘It was all done in the name of “the divine mission to create discontent.”’

‘The Union was Larkin and Larkin was the Union. The only body that had gained by Larkinism was the emigration agent and the recruiting sergeant.’

Larkin replied:

‘Christ,’ he said, ‘will not be crucified any longer in Dublin by these men.’

‘The majority of the employers had no association with Dublin by birth and had no feelings or respect for Ireland’s interests; they were sweaters who had no interests save to grind wealth out of the souls and bodies of the workers.’

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‘Mr. Murphy was unable to state his own case, though helped by his own friend and able spokesman, Mr. Healy.’

‘No matter how high the world was built, thought could not be kept out by the theologians or the police or the politicians.’

‘Mr. Healy was so immersed in the law books that he did not know the laws of life.’

‘In the field of battle a man who betrayed his comrades was shot like a dog, and the day would come when the traitor in an industrial warfare would be dealt with as a traitor was dealt with on a field of battle.’

‘It would be well for Ireland if all the Healys and Carsons were sent out of it.’

‘Mr. Healy taunted him with having come from Liverpool. The reason he came from Liverpool was that he heard Mr. Healy was going to London and two great men could not be in the same country at one time.’

‘Mr. Healy had said that these labour troubles were arguments against Home Rule. But Home Rule was more essential to their class than to any other. The workers wanted Home Rule not for monetary or ambitious reasons; they wanted Home Rule in the interests of the country; not in the interests of a few people only concerned in building up large bank balances. Mr. Healy had compared them to “Chocolate soldiers.” Mr. Healy should have quoted further from the same brilliant author, who had stated in a lecture in Dublin that 8,000 children of the poor were locked up in the bastilles of the Dublin workhouses. George Bernard Shaw was as good an Irishman as Ireland ever produced. If they had a few more Shaws and a few less Healys it would be all the better for Ireland. Mr.

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Healy would not preach what they were preaching because it would not pay him.'

In the struggle of wits, Healy was easily defeated. Larkin's cross-examination of Murphy was masterly, and were it not for Healy's help the great employer would have cut a very sorry figure indeed. The Court of Inquiry proposed a settlement; but of course Murphy refused a settlement, determined to starve the workers into submission. He succeeded in doing so.

We are exceedingly sorry to relate that Healy played this part in the most scandalous episode in recent Irish history.

The political result of this strike was the establishment of the Irish Citizen Army. Captain John White, D.S.O., was largely responsible with Larkin and Connolly for the organization of this body. This army, under James Connolly, was chiefly responsible for the Rebellion of Easter Week; thus contributing a large part towards the establishment of Healy as Governor-General.

In March, 1914, a mutiny of army officers took place at the Curragh of Kildare. These officers declared that they would not march against Ulster. The Government took hardly any action against them, and it became obvious that the Liberals had no intention of bringing to justice the revolutionary Unionists, Birkenhead, Joynson-Hicks, Carson and Bonar Law. Churchill said that 'Carson had it in his power to wreck this Bill.' This, of course, was as much as to say that the writ of the British Government did not carry in Ulster.

In spite of that, Redmond still shouted, 'Trust Asquith.' Healy, on the other hand, became sorry that



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he had paid tributes of sincerity to Asquith. Speaking at Mitchelstown he said: 'The old captains and admirals are no longer on the quarter-deck, and the wheel has been taken over by the cabin and pantry boys. The national cause has been reduced to the position of a huckster's shop. Ireland is being sold as if it were a beast at a fair. . . . Mr. Redmond has been kicked and cuffed up and down every Parliamentary borean and lobby. . . . The Liberals are out for the dismemberment of the country. They want to create another Alsace-Lorraine. If the country didn't put its foot down the Nationalist Party was about to betray it.'

It is interesting to note that Healy at this time blamed the Nationalist Party for the dismemberment of Ireland, and that he opposed Partition. He himself, of course, in 1890, had contributed slightly to a certain amount of disunion.

In spite of Healy's patriotic warning, the Nationalist leaders continued to dine at Downing Street and the *Freeman's Journal* continued to refer to them as 'our heaven-sent leaders.' Bishop O'Dwyer, to whom William O'Brien had referred in such an uncomplimentary manner, declared that the Party were 'mere puppets of the Liberals.' The mass of the Irish people, however, were extremely loyal to the English Government and to Redmond; excepting the revolutionary North-East Ulster.

Made still more brave by the success of the Curragh Mutiny, the Ulstermen intrigued with the German Emperor, uncle of the English King, and managed to get a shipload of military weapons over from Hamburg to Larne. They received forty thousand rifles. The British troops made no effort to prevent them landing the guns. The British Government took no action against them.

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In the South the National Volunteers also grew in numbers. Redmond and the Irish Party had scoffed at these Volunteers at the beginning, but when they saw their increasing numbers, they tried to assume control over them. They partly succeeded in doing so, and in June, Redmond was admitted to the executive. But the Fenians retained a majority of the executive. Ireland now seemed to be on the verge of Civil War. The north and south were drilling, eager to get at one another's throats. The excitement was intense. It was partly political but in large part religious. The Orangemen had a real fear of Catholicism and the Catholics of the south had a real fear of Ulster Protestantism. The only party in Ireland who welcomed this unrest was the Republican or Fenian Party.

In July the King of England summoned the various Irish leaders to Buckingham Palace for a conference. Redmond there agreed that any Irish county could vote itself out of the Home Rule Act if it wished. But the conference failed in spite of that. In the same month, the Nationalists landed guns at Howth, near Dublin. There was a skirmish with the military. The military shot down unarmed people at Bachelor's Walk, Dublin. The Government prohibited the importation of arms into Ireland.

On August 4, England was at war with Germany and the situation was saved, as far as the politicians were concerned.

## CHAPTER XXIV

As far as one can gather, all the English and Irish politicians were delighted with the outbreak of a European war. Redmond, who was by no means of a warlike disposition, was extremely glad to get out of a situation in which he had to pose as the leader of the Irish people against the armed forces of rebellious Ulster. So he gladly offered the Irish people to the English Government. 'Line 'em all up,' he said. 'They'll free Belgium for you.' In return for this Irish support in the war, he made no bargain whatsoever. Considering that the war was for the purpose of freeing small nations he might at least have asked for the freedom of Ireland in return for the thousands of Irishmen he offered to sacrifice for the liberation of small Belgium. But he was too glad to get rid of his difficulty to demand any such thing. The English, of course, were delighted with him. Sir Edward Grey declared that Ireland was 'the one bright spot' in the whole Empire.

The newspapers which had been publishing ape-like cartoons of Redmond now applauded his statesmanship and generosity.

At the same time the Irish people, possibly anxious to avoid the fury of the rebellious Ulstermen, preferred to fight in Flanders to fighting in their own country. They became violently enthusiastic about England's cause. Led by the priests, they cried with one voice that Catholic Belgium must be freed from the assaults of Catholic Bavaria. In this instance, it might be very

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cynical (but very true) to state that the Irish enthusiasm was largely inspired by hopes of the large profits to be reaped from supplying the English army with food.

The people of Ulster, of course, were equally enthusiastic, and they went forth in a body to defend the freedom of Catholic Belgium from the Puritan Prussian; forgetting that they had a few weeks previously been massing to rout the Catholic population of Southern Ireland.

Healy and O'Brien grew equally imperialistic. These two gentlemen, who had been telling the Irish that Redmond was selling the Irish people, had now no qualms of conscience about asking the Irish to slaughter Germans. Healy put his motor-car at the disposal of the Red Cross, and he became a recruiting sergeant.

Thus we see the extraordinary nature of a politician again exposed. These noble gentry who were too old to fight themselves had no compunction about asking young men to fight for them. For what? Nobody has since been able to discover what the young men were asked to fight for. It cannot have been to save Catholic Belgium; because that country, after her treatment of the Congo people, deserved to be wiped off the map of Europe instead of being saved.

But humanity is proof against any form of satire. The stupidity of humanity is proof against reason. The rascality of politicians, however, is largely responsible for human stupidity, and if politicians could be scientifically treated, exterminated, or imprisoned in lunatic asylums, perhaps human beings could live in harmony.

In September, the Home Rule Bill passed the Commons for the third time, and became law under the

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provisions of the Parliament Act. Redmond grew hysterical with joy in the House of Commons, and spoke of a 'great charter of liberty.' The Party members cheered wildly and in an outburst of gratitude to England they sang 'God Save the King.' That was very poor consolation for our brothers, the English community, who were being at that time massacred by order of the King's uncle. However, at the same time, the Government passed a Suspensory Bill, suspending the operation of the Act for the period of the war. It has remained there ever since. Carson looked with contempt at all this business. A few days afterwards he declared at Belfast that he would repeal the Act.

In spite of the suspension of the Home Rule Act, the Irish peasants, rapidly making money on the war, grew more and more loyal to the British Crown. They now hated the Germans far more bitterly than they ever hated the cruel and perfidious Saxon, whoever that gentleman may be. All classes of Irishmen went into hysterics of war fever. The only group that stood aside was the Fenian group and the Socialist group under Connolly. In England, the only man of prominence who realized in time of war that war was inhuman, was a great Irishman, George Bernard Shaw. The English Labour leaders, who realized in peace time that war was 'orrible, realized in war time that it was a very lucrative business. The masses of the English people continued to be murdered. The masses of the Irish people continued to be murdered. Masses of Germans, French, Russians and damn Belgians continued to be murdered. In Dublin, as elsewhere, German shops were looted and burned. Christianity showed itself everywhere in its true guise as the worship of death and the religion of organized plunder, massacre and gross folly.

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Asquith (now Lord Oxford) came to Dublin and appeared again on the same platform as John Redmond, asking for recruits, 'as the free gift of a free people.' These the Irish very readily granted. Those who were too old to fight urged the young to go and fight. The wealthier people urged the poor to go and fight. Jails, workhouses and cheap doss-houses were emptied of their inhabitants and sent out to fight. Tramps were rounded up on the roads and sent out to fight. But neither the priests, politicians, publicans, lawyers or farmers, who were making money on the murder business – I say none of these people went out to fight.

The people for whom the war was started largely composed the battalions of those sent out to be murdered, in other words, the working class.

Here it is well to lay stress on the idiotic hypocrisy of Irish nationalism, the jingo nationalism as distinct from the community sense of those who want this country to be free of jingoist imperialism in order that it may become civilized like the rest of Europe. These jingo Nationalists, who previous to the war were cursing the foul and treacherous Saxon, were now praising the Saxon. Why? Because they were making money out of him. That is the sum total of jingo nationalism. The Irish nationalist, like every nationalist, can be bought by the highest bidder. Nationalism is just another name for speculative usury.

In September, 1914, when Redmond offered the Irish volunteers to England for the purpose of freeing small nations, he was expelled from the Irish Volunteers by the Fenians. He then started a force of his own, called the National Volunteers. As this force consisted of a considerable number of farmers and other gombeen men, they did not all go out to fight. But a large

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number of them went out. By April, 1915, Redmond was able to boast that fifteen thousand of these hapless human beings had gone out to fight.

At this time Healy protested against the treatment of Irish regiments. As a good Christian he was determined that Irish soldiers should be allowed to murder and be murdered in proper fashion, with clean shirts, full bellies, and the ministrations of their Church. As a good lawyer and an interested spectator of this unspeakable massacre, he was eager that it should be conducted in the proper manner, with fair play and due respect for established usage in connection with murder of this sort.

In May of the same year a Coalition Government was formed, containing a good number of the politicians who were calling one another names in the previous year. Lloyd George, the gentleman whom Sir Edward Carson had 'almost mistaken for a gentleman,' was in this Cabinet. Sir Edward Carson was there also.

It is well to pass as rapidly as possible over this period of organized murder, in order to conceal as much as possible the rather deplorable attitude of a Roman Catholic Christian like Healy towards war. So we come directly to the Rebellion of 1916, the Rebellion that made Healy a Governor-General.

A small party of Irishmen, finding a war on the continent of Europe for the freedom of small nations, decided to make an attempt to free their own country by a similar method. They attempted to get German aid for this purpose; because, since England was freeing the small countries under German tyranny, these Irishmen thought that Germany might be induced (as in the case of Ulster) to free the small nations under English tyranny. The German aid did not arrive. Sir

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Roger Casement, who was bringing it, was captured and later executed in London.

Therefore, in May, 1916, some eight hundred Irishmen, led by a number of young intellectuals and one Socialist, declared a Republic in Dublin, and attempted to seize the town. The whole British Empire was horrified at this bad taste on the part of the Irishmen; because while a large fight is proceeding according to law, it is simply not cricket to start a small one. The Irish people, making money in the big war, were violently indignant with the authors of the small war, out of which they could not possibly make any money. It did not matter to the Irish people that the authors of the insurrection were nationalists, fighting for a policy which the Irish people pretended to support a few years previously. No. The sow at the mess tub was not to be disturbed by a call to prayer. In a few days, after a very gallant fight, the small band was forced to surrender and the leaders were executed. The rank and file of the revolutionaries were transported to English prisons, and as they were marched through the streets of Dublin, they were booed by the populace and struck with buckets of hot ashes from tenement windows.

The reputed gallantry of the Irish race, and their love for valour, was not proof against their hatred of Germany. As a whole they did not raise one word of protest against the massacre of the revolutionary leaders. The only two Irishmen of any consequence who protested against the massacre of the prisoners were George Bernard Shaw and Francis Ledwidge the poet. And Francis Ledwidge was a soldier in the English army at the time, fighting for small nations. The protest against the massacre of the prisoners, the protest that should have been made by the Irish people, was



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made by the *Manchester Guardian*, the newspaper that more or less represents the views of the educated among the English community.

What attitude did the Irish adopt? It is on record that the two newspapers representing the views of the mass of the Irish people adopted the following attitude:

The *Irish Independent* was owned at that time by Tim Healy's friend William Martin Murphy. On this paper's first appearance after the rebellion, it described the rising as 'the act of unfilial ingrates who have bismirched the fair name and honour of Ireland.' When all the leaders had been shot with the exception of the socialist Connolly, this newspaper became terrified that even one of them might escape. Connolly had been one of the leaders of the slum dwellers in 1913 against the tyranny of Murphy. He had been severely wounded during the rebellion and his executioners were waiting for him to get well enough to be killed properly and in good order. The *Irish Independent*, on the other hand, thought that the Government was about to spare him. Terrified that the Government might listen to the plea for mercy raised by Shaw and the *Manchester Guardian*, William Martin Murphy's newspaper on May 10 carried the following passage:

'If these men (the remaining leaders) are treated with too great a leniency, they will take it as an indication of weakness . . . it is necessary that society should be protected. . . . Weakness to such men at this stage may be fatal. Let the ringleaders be singled out.'

Of course, when the *Independent* printed this, all the ringleaders except Connolly had been singled out. They were already dissolving in quicklime at Kilmainham jail. Connolly alone remained. The *Independent* waited another day for Connolly's death and then

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when nothing happened, it grew alarmed. On May 12 it said:

‘Certain of the leaders remain undealt with . . . are they because of an indiscriminate demand for leniency to get off lightly? If so, leniency will be interpreted as a sign of weakness.’

Next day James Connolly was shot dead by the Government. Pilate could no longer resist the clamour of the mob. As a Spanish gentleman once said:

‘Surely Christ never died for such a people!’

This newspaper, the *Irish Independent*, is now talking arrogantly of a Greater Gaelic State, on the plan of Mussolini. Not three golden balls, but all the golden balls of the Medicis would be needed to adorn such a pawnshop.

The other Irish newspaper was called the *Irish Times*. It represented the Southern Irish Unionists. It was an Imperialist paper, with feudalist conceptions of society. It was acting according to its convictions when it denounced the rebellion and praised the murder of the prisoners. But it is extraordinary, in view of the Gaelic revival in vogue at present among ultra-nationalists, that the editor of this Anglo-Saxon newspaper was called Healy; the same name as the subject of this narrative. This Gael wrote on the rebellion:

‘All the elements of disaffection have shown their head. The State has struck, but its work is not yet finished. The surgeon’s knife has been put to the corruption in the body of Ireland, and its course must not be stayed until the whole malignant growth has been removed. In the verdict of history weakness to-day would be even more criminal than the indifference of the last few months. . . . The rapine and bloodshed of the past week must be finished with a severity which

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will make any repetition of them impossible for many generations to come.'

When I say that the editor had just eaten some soup before he wrote this my fellow-countrymen will understand me.

This newspaper now supports the Government established in Ireland as the result of the rebellion of 1916. It has not yet declared for the Greater Gaelic Pawnshop, possibly because the Gaels have not invented yet a soup superior to any to be found in London.

The Sinn Feiners had opposed this rebellion and hardly any Sinn Feiners had taken part in it; but on the advice of the *Irish Times*, most of the Sinn Feiners were arrested and thus became national heroes shortly afterwards. The result of the arrest and deportation of the Sinn Feiners was that the Republican movement arising out of the rebellion became a Sinn Fein movement. All parties united in ignoring the part taken by the Citizen Army Socialists in the rebellion, and the movement became purely nationalist, on the pawnshop basis.

Even under these circumstances, the politicians merely examined the rebellion from the point of view of personal advantage. Redmond expressed his 'horror and detestation' of the crime, and called for 'firmness.'

I sincerely doubt whether the former associate of the 'man from Newcastle-on-Tyne' was horrified at this 'crime,' but I have no evidence that Healy protested in public against the execution of the prisoners. Neither is there any evidence that he loudly denounced the 'criminals.' A few weeks after the rebellion, he wrote in the *Sunday Times*:

'The Corporation stop-cock could have ended the

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revolt by cutting off the water supply in selected areas. . . . The courage of the Sinn Feiners atoned for much of their folly in the minds of those who realized that their spirit was not pro-German, but a revolt against the conversion of Dublin Castle into a Redmondite Tammany Hall, and an answer to the corruption, jobbery and judgemongering of the Molly Maguires in the vestments of religion.'

One wonders what President Cosgrave, one of the 1916 revolutionists, thinks of the 'folly' of that insurrection? Or does he agree with the Governor-General that it was merely a revolt against judgemongering?

However, this attempted revolution aroused intense bitterness between the inhabitants of these two small islands. Redmond refused to sign a petition for the reprieve of Sir Roger Casement, considering that he (Redmond) had now become an inhabitant of the other island, having been entirely transformed by a continued diet of larks' wings. Irish emigrants on their way to America were mobbed in the streets of Liverpool. These boys were mobbed, according to Bishop O'Dwyer, because 'they could not rise to the disinterested Imperialism of T. P. O'Connor and the new brigade.' Sir J. H. Campbell (now Lord Glenavy and chairman of the Irish Free State Senate) became Attorney-General and coercion again made its appearance in Ireland. That helped to make the Irish more and more rebellious.

In January, 1917, the first Sinn Fein candidate was elected in Longford. This constituency was a stronghold of the Redmondites, and their defeat there marked their imminent disappearance from public life. Their defeat was in great part influenced by the action

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of Archbishop Walsh, who sent a message on the eve of the poll, stating that Ireland had been sold by the Irish Party. Formerly, however, Archbishop Walsh was of those who sold Parnell, and the loss of Parnell to Ireland was far more important than the rebellion of 1916, more important than the sale of Ireland by the Redmondites. For, after all, even though the Redmondites became Imperialist, they never sold Parnell; and bad politics may be excusable, but moral cowardice is infamous and inexcusable.

I say the advocacy by the Irish of the Sinn Fein Movement after the rebellion of 1916 was actuated by fear and not by idealism. It was actuated by the fear of conscription.

Lloyd George had become Prime Minister of England in 1916. In 1917 he set up an Irish Convention to thrash out an agreement. He did this in order to get the Irish Americans into the war. It did not occur to him to put into being the Home Rule Act. Instead he found it very expedient to get a number of Irish people to talk while he said to the Irish Americans: 'Now, boys, come across and fight for the liberation of small nations. Have a look at Ireland. I just got a number of fellows together there to thrash out a settlement of the freedom of that country. As soon as they decide on the form of liberty they want, I'm just going to send across a shipload of full corn-bins to them and a small army of architects to design homes fit for heroes to live in.'

The Irish Americans came across with the other Americans, and they all set about finishing the war for Lloyd George. The convention in Ireland kept on talking and drinking good whisky. The Sinn Feiners refused to participate in it because its terms of reference precluded complete independence. Healy and

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O'Brien refused to participate in it for other reasons. O'Brien pointed out that the Convention was so constituted that ninety per cent. of its members were followers of either Carson or Redmond, and both Carson and Redmond had accepted the partition of Ireland. O'Brien and Healy would not hear of any settlement that even considered partition.

O'Brien still maintains the same attitude towards partition, but Healy is now Governor-General of a partitioned Ireland. In this case, Healy proves himself to be not an imperialist; realizing that if Ireland's claim to be an independent nation is just, so is the claim of Ulster.

The Irish Bishops supported this Convention, as they are willing to support anything which gives them a chance to interfere in Irish politics.

In the same year Eamonn de Valera was elected for Clare. He had as his opponent a former Crown Prosecutor, and he had an easy victory. The vacancy was caused by the death of the gallant Major Willie Redmond, who had fallen in France.

Healy from this period took very little part in political life, merely amusing himself by attacking the Redmondites at every available opportunity in the House of Commons. He became more and more friendly towards Sinn Fein, possibly because they also were attacking the Redmondites, his ancient enemies. So that we find him being engaged as counsel by Sinn Fein leaders early in 1918, at the inquest on the death of Thomas Ashe, who had died from the effects of a hunger strike.

The death of Thomas Ashe caused a great sensation in Ireland. There was a tremendous funeral. For the first time since the rebellion Volunteers marched through the streets in uniform. Ireland was now

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rapidly uniting as it had united under Parnell, for the purpose of taking a pace forward.

Redmond died in this year. During his last days he had to be guarded in the streets of Dublin by Dublin Castle detectives. There was a great display of British military at his funeral. And the people cursed his name. It is hard to see why they cursed his name because it appears to me that the man, in spite of being a bad politician, was a thorough gentleman all his life. He was infinitely superior to the men who cursed his name. But woe to the man who becomes at any period of his life the idol of the mob.

After Redmond's death, John Dillon became leader of the Irish Party. Alas! John Dillon!

In April the Irish Conscription Act passed. Then indeed the Irish became Sinn Fein with a vengeance. Laurence O'Neill, Lord Mayor of Dublin, summoned a conference of all Irish nationalists at the Mansion House in Dublin. As one might expect, there was no disagreement this time, even though Heaven was not represented. Dillon, Devlin, Healy, O'Brien, De Valera and Arthur Griffith were there together. They all agreed to resist conscription by every means in their power. The Volunteers all over the country were standing to arms. The farmers who had made good money supplying the English Army with food were ready to supply material assistance. The English Government was too busy in France to tackle the Irish and the Conscription threat was not put into force.

However, the Lloyd George Government made an attempt to discredit Sinn Fein by discovering that Sinn Fein was plotting with the Germans. A man named Dowling landed on the Clare coast from a collapsible boat and was arrested. Lord French, who had become Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, announced that

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sensational discoveries had been made consequent on the arrival of this man, in a collapsible boat. The collapsibility of the boat was considered at the Castle to be damnable evidence of guilt.

Lord Carson announced in the House of Commons that from documents found on Dowling there 'is the clearest evidence that Sinn Fein is and has been in alliance with Germany.' Lloyd George said that he had examined the evidence which 'leaves no doubt in any reasonable mind' about Sinn Fein guilt. As a result one hundred prominent Sinn Feiners were arrested, and Lloyd George threatened to put them on trial. But when Dowling was tried the amazing fact was discovered that the damning evidence found on his person was a little money and a pair of rosary beads; a belated follower of Saint Patrick no doubt.

Healy asked angrily in the House of Commons 'which of the officials in the Castle concocted the story,' and moved that a Select Committee be appointed to examine the documents which the Government declared justified the internment of Irish prisoners. His request was refused. Many of the prisoners were imprisoned in Belfast and they were there subjected to various cruel indignities, some having their hands manacled behind their backs for days at a time. Healy again protested violently in the House of Commons against this cruelty, and after a time the prisoners were given somewhat better treatment.

In November of that year Lloyd George defeated the Germans. Immediately a general election was ordered, and Lloyd George appealed to the country to return him to power in order that he might hang the Kaiser, make the Germans pay for the war, bring full corn-bins to England, build homes fit for heroes to live in, and many other projects suitable for a victorious people.



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In Ireland the election centred around the conflict between the followers of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the followers of Sinn Fein. Healy, with his friend William O'Brien, withdrew from the contest altogether, in order to allow the Sinn Feiners to defeat the Redmondites, whom they themselves were unable to defeat. Healy at this time had been thirty-seven years in the English House of Commons, and when he left that House in 1918 nobody regretted his disappearance more than the English Members. During the latter part of his career as a Parliamentarian, nobody had been more popular in the English House of Commons than Healy.

At the outset of the election, Healy openly supported the Sinn Fein Party. At Rathmines he appeared on a public platform in support of Mr. P. J. Little, and made a speech which must have had a considerable effect in the country; for by now everybody had forgotten the man who chased Parnell around Ireland, except perhaps a few old Fenians. There was little ill-will against Healy at this time, because in moments of national enthusiasm, past enmities are forgotten, and the community even releases prisoners, lunatics and mental defectives from their places of detention in order that they help the common issue.

'I have watched Parliamentary life,' said Healy at this meeting, 'for nearly thirty-eight years. I will say frankly that I have not lost all faith in Parliamentary methods, if honestly employed; but I have long ago lost faith in the Party, and I am now willing to stand by and give the young men a chance. I will support the new policy, for it has brought a new soul into Erin. It has given us who are old a new hope and confidence. I may say to those who lived through these cheerless

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times, thirty or forty years ago, it has also given us new objects of veneration, and if the men of the past lived through that night of despair, the men of the future can say, in the lines of poor T. D. Sullivan:

‘ “We have a dearer cause than theirs,  
For time has brought us down since then  
The added wrongs of other years,  
The flowing blood of other men.” ’

Healy received a tremendous ovation after this speech; and indeed he deserved it, for the quotation from his speech clearly shows that he had assimilated Parnell's idea of political agitation. He now became what they call *persona grata* among Sinn Fein circles. Some of the older men remained suspicious of him; but this Sinn Fein movement was a movement of young men, in which old men had very little power.

The result of the election was the rout of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The Sinn Fein Party received seventy-three seats. The Parliamentarians received seven seats. In Mayo, John Dillon was defeated by Eamonn de Valera, a politician who bears a marked resemblance to John Dillon in his beliefs.

In fact, the Sinn Fein Party was the son of the Irish Parliamentary Party, with all the vigour of youth and with all the vices of its ancestor.

## CHAPTER XXV

AFTER the 1918 election the Irish people elected a Parliament of their own, and called it Dail Eireann. Forthwith this Parliament proclaimed a Republic, and elected Eamonn de Valera as its President. The Republic had been proclaimed by the revolutionists of Easter Week, but now it was ratified by the Irish people. The majority of the people swore allegiance to the Republic. It had its army, its police, its civil courts, and all the other accoutrements of European government. In a greater part of the island these laws were obeyed rigorously, while the British laws that were superimposed were treated with contempt. The country became absolutely peaceful, so that the British judges travelling around the country with their suite of lawyers, police and soldiers had positively nothing to do but receive white gloves at assizes, as a mark of innocence. A new spirit had taken possession of the Irish people, and it seemed at last that the Kingdom of Heaven had descended upon the earth, naturally choosing the island of saints and scholars as its resting-place. In their enthusiasm the Irish writers of pamphlets and propaganda sheets talked of a wonderful Paradise in Ireland when the Peace Conference in Paris should take away the superimposed British Empire and allow the Irish to rule themselves in peace. There was wild talk of a Gaelic Communist Society. There was to be no more poverty, no more social conflict, no more hatred, no more ugliness.

But alas, at Paris, President Wilson's Fourteen

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Points vanished into a Welsh mist. The rights of small nations were disregarded, and the rights of a large nation like Poland to set out on an Imperialist career was recognized generously. At this Conference everything was turned upside down and the human race was allowed and encouraged to continue in the ancient pastime of brotherly murder for the aggrandisement of financiers and armament makers. Lloyd George, the preaching Radical, and Clemenceau, the French Tiger, were too clever for the American Wilson with his Fourteen Points. They gave him points in the business of organizing fresh wars.

The Irish, having lost twenty-five thousand good men in defence of small Belgium (without counting the thousands of good Irishmen that died in the American Army for the same purpose), now found themselves deserted. Their beautiful dream of peace on earth was shattered. They decided that in order to survive they must again revert to their old reputation of being the 'murderous Irish.' Having shown the world an example of peacefulness, they decided that peacefulness was the last thing that Empires, financiers and rascally wizards respected. They decided that the only thing respected by Empires, financiers and wizards was a touch of cold steel in the kidneys.

The war began in Ireland against the British garrison, police, planters, informers, secret service agents, agents provocateurs, judges and gombeen men. This war was spontaneous, and I am given to understand it was largely begun by some men in the County Tipperary, of whom the leaders were Dan Breen, Sean Tracy and Seumas Robinson. But having started, it spread very rapidly, and Ireland, instead of being the heaven of peace that it was, became the centre of a disgusting and disgraceful war, waged by a mighty

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Empire against a handful of peace-loving people, who wanted to set up a parliament of their own, develop their economy and civilize themselves.

Lloyd George, having freed Belgium and given the English working men a ragout of Kaiser head, a rich cake made from full corn-bins, a sweet of luscious fruit (served in the elegant dining-rooms of Homes Fit for Heroes), decided that England, in order to enjoy this happiness thoroughly, must ship every scoundrel over to Ireland. So he collected them all and sent them over to Ireland. These were the Black-an'-Tans. These fellows arrived with black banners; on which were inscribed in flaming red letters, 'Murder, Loot, Arson.' Humanity was again saved in Ireland from the foolish dream of idealism, brotherly love and Christian charity. The Irish, staggering for a moment on the verge of civilization, were brought back by the wizard brain of Lloyd George to a proper conception of law and order, progress and efficiency.

The progress of this war is no doubt of interest to historians and newspapers, but in this narrative we prefer to pass over the record of pregnant women disembowelled, towns burned, men shot, men hanged, men tortured. It was a war similar to other wars, in which there was nothing beautiful, other than the valour of human hearts and the endurance of beautiful human bodies prostituted to an obscene undertaking. It was a war uglier than other wars, because it had the added terror of secrecy. It was waged without any rules, other than the ferocious and cannibalistic rule of the vendetta and reprisal. We, in Ireland, have already almost forgotten it, but unfortunately we cannot forget its results because they meet our eyes in the eyes of our brothers and sisters, whose souls have been blackened by the contemplation of this awful lechery.

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During this war, Tim Healy was a spectator and occasionally a counsellor in the interests of the people. He had shown his sympathy with Sinn Fein during the election, and although some of the leaders had never forgiven him for having deserted Parnell, the Sinn Feiners frequently came to him for advice. His nephew, Kevin O'Higgins, was also coming into prominence in the Sinn Fein movement, and through this medium Healy was kept in touch with events. When an effort towards peace was made by Lord Derby, it was rumoured that Healy was among those whom he interviewed. Sir Alfred Cope, in his efforts to bring about a truce, had many interviews with Healy, and it was rumoured that Healy visited some of the imprisoned Sinn Fein leaders to sound their views on a settlement. Countess Markievitz, who was at that time Minister of Labour in the Republican Government, talks of an interview between Healy, Griffith and some others.

In his book *Politicians and the Press*, Lord Beaverbrook discusses these negotiations. Beaverbrook was both a great personal friend of Tim Healy and of Bonar Law, chief of the Unionist Party. He had helped to place Lloyd George in power after the overthrow of Asquith (now Lord Oxford). He was thus in a favourable position to act as an intermediary. He says:

‘The circumstances which brought me in touch with the Coalition Government once more later in 1921 was the Irish settlement of that year. It would be wearisome, in a book which does not profess to be an historical survey, to go into details of that prolonged struggle and bitter controversy. My own attitude was determined in this way. My friend Mr. T. M. Healy (now His Excellency the Governor-General of the Free

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State) held the strong and clear view that a continuance of what was in effect a civil war must be fatal to England and Ireland alike, and that terms of some sort must be offered to Sinn Feiners, and should be accepted. He asked me to go into the whole matter and satisfy myself as to whether this view was correct or not. This I did, and came to the conclusion that the Black-and-Tan method of repression was worse than useless, and nothing short of the permanent occupation of the country by several army corps would be effective. Such a solution, I felt certain, public opinion over here would not tolerate; and even if we could find the men and the money, how could the Irish problem be solved by sitting on bayonets? I therefore formed the view that Mr. Healy was right, and that negotiations of some kind were necessary. As soon as the pourparlers between the Government and Sinn Fein began, the *Sunday Express* published the news exclusively and strongly supported the action of ministers.'

A truce was called between the Republicans and the British, as a result of these negotiations. Lord Beaverbrook has something to say about the method in which the negotiations were conducted:

'Mr. Healy asked me whether I would advise the Sinn Fein delegates as to the precise form which a communication they were making to the Premier should take. These delegates undoubtedly wanted and needed such advice. They were threatened all the time by the extreme Republicans in their rear and they had no ideas whatever about British public opinion or how to address themselves to it. I therefore agreed to help and naturally saw the correspondence.'

De Valera had begun to conduct these negotiations,

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but it was not until Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith reached London that the British began to come to terms. De Valera was resolute in standing out for complete independence and recognition by the British of the Irish Republic. Collins and Griffith accepted the settlement known as the Irish Free State, on December 5, 1921.

Healy had a part in this settlement also. The Irish delegates during their stay in London had a house in Chelsea at Hans Place. Through a private source we understand that Healy visited the delegates at Hans Place, that he was constantly consulted by them, and that his share in the drafting of the settlement was an important one. Few people in Ireland knew of his presence in London at the time, and even those that did know were not aware of its purpose.

The Treaty that was signed by those Irish delegates with the British Government almost immediately split the Irish people into two factions. There is no doubt but that a large majority of the Irish people were eager to accept it, not because they loved it, but because they preferred it to the alternative offered by Lloyd George of 'immediate and terrible war.' The Republican Army and a small section of the community preferred immediate and terrible war to its acceptance. After a long and ridiculous debate, Dail Eireann accepted the Treaty by a small majority. De Valera led the opposition to it in the Dail. The Republican Army officers led the opposition to it in the country. General Seumas Robinson, one of the men who had begun the war on the British, posted up a proclamation in Clonmel Barracks calling on the Army to stand fast. The Army divided on the question and shortly there were two rival armies in the country. Various attempts were made to form a Pact between the two



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forces, and finally the Collins-de Valera Pact was made. A general election took place, but the election settled nothing. The Republicans seized the Four Courts. Sir Henry Wilson was shot. Churchill ordered Collins to clear the Republicans out of the Four Courts, and the Civil War began.

All the horrors that were spared the country during the Black-and-Tan war were now perpetrated. There were two Irish armies fighting in the country. At the beginning of the war each called itself Republican. On either side there were men professing belief in all manner of political doctrines. On either side there were Monarchists, Republicans, Communists, Imperialists and Fascists. On neither side was there a leader in whom the large mass of the people had any confidence, or great enough to suborn all the others to his will. It seemed that this war was a virtual necessity to exhaust all the foul passions raised by the previous war, and to prove to the Irish people that they themselves, in the business of war, are as bloodthirsty and murderous and cruel as the English, the French, the Germans or the Chinese. The British murdered prisoners of war. The Irish murdered seventy-seven prisoners of war. The British practised the law of the vendetta. So did the Irish. Collins was killed. Griffith died, probably of horror. All the able Republican leaders died in action or were murdered in jail. William Cosgrave became President of the Irish Free State, with Kevin O'Higgins, Healy's nephew, as Minister of Justice, and Healy became Governor-General of the Irish Free State. This was the principal result of this war.

Tim Healy became His Excellency the Governor-General of the Irish Free State on December 6, 1922, exactly a year after the Treaty was signed. His Excellency was in London when the announcement of his

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appointment was made. He was interviewed on the same day by a representative of the London *Evening News*. The reporter said:

‘I found the new Governor-General in a corner of the lounge. There was no mistaking the familiar Parliamentary figure – the massive head seemed a little greyer, that is all. He does not look his sixty-seven years, and his intellectual quickness and stamina are astonishing. He showed the mental vigour of a giant. Asked about ideals, he said his first would be to restore friendship between England and Ireland.’

The following day His Excellency the Governor-General of the Irish Free State was met at Holyhead by President William Cosgrave of the Irish Free State and his suite. He was escorted to Dublin, where he was again interviewed. Asked if he intended to take a title, he replied:

‘So long as the Lord spares me I want to be known simply as Tim Healy.’

Asked whether there would be dress functions and what office garments he should wear, His Excellency the Governor-General replied:

‘I will dress just as I am dressed now.’

Questioned as to his civic duties, His Excellency the Governor-General replied: ‘I hope I won’t have to kiss babies.’

Asked about a bodyguard, His Excellency the Governor-General made answer: ‘You had better ask de Valera.’

Asked whether he had any message for the world in general, His Excellency the Governor-General stated that he had a message for America:

‘I would ask the American public to give the new Government the moral support they are entitled to,

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or at any rate not to give its enemies financial support.'

Regarding his official duties, His Excellency the Governor-General stated:

'His duty as he understood it would be to scan all Bills to see that there was no infraction of the Constitution on the one hand or the Treaty on the other.'

His Excellency the Governor-General received the following Press notices among others on the occasion of his appointment.

From the *Irish Independent* he received the following:

'The traditions of the Lodge and the Castle have passed into history. A titled member of the English aristocracy is replaced by a commoner and a nationalist, a man who, to quote his own words, desired to be known simply "as plain Tim Healy." . . . In Mr. Healy our countrymen will recognize not only a man of brilliant parts, a lawyer who has won laurels amongst the greatest of his profession, but a man who has given forty years of devoted service to his country, and has occupied a felon's cell because of his fidelity to that cause. Belonging to the people, he never once lost his sympathy with the masses, and the one object that guided the activities of his scholarly intellect, his facile pen and his eloquent voice, was to advance the cause of Ireland, and always his principles rested on the soundest foundations of democracy.'

The London *Daily Express* provided the following Press cutting:

'The new Governor-General will begin a tremendous task with the confidence of Irishmen and goodwill of England. He deserves both. He has served the cause

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of Irish nationality through good report and ill from dark to dawn. He has been the spearhead of opposition in our Parliament without sacrificing the friendship and respect of political opponents.'

The London *Evening Standard* stated:

'He has been and will be of great use in educating Irish Ministers.'

The London *Daily News* said:

'Mr. Healy's appointment to the office of Governor-General of Ireland is a brilliant conception whoever originated it, and whatever results from it. His acceptance is a courageous act.'

Owing to the Treason Act, I feel that it is inexpedient to give any Press cuttings from Irish Republican newspapers. However, it must here be stated that as soon as His Excellency the Governor-General took possession of the Viceregal Lodge, it was immediately named 'Uncle Tim's Cabin.'

## CHAPTER XXVI

SINCE his appointment as Governor-General on December 6, 1922, until the present day, His Excellency has represented the interests of His Majesty King George V in the Irish Free State with remarkable success, considering the very adverse circumstances. When he came to power the country was still disturbed by a very bitter civil war. In fact, His Excellency's life was again in danger from his fellow-countrymen, after a respite of thirty-two years. At the time of his appointment, the majority of the Irish people were still violently opposed to any recognition of the existence of His Majesty King George V. They regarded the institution of a Governor-General as an insult to their national dignity, and some even went so far as to regard the choice of His Excellency Timothy Michael Healy as an added insult. No Irishman of consequence who had taken any part in the national movement could be prevailed upon to sing the national anthem of the British Empire in public. The poor people, who as a rule have no interest in questions of political principles, neither in this country nor in any other, regarded a Governor-General, with what they considered a large salary, as a man that was filching the bread of doledom from their poor mouths. The house in which His Excellency took up his abode, the Vice-regal Lodge, was associated in the minds of the Irish people with the most gross form of tyranny, and instead of rejoicing that one of their own kindred had now taken possession of it, some of them cried: 'Renegade.'

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Under these circumstances, it is truly marvellous that His Excellency has not only survived, but has improved his position.

The civil war is now almost forgotten. The country is more peaceful than it has ever been in the whole course of its history. On every side there are indications of regeneration, in culture, in industry, in agriculture. The people have undertaken a vast electrical scheme on the Shannon with the assistance of the great German people. With the assistance of Belgians and Czecho-Slovakians, beetroot is about to be manufactured in the country. With the assistance of the French, under M. Boudeville, the Liffey mud is going to be swept from the streets of Dublin, lest a future James Joyce might find on its pavements the subject for future epics. The officers of the Free State Army now wear swords in the old style, instead of the revolvers with which they began their careers. A new race is being formed by the judicious intermingling of all the warring races that had made Ireland the cockpit of their quarrels for the past seven hundred years. A new ruling class is being formed, and this ruling class is already learning the rules of statecraft from George Russell, the able editor of the *Irish Statesman*. Instead of the destructive political activity which was peculiar to Ireland in the past, there is now no controversy other than excited disputes about drains, electrical atoms, sheep dip, fluke, beetroot, butter, eggs, shoes, soap and herrings. The old garrison class no longer wages war against the native Irish people. It now is reduced to waging war against the Gaelic language.

In fact, Ireland is entering Europe at a mighty pace, and she is leaving behind a great number of the fetishes that have retarded her career in the past. And when

such things are happening, it would be foolish for the Irish people to refuse at least a little credit to His Excellency the Governor-General. Even if His Excellency is put among the baggage and the loot in the next stage of the advance, it would be unwise to maltreat him or to treat him with contumely. The writer of this narrative is opposed to His Excellency on almost every conceivable subject that can interest an Irishman, religion, politics, ethics, sociology and culture. But all sorts of individuals and opinions are required to build a stable and successful human society. And I claim that the future generations will give to His Excellency the credit that is undoubtedly due to him.

When a community is suffering from the first pangs of infancy or from the terrors of senility and death, it is but natural that it should waste its energies on bitterness and hatred. But for a young community advancing joyously to the conquest of culture and material prosperity, all should be forgiven to all. Even the cook that lost the company's bacon is forgiven when the victorious soldiers capture the supplies of the enemy. It is from this point of view that His Excellency should be judged by us, his loyal subjects at this moment, even though to-morrow we may surrender to the clamour of the poor and discard his services.

I say that a man must be judged by his own standards, by the measure of his own ambition. This is not the rule in politics, where, as I have already stated, expediency is the only moral measure; as indeed His Excellency himself once admitted in a letter to Labouchere. But in civilized life, as different from political life, human conduct is judged by more enlightened standards. Among cultured human beings, an individual is looked upon as an artistic unit, and if he

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commits a murder he is judged primarily by the manner of its commission. If it is a bloody and crude murder he earns the just contempt of his critics. If, on the other hand, it is an elegant murder, his cultured critics, while sending a message to the police, praise his tact. To the man of culture a human being becomes a thing of beauty, quite immortal in its own way. It is even stated that St. Francis of Assisi saw beauty in lepers. Indeed, modern culture has reached such a height of perfection that the tendency nowadays among highly civilized peoples is to seek a means for the prevention of death instead of glorifying war, massacre and death, as has been the case hitherto, not only among politicians but among the ministers of certain religions that make a cult of suffering and dreadful agonies. Human beings are now dreaming of a wonderful future in which war will be unknown, a world devoid of politicians, small nations, empires, scoundrels, financiers and usurers. And with the firm belief that such a world is in store for the human race, we can look upon His Excellency the Governor-General with the same affection that a modern Irish Republican looks upon Julius Cæsar, while waging war against the successors of Julius Cæsar's policy.

The majority of the Irish people recognize that the chief purpose of man on earth is the salvation of his immortal soul. And in order to attain this end, fasting, prayer, humility, poverty, charity, kindness and a contempt for the pomp of this world are enjoined on the faithful by the ministers of the national religion. But in order to scorn the pomp of this world it must first be known. For, as Dr. Sprat says, 'to scorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.' And it is for this reason, I presume,



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that His Excellency lives in the Viceregal Lodge, tasting the pomp of the world, in order that his soul may be properly humbled and purified by the consciousness that thousands are unfed in the slums of Dublin. It is for this reason that he associates with the new Catholic middle class that is now enjoying the fruits of the victory gained by the dead Fenians and the living Fenians, who are either hiding in Ireland or fled abroad from the new Treason Act. It is for this reason that he appears at social functions among bankers, bishops and other wealthy people, and carefully avoids the hovels in Connemara, the Aran Islands, West Cork, Kerry, Mayo, Donegal and other districts, where the poor Irish peasants are still saving their souls in the old fashion enjoined by the bishops and Oliver Cromwell, among typhoid, hunger and the most holy misery.

I confess that I disagree with the majority of my fellow-countrymen on this point. I am a greedy pagan, lusting for the pomp and riches of this world. I live among the goats on the mountain and I hunger for the fat of the plains; and I would gladly change my cottage for a mansion. And I believe that the majority of my fellow-countrymen would do likewise at the risk of losing their immortal souls. For we have it on the evidence of Syed Sirdar Ali Khan that:

‘In the early summer of 1885, Mr. Morley, then merely a private member, although the confidant and adviser of Mr. Chamberlain, called at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin to have a conversation with Lord Spencer. When he left the Lodge the first person he met with in the Phoenix Park was Mr. Healy. “What have you been doing in that den of iniquity?” said Tim. “I never was there before in my life, and I don’t believe,” said Morley gloomily, “that I shall ever set

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foot in it again." Within less than eight months Mr. Morley falsified his own prophecy by returning to Dublin to carry out a policy of which Mr. Healy was an enthusiastic supporter.'

And lo, His Excellency himself is now resident in that den of iniquity.

And so may the rest of my fellow-countrymen in like manner change their attitude towards life and learn, not to despise poverty, like George Bernard Shaw, but to despise the poor, like the new Irish ruling class. And then, when that comes to pass, instead of yelling anathemas at those that now visit the Vice-regal Lodge on gala days, they will praise them as the great pioneers that led the Irish people out of poverty and the contemplation of death into the Protestant Heaven upon earth, of material prosperity.

Charles Stewart Parnell once spoke of 'that sacred trust.' He spoke of a people that 'had the lure of God in their eyes.' What did he mean?

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